

THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY 8433

VOL. I.

MILFORD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1884.

No. 1.

❖OAK,❖ LILY,❖ IVY.❖

THE OAK.

"Then here's to the OAK, the brave old OAK
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone."

THE LILY.

"Ye LILIES, bathed in morning dew
Of purity and innocence renew
Each lovely thought."

THE IVY.

"Oh! a dainty plant is the IVY green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold."

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no
wings,
And a staunch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend, the huge OAK tree!"

How Is a President Elected?

The numerous gatherings, the sound of martial music, the glare of torch-lights, the excitement throughout the length and breadth of our land are now matters of the past and we need not remind you that we have just passed through the excitement of a Presidential election. But in this free country, how many voters think you can tell us how a President is elected? That the scholars of the high school may be able to do so is the purpose of this article.

At the national conventions of the several political parties, their national committees are chosen for the ensuing four years. At the proper time, in the Presidential year, they meet and appoint the day and place for their national conventions. These conventions are generally held during the

summer months. Their next step is to notify all of the state central committees of their decision who in their turn inform the town committees. The state central committees call state conventions at which each state chooses four delegates to the national convention. The town committees call caucuses to choose delegates to their congressional district conventions, where two delegates are chosen to attend the national conventions. These delegates convene at the proper time and place determined by the national committee and nominate a candidate for President. Having been notified of his nomination, the nominee replies by a letter of acceptance or declination.

All this time there has been considerable excitement, but now the work begins in earnest. The shrewdest politicians are consulted. In the doubtful states the work is laid out. The best political orators are secured and men of wealth are invited to contribute for their compensation, which in some cases, is three hundred dollars a night. The political papers take sides; vituperation, vilification, downright lying and forgery are not unfrequently resorted to. The illustrated papers employ the talent of their artists to caricature the personal peculiarities of the candidates and to exaggerate their speeches and acts.

In the meantime, the legal machinery of the election is moving on. The state central committees have called state conventions, at which two electors at large are nominated. The town committees have called caucuses of the voters of the respective parties to

choose delegates to the congressional conventions, all of which nominate one elector. All of these electors form the state electoral ticket and are voted for on one ballot, the Tuesday following the first Monday in November.

On the first Wednesday in December, after their election, they meet at their state capitols and forward one copy of their votes, by mail, to the President of the United States Senate and choose a messenger from their number to deliver another copy in person, while a third copy is deposited with the judge of the United States court for the district in which the electors meet. In February following, the two houses of Congress meet in joint convention. The votes are counted and the person having a number of votes equal to a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, is declared elected. But if no person has such a majority, then the House of Representatives proceed immediately to choose a President. Two-thirds of the states must be represented. The voting is by ballot and by states, each state having one vote and a majority of the states is required for election. The choice of the house must be from the three persons having the highest numbers of electoral votes. This may continue until the fourth of March ensuing, when the Vice-president assumes the duties of President, if there has been no choice.

At noon on the fourth of March, the chief justice of the supreme court of the United States administers to the President-elect the oath of office required by the Constitution: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." This ceremony is the inauguration of the President. G. P. F. '86.

THE OAK, LILY and IVY.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY
The Senior Class of the Milford High School.
PRINTED BY KING & BILLINGS.

GENERAL EDITORS.
INEZ L. GAY and CLARENCE H. MORGAN.
PERSONAL EDITORS.
HARRIET A. SMITH and HORACE A. BROWN.
LOCAL EDITORS.
THERESA A. McCARTEN
and ROBERT C. HUSSEY.
BUSINESS EDITOR.
HARRY P. CROSBY.

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N. B. It is our intention to furnish our patrons, however, with a *better* and *higher* than second class.

Editorial.

Many of our high schools at the present day issue papers of their own, and, not to be outdone by them, we venture to offer to the public, THE OAK, LILY AND IVY. May we be no more moved by the storm of criticism which the new departure will probably arouse than is the oak by the wind whose strength is vainly exerted in attempting to uproot it; may our patrons resemble the ivy, clinging to us through fair weather and foul; and let us all take for our motto the lily's significance and cultivate purity of language, of action and of thought.

This will not be a political paper. We have no political editor and shall enter upon no discussion of vital interest to the country; neither will it be a commercial paper, for our columns will not be filled with quotations from the market, although from the advertisements it contains, our readers can ascertain where purchases may be most profitably made. Its aim is simply to give some idea of what we are doing, and to enable us to obtain experience which may be of use to us in after life. We trust it will bring us into closer relation with those who feel an interest in the school, especially the alumni.

It will be the earnest desire and endeavor of the present board of editors to make the paper a success, but to do this we must have support. If each of our friends, who is able, would subscribe for our paper, it would encourage us and aid the paper. If we re-

ceive more than enough to pay the costs, the surplus will be devoted to a class fund which will be used to make the school-room more attractive and to add to the collections in our cabinets. We invite communications from scholars, graduates, and all others interested in the school.

Industrial Exhibition.

To obtain a prize fund for the coming Industrial Exhibition, to be held by the school in the spring, we suggest that each member of any former class can show his interest in the enterprise, by contributing a small sum, (perhaps five or ten cents), which will help to make up the amount for the purchase of prizes. One member of each class will be requested to collect and take charge of its individual fund, which is to be delivered to the principal, who will procure prizes, probably books, and inscribe upon each the name of the class presenting it.

The money required for the prizes of last February was secured by the donations of forty-five ladies, many of whom had no particular cause for being interested; but the scholars will take pleasure in finding that graduates still recognize the school and wish for its welfare by remembering it in the manner mentioned above.

The Floral Emblem of China.

Among words that are constantly mispronounced, we think an especial one is the name of a lovely autumn flower, the Chrysanthemum, regarded as sacred by the Chinese. Our attention has been called to this, by reason of the extensive displays recently made in the leading cities. These have included six hundred varieties of all shades and colors, systematically arranged, at which multitudes have looked with admiration. The name, golden flower, is very appropriate to the yellow variety.

We are represented in six different colleges by: E. C. Thayer, A. C. Thayer, L. J. Johnson and H. J. Wood, at Harvard; George C. Dean and George N. Goddard, at Amherst; John Eldridge at Yale; Charles Hicks at Brown; Frank Morrill and Otis Krum at Eastman's Business college; Alice N. Vant and Sara V. Lowther at Wellesley.

PERSONALS.

Under this head the editors are desirous of stating all facts that may be of interest to the alumni and friends of the school. We shall be especially thankful for items concerning the older members who have left Milford.

Allie Howard, '84, is at school in Andover.

Delia G. Gleason, '72, is teaching in Waltham.

Eva W. Cook, '69, is teaching in Brookline.

Lizzie Madden, '84, is now teaching school in Milford.

Lilla B. Godfrey, '72, is librarian at Wellesley college.

Henry E. Nelson, '72, is our amateur photographer.

Mary J. Kelley, '72, is principal of the Park Grammar.

G. M. Billings, '69, is one of the editors of the Gazette.

George H. Ball, '64, is a successful lawyer of Worcester.

Emma Parker Nash, '69, is our leading teacher of the piano.

A. S. Jones, '72, has a studio on Columbus avenue, Boston.

Annie C. Sumner, '84, is pursuing her studies at Bradford academy.

Delia Burke, '84, is a sales-lady in J. F. Hickey's new dry goods store.

Grace G. Carpenter, '84, is book-keeper for a firm in Allston, Mass.

Mark D. Shea, '62, is engaged in the boot and shoe business in Chicago.

Laura M. Ball, '72, is assistant in the high school in Arlington, Mass.

Wm. Cochran, '83, is studying at the Harvard Medical school, Boston.

Ellen Patrick, a former pupil, is an assistant of the high school in Cincinnati.

Caroline Carr, '84 (English), is attending the Normal school at Framingham.

Miss K. Freeman Parker, '62, is Secretary of the Associated Charities, Indianapolis.

Ellen A. Moriarty, '74, a former teacher of Milford, is now engaged as a teacher in Omaha.

Mrs. Whiting and Mrs. C. A. Sumner are well known teachers of painting and were pupils of the school.

Mrs. Clement Waters, the author of "Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers" and a "Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art," was a pupil of this school and afterward one of the earliest teachers.

Amanda C. Scammel, a former pupil, has written "Trusting" and "Handfuls of Purpose."

Dr. J. J. Cochran, a former graduate of this school and now a surgeon in the United States army, is stationed at the Old Spanish Fort, San Francisco.

Augustus Scott, a former high school teacher in Lexington, and ex-representative, now senator-elect to the General Court, was formerly a pupil of our school.

Ella Nash Howard, '65, formerly a popular temperance lecturer, is now publishing in Philadelphia, "The Foreign Eclectic," a French and German magazine, which is highly spoken of by prominent professors of these languages.

→*LOCALS.*←

A rhetorical and corporal climax: Whaled, waled, wailed.

The yearly expense of every scholar in the high school is \$24.35.

School hours are from 8.30 to 1.30, until the sun gets up before breakfast.

The school polo club have played five games out of the fifteen and have won one of these.

Our principal often infers that some of the boys in school were not brought up; but they grew up.

The cry of Geometry, 3, B. Not "my kingdom for a horse;" but "my recitation and afternoon for a string."

The Chemistry class is contemplating a trip to the gas house and the foundry at Hopedale, to fix the principles of the text book.

The scholars learned with pleasure that the committee had voted them the Friday after Thanksgiving to recover from their intemperance—in eating, of course.

We are to have another exhibition next spring, which is expected to be a greater success than the first, both financially and in the number and quality of the exhibits.

The young ladies of the Philosophy class have shown the greater interest in this study, by making many pieces of apparatus, thereby shaming the boys.

The Senior class have organized with the following choice of officers: President, F. L. Fales; Vice President, Kate F. Tully; Treasurer and Secretary, Aggie M. Burke; Executive Committee, Carrie M. Field, Maggie L. Minon and Belle Ross, John Finnigan and John Sullivan.

All contributions of flowers thankfully received. The piano has attracted the eyes of all visitors with its covering of flowers. Ten bouquets have perfumed the room at one time.

The Chemistry class have made a display of twenty-three very satisfactory etchings. The class vote gave the highest credit to Misses Reed and Holmes, Masters Fairbanks, Gilfoyle and Tilden.

QUERY.—Has any one seen "Carry Sene"? She disappeared soon after eating so heartily of "dislocated fish."

VIRGIL, BOOK II. How did Palamedes die? "Stoned to death." What Biblical character met his death in a similar manner? "Goliath."

RIVERS.—"One of the advantages of rivers is, that you can have bridges to go across them, but if it were not for this, you would have to go around."

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.—"Master A., Where is Caria?" "Master B., What is the situation of Mysia?" "Master D., Locate Lydia." Why these blushes? Silent applause by the class.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.—"Many pictures beautify the walls of our room, among them that of Washington, the father of his country and some of the teachers." Great is comma and greatly to be praised.

After the election. First class badly demoralized. Who is president? "We do not yet know." We do. The next. "Blaine." Wrong. Next. "Cleveland." Next. "Arthur." Right, go to the head.

PHYSIOLOGY.—"Is coffee organic or inorganic?" "Inorganic, (teacher frowns), but if there is a great deal, it's organic." Class infer that if the scholar weighed 200 pounds instead of 100, he might then be organic.

PHILOSOPHY.—The letters N. B. have warned the class that a particular statement is important. "What does N. B. mean?" "Take notice." "Yes, but for what are they the abbreviation?" "New Brunswick." The class wonder "how one small head, etc."

The Senior class held their first meeting, last Friday night, at the school house, when the following programme was presented:

The Model Scholar,	Mabel Waterman
There is Black in the Blue of the Sky,	Minnie Waterman
Instrumental Music,	Mina Westcott
Height of the Ridiculous,	W. O. Thayer
The Return,	Inez Gay
The Mustard Plaster,	Anna Walker
Aunt Tabitha,	Belle Ross

The rest of the evening was given up to games and singing.

+EXCHANGES+AND+SCISSORS.+

We desire to exchange with all School papers; but as this is our first issue, we must rely on our "Scissors."

We are told that the hand is an organ, therefore it must be a *hand-organ*.

Professor—What are the constituents of quartz? Student—Pints. A bland smile creeps over the class.

A member of the History class ascertained that by pronouncing en as a diphthong, Deus vult gained surprisingly in effect.

Professor—"If I should put on green glasses and view this class, would I not be deceived in their appearance?" "Well, no; I don't think you would."

Kansas school teacher—"Where does our grain go to?" "Into the hopper." "What hopper?" "Grasshopper," triumphantly shouted a scholar.

Elderly gentleman to a freshman on the train—"You don't have any ticket?" "No; I travel on my good looks." "Then," after looking him over, "probably you aren't goin' very far."

Six lovely schoolmarms were out rowing one quiet evening. A young man who, during his younger days, had been noted for his annoyance in school, remarked as they glided by, "Behold the whaling fleet!"

Teacher in astronomy to a young gentleman of the senior class. "What is weight?" Senior. "Weight is heft." Teacher. "Well what is heft?" Senior (suddenly seized with a bright idea. "Why heft is weight of course."

Half a page, half a page,
Half a page onward;
With eyes a-flashing, each goes dashing,
Each to get a hundred.
Half a page, half a page,
O how they blundered!
Butchering every sentence there,
Till at last 'tis all laid bare,
Then of marks each gets his share,
But not—not a hundred.

Examiner. Can you mention any instances of apparently instinctive motion in plants?

Botany Student. The pistil of the lily passes from stamen to stamen, gathering the ripe pollen, and making the complete revolution of the flower.

Examiner (with diabolical grin). Ah, then, my dear young friend, may we not consider the *pistil* of the lily as a *revolver*? (The board here gives way and the examiner is precipitated into the abyss.)

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. I.

MILFORD, MASS., DECEMBER, 1884.

No. 2.

The Stone-Crusher.

How drear to this heart are some scenes of my school-days,

When sad recollection presents them to view;
The rock-pile and crusher for mending the highways
Which made the worst clatter that ever you knew.
The cheeks, and the zeros like mandates of Russia,
That branded one *nihil-ist*—transporting mark!
But naught was so bad as the noise of that crusher,
Which stood like a fiend, mid the stones on the park.

That clamorous crusher, that crashing stone-crusher,
That fiendish old crusher that clung to the park.

That iron-jawed monster we viewed as a nuisance
That kept up its thunderous rattle all day,
Completely confusing the false or the true sense
Of anything teacher or scholar might say.
Tho' now far removed from its ancient location,
No tear of regret its departure doth mark.
But oft we recall, with our former vexation,
The crash of that crusher which crushed on the park.

That clamorous crusher, that crashing stone-crusher,
That fiendish old crusher that clung to the park.

LITERATURE CLASS of '85.

My Holiday Journey.

Was it strange that that cold December morning seemed to me as beautiful as a day in June, when I was going to spend my Christmas in the dear old village of Y, where I had been born and brought up, and which I had not seen for three long years? With many farewells to the little group of friends that had gathered to witness my departure, I entered the cars and was soon speeding away from X.

For a moment I regretted that I had undertaken so long a journey alone, but the next instant the thought of the familiar faces that would light up with joy at my unexpected arrival, for I had carefully kept my intended visit a secret, drove all such regrets from

my mind, and I turned my attention to the country through which we were passing.

Now we were whirled through a quiet little village nestling in peaceful security among the hills, now past some lonely farmhouse standing in what might have been fields of waving grass in the summer, but was now a desolate tract of snow, with here and there a leafless tree rising in bold relief against the sky. Then we crossed a deep river, partly frozen over, whose water looked blue and cold under the oblique rays of the sun, and entered a forest, with its trees raising their bare arms to the sky as if in mute appeal to the clouds floating above them, to send down a mantle of snow to cover their nakedness. Sometimes we stopped in a large town where all was confusion, and people were hurrying to and fro, intent upon their preparations for the impending holiday, then we sped through an unbroken expanse of snow-covered fields, extending as far as the eye could reach.

At last, wearied by the monotony of the view, I turned my eyes from the cheerless landscape to the bright and smiling faces around me. The appearance of most of the occupants of the car betokened wealth and comfort, although here and there a woman in coarser apparel than the others drew her faded shawl closer about her, as if to shut out not only the cold air, but also the cold glances which some of better-dressed companions were casting upon her. In one corner of the car was a bevy of school girls busily occupied in talking over their plans for Christmas, what one expected to receive, what another had bought for father, mother or sister, while their conversation was now and then interrupted by little screams of admiration as some gift especially beautiful was presented for inspection.

At length, with a shrill whistle, we drew up in Z, the nearest approach to Y by rail, and I hastened to find a place in the stage-coach in which the remainder of my journey must be taken. Because of the approaching holiday, the stage was crowded, for many besides myself were going home to spend Christmas.

Opposite me sat an elderly gentleman and lady, who, from their smiling countenances and from the bundles with which the former's pockets were crammed, I judged had been to the city to purchase presents for their children. Among my other fellow-passengers were two school boys who were returning home for the holidays, in high glee at being free for a time from books and lessons.

As we entered Y, I turned my attention to the outer world. It was almost dusk, and it was by instinct rather than sight that I recognized the familiar scenes. There was the old school-house where I had spent so many happy hours; there was the little brook in which I had so often played; there was the village church with its spire dimly outlined against the sky; and there, yes, there was the dear old home itself, just as I remembered it, with its tiny front-yard in which grew all kinds of old-fashioned flowers. As the stage stopped, my companions seemed to share in my excitement and peered through the darkness, but, if they wished to witness the welcome I received, they were disappointed, for it was not until the stage rattled away, that I summoned strength to lift the huge knocker. As the sound died away, the door slowly opened, and, as I was clasped in my mother's arms, I realized fully the meaning of the expression, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

I. L. G., '85.

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Editorial.

We heartily thank all those who met our first issue with ready hands and open pocket-books, and thus helped make the paper a greater success than we dared at first to anticipate.

The largest number of papers, seventy in all, was sold by Miss McCarten, who justly deserved the book awarded to her for her perseverance and success in disposing of them. There were 405 papers sold, 43 mailed to exchanges, 55 mailed to former members of the school, not residing in town, who will receive the first two numbers and are then expected to send us their subscriptions for the year. We have already obtained 63 regular subscribers, who have paid in advance.

We were greatly pleased and encouraged by the kindly mention made of our first attempt at journalism by the Woonsocket Evening Reporter, which in a recent issue says:—

"It gladdens the editorial heart to see the boys and girls of our high schools adopting the best possible means of instructive diversion—the school paper. The senior class of the Milford, Mass., high school are issuing the handsomest and perhaps best specimen of a school news-paper we have seen—the *Oak, Lily and Ivy*, a little monthly with twelve columns, seven editors and a novel advertising feature."

Our Library.

We are pleased to see that some of our townspeople take an interest in our school. A valuable addition has recently been made to our school library through the kindness of J. Allen Rice, who has donated "The National Dispensatory," a book that the students of botany and chemistry will find very useful. If others feel inclined to do likewise there is still shelf-room in our book-cases which we would like to see filled.

The scholars find the small library which we are so fortunate as to possess, of great benefit to them. The text books frequently contain references to persons and subjects of which the average pupil is in total ignorance, and for an explanation he must seek outside assistance. With the aid of the school-library, he can readily obtain the desired information without troubling his teacher with his questions and without making a failure for want of knowledge on the subject. Not only do scholars obtain useful information from the library, but, that which is perhaps of more value to them in after life, they learn how to find it.

Living in the atmosphere of books is in itself an education. The scholars, by being accustomed to the use of books, and by having them at hand for consultation at all times, take much more interest in good reading than if they were obliged to patronize the town library for all the works to which reference is made in the school-room. The teacher, too, can better impress their value upon the scholars, if the books which he recommends are within his reach whenever any incident of the school-room suggests a book which treats upon that particular matter.

We have no History of Milford.

Principal Hill's Lecture.

Many old graduates were glad of the opportunity, two weeks ago, to grasp the hand of their former teacher and friend, and listen once again to his genial voice as he related how our grandfathers fought for an education in the "Early Primer Days of New England." We are sorry to state that an audience of only 68 greeted him fourteen years after leaving Milford, but we enjoyed a lecture which reminded us of the old fashioned lyceum.

→*PERSONALS.*←

Under this head the editors are desirous of stating all facts that may be of interest to the alumni and friends of the school. We shall be especially thankful for items concerning the older members who have left Milford. *Not a graduate.

☞ Can any one give any information about these former principals, Pike, Sawyer, Jencks, Reed, Draper, Sanborn?

Melvin A. Underwood, one of our local organists, is a member of the "pioneer class of '62."

Rev. Jas. N. Supple, '66, is located at Charlestown.

Mrs. Martha (Ring) Bakeman, '67, is teaching at the Bigelow School, Newton.

Thomas McDonough, '73, is one of the leading physicians of Attleboro.

Samuel Nelson, '73, is completing his medical studies in Berlin, where he went last July, intending to stay two years. He had previously practiced his profession in Cambridge since he graduated from Harvard in '78.

Henry Nelson, '78, and John Holmes, '79, are studying at the Harvard Medical School. Both graduated from Harvard University in '84.

Frederick I. Bailey, '79, is now engaged in the manufacture of perfumery at 21 Hamilton street, Boston, however he still continues to sing in the Congregational and Baptist choirs.

George W. Walker, '79, is book-keeper at the Danvers Insane Asylum.

Marcus J. Patterson, '80, Frank Walker, '81, and Eugene Eldridge, '84*, are attending the Worcester County Free Institute.

Benben A. Cooke, '80, is shipping and order clerk for the Hopedale Machine Co.

Clara M. Inman, '80, holds a responsible position as phonographer for the Providence Stenographic and Type-Writing Co.

Nellie Dale, '80, is teaching in Plainfield, N. J.

Martin J. Kelley, '80, is our town librarian.

David A. Westcott, '81*, recently married Alice Whitney, a daughter of Charles E. Whitney, a member of our school committee and former pupil.

Albert A. Gleason, '81*, should have appeared in the list of college students from the M. H. S., in our last issue.

John Royal Sweeney, '82, is in a publishing house on Park Lane, New York City.

John F. Coyne, who took a two years' English diploma in '82, died Nov. 22. This is the first death in the class which entered this school in '80.

Irving W. Sweet, '82, book-keeper for J. M. Estabrook and Co., was married Thanksgiving day at Hopkinton to Ida O. Lincoln of that place. The young couple were the recipients of many valuable presents and in the evening were given a reception by Mr. Sweet's parents.

Chas. H. Morrill, '82, is principal of the Wilton, N. H., high school.

Thomas Conniff, '82, is attending the Bryant and Stratton Commercial School, Boston.

Edward Barrett, '83, is attending the Amherst Agricultural College.

The leader of the class of '83 is now addressed as Mrs. G. H. Libby.

Dr. Daniel Nelson, a former pupil, has a successful practice in Chicago.

Moses Low, a former pupil, is cashier in a bank in Worcester, Mass.

Stephen Low, his brother and also a pupil, is an insurance agent in St. Louis.

→*LOCALS.*←

As neither "garden sass" nor flowers have been left at this office during the last month, we cannot expatiate on the skill of the farmer or the excellent taste of his wife.

The chemistry class is now deep in the mysteries of qualitative analysis. In a solution, which looks for all the world like pure water, they'll find you a base and acid in no time.

Our teachers this term have corrected outside of school hours 650 compositions, 1000 examination papers and heard 320 rehearsals. This is in addition to class exercise papers.

Our class is now deeply *interested* in *interest*, for we boast of a bank account of twenty dollars and we feel as proud as the subject of the fable, "Mulier quaedam habebat gallinam etc."

Now is the time when the scholars are planning how to divide their time between articles for Christmas and articles for the spring exhibition.

Utinam gentium sumus? A scholar in Geometry, 3, rises and says to his teacher, "Please tell me if you bisect that line in the middle?"

A question for the new drawing teacher:—Are plasters drawing materials?

At our last meeting, Dec. 12, the following program was presented: The Magic Lantern, by Horace Brown; The Mistletoe Bough, Maggie Minon; All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight, Hattie Smith; Instrumental Music, Carrie Field; A Medley, Peter McBride; My Aunt, Essie Thayer; The Boys, Robert Hussey. This was followed by the usual games and songs.

Startling information from Geology, 3. "What makes England warmer than America?" "Currents." From what place?" "The Arctic Ocean."

"Etiam si quod scribas non habebis, scribito tamen." This well expresses the condition of some of our composition writers,—if we may judge by per cents.

Surgeons are no longer to be useless drones in the lives of society. Henceforth they are not to "*stick*" us, but "*stick*" for us, for they will be made into isinglass and later into cement. For the receipt see the chemistry class of '86.

The young ladies hoping to shame the young men, had planned to assist the principal in raking the yard, but have been prevented from so doing, by the weather.

Philosophy, 3, may feel proud of the various pieces of apparatus they have made when they learn that a certain city high school not far from here, has not yet attempted anything of the kind.

Hearken, every one, to this new definition of hoyden, as invented by a scholar in English, 4. "A hoyden is an old man."

Physiology, 4. "Young lady, how many times a minute does *your* heart beat?" "Seventy-two." "How do you know?" "The book says so."

This is just now the opinion of Literature, 1:

"Rhyme, rhyme, troublesome rhyme. Sweet, our release from it, every time."

Is he another missing link? He looks like a boy, but declares: "Je snis un cheval."

Dr. Schliemann to the contrary notwithstanding, the second French say—"Vénius était le père de Junon."

A young man of the fourth class has discovered a new gesture. It's very effective as well as affecting. He *nose* it.

English, 4. Irving's Sketch Book. Teacher. "A country swain?" What is that? Scholar. "A fat hog."

Shakespeare says:—"Pour the sweet milk of Concord into Hell." Concord supplies Boston, therefore—.

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→EXCHANGES→AND→SCISSORS.←

"Active shears gather no rust."

We desire to exchange with all
School papers.

We acknowledge the receipt of the
following: Coffin School Register,
Waltham High School News, Phi-
Rhonian.

Teacher—"What were the inhabi-
tants of Tarentum called?"

James—"Tarentines, sir."

Teacher—"And the people of Sar-
dis?"

James—"Sardines, sir."

—[Latin School Register.

I never crammed my lesson fine

And tried to catch my teacher's eye,

But that he called all names but mine

And calmly, coldly passed me by.

—[Waltham H. S. News.

And yet, if unprepared I came,

And tried to hide my face from sight,

I've found he tried another game,

And I'm the first on whom he'd light.

—[Latin School Register.

When Harvard first opened its
doors it had three students, two col-
lege seniors and a freshman. In
one of Dr. Holmes' Harvard poems
occurs this verse:—

"And who were on the catalogue

When college was begun?

Two nephews of the president

And the professor's son;

Lord! how the seniors knocked about

The freshman class of one."

—[Argo.

Professor—"Mention an oxide."

Student—"Leather."

Professor—"Oxide of what?"

Student—"Oxhide of beef."

Professor looks anxiously around
for an eraser.—[Ex.

A college senior, on being asked for
information in regard to asphyxia, was
pained at not being able to remember
which one of the Greek goddesses
Asphyxia was.

There was once a shoemaker who,
to impress upon his customers his hon-
esty, inscribed upon his sign the Latin
sentence, "Mens sibi conscia recti."
An envious neighbor in the same trade
wishing to outshine this competitor,
had placed on his sign, "Men's and
women's sibi conscia recti."

A motto for a female literary socie-
ty: "Arma virumque cano."

The Freshman class of Harvard
contains 283 members; that of Cor-
nell 230; and of Yale 182.

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STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. I.

MILFORD, MASS., JANUARY, 1885.

No. 3.

The Gazetteer's Dream.

Standing before the familiar book-case, I was startled from my reverie by a conversation among some of the larger books. The Gazetteer began by saying: "I dreamed last night of my youth. I saw myself printed and bound, then put on exhibition in a city book-store. After remaining there some time I was sent to a small town in Massachusetts.

"On my way I fell in with my friend Dictionary and a company of Encyclopedias. With the latter I made some sad blunders, as I could never tell A from X, till I had turned them around, for they all looked alike to me at first. We formed a very pleasant company, but Dick, as I soon learned to call my friend Dictionary, and myself were the most congenial.

"On the way, Dick and I explained our separate functions. Dick began pompously: 'I teach people how to spell, pronounce and accent every word in the English language. I also—'

"Wait one moment, my friend. Don't tell everything at once.' Then I began: 'I tell the situation of every city, town, island, river, cape, bay and mountain. Besides I—'

"Dick broke in: 'Indeed! Why, I tell the classical derivation of words, give their definitions and examples to illustrate their use. I can tell you still more.'

"O well! Mr. Dick, you didn't let me finish my story. I tell what the different countries produce, the chief manufactures and places of interest, besides many other things.'

"Then Dick said coolly: 'You do very well in your way, but I really think that I shall be used before you, for people must learn to spell and pronounce before they can use you. However, I would not discourage you, for

you are doing a good work, and I suggest that we unite our forces and work together as man and wife, when we reach our new field of labor, if agreeable to you.'

"Though I was surprised at the turn the conversation had taken and felt my pride shaken a little, I quite willingly resigned the place of greater honor to Dick, and consented to be his helpmeet.

"When we reached our destination, we obtained the services of a clerical brother and were made one. The ceremony was witnessed by our travelling companions, the Encyclopedias, who, although I knew they envied me my good fortune, congratulated me heartily on my prospect for a useful life.

"From that day to this we have done faithful work in the school room, and though not regular text-books, I think we are used as much as any two books in the library, and I always feel a thrill of pride, when I hear a teacher ask a scholar if his pronunciation of a certain word is correct, for I know the next thing will be 'Consult the Dictionary,' and my Dick tells them every time.

"I was roused from my dream by being hit on the back and hearing some one ask if I was the Gaze-a-teer? This filled me with righteous indignation, and I said: 'You'd better consult my husband before you address me again.'"
A. A. H., '84.

Britain's Child.

BOSTON, Mass., February, 1883.

DEAR MOTHER BRITAIN,

It is nearly one hundred and nine long years since uncle Sam and I set up for ourselves, and I thought perhaps you'd like to hear some of our strange experiences since then.

One of the great events of my life happened about half a century ago,

when uncle and I took a ride in what they called steam-cars; nothing like the lumbering old coaches we used before, but a perfect parlor on wheels, with steam harnessed for a horse. Not a jump nor jerk, but the houses glided by as smoothly and swiftly as birds and we arrived in the city in as many minutes as it took hours before. Well, he thought we'd better take home something entirely new, so he bought a bunch of little sticks with what I called sealing wax on the end. I hadn't the slightest idea what they were good for, but now use them all the time for lighting my fire.

Only a little while before that, uncle Sam brought home a basket of black stones to burn, he said. And, if you'll believe it, they burned as well as wood and a great deal longer. Some years later one of my Christmas presents was a machine that would sew as well as I could myself. I couldn't believe my eyes at first. And then, stranger yet, they began to stretch little wires across the city and state and I can talk to uncle Sam down in his office.

Why, everything is strange. They tunnel mountains, talk across cities, cable the ocean, and use paper for money.

Well, we've grown rapidly in the last hundred years. There are now thirty-eight of us fully grown and ten more to come of age. We are well and happy and have bright prospects for the future.

With regards to all old friends and love for yourself,

Yours lovingly, COLUMBIA.

P. S. Write soon and tell me all the news.

P. S. Had a letter from little Rhoda a while ago, which she really wrote with a pen instead of a quill, done up in a little piece of paper they call envelope, I believe. Goodbye. C.

L. D. C-L., '83.

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Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY
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PERSONAL EDITORS,
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LOCAL EDITORS,
ANNA M. WALKER and ROBERT C. HUSSEY.
BUSINESS EDITORS,
THERESA A. McCARTEN
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N. B. It is our intention to furnish our patrons,
however, with a *better* and *higher* than second class.

Editorial.

We wish that all the scholars who desire the success of the Oak, Lily and Ivy would patronize those who patronize us. Our columns contain advertisements of every kind from which all in need of articles for school or family use can learn where something suited to their wants may be obtained. If, after a trial, it is found that purchases may be as profitably made of those who advertise with us as of others, then help us by patronizing them.

"Variety is the Spice of Life."

Such is the saying called to our mind on glancing over the school-room with its variety of chairs and desks. There was not always such a diversity of seats as there is now, but as the number of scholars has increased, new chairs and desks have been added, until there are at the present time at least six different kinds.

Here is a chair seat so insecurely fastened to its worn foundation of iron that its occupant can rock backward and forward at his own sweet will; there, one is gone, its place being supplied by a common chair. Here are two single desks placed side by side to form a double one, while not far off is a chair whose back is several inches higher than that of its neighbor. This is by no means an unusual thing, for in the double seats one chair is frequently lower than the other, a state of affairs very annoying to the

pupil who sits in the lower one. The desks, too, further illustrate this law of variation. Their "dip", as the geology class would say, is truly variable and some of their surfaces recall to mind the pre-historic fossil impressions in our cabinet. It seems to have been the aim of every class to follow the advice contained in Longfellow's lines, and as they were not certain of ever "leaving behind them, footprints on the sands of time," they have done what they could to perpetuate their names by leaving them on the desks.

Courage fails us when we attempt to describe the inkwells, for there is even more variety in them than in the seats. We have inkwells with covers, and inkwells without, broken inkwells and those that are not broken, while some desks have none at all.

These are trifles which we would willingly pass over in silence, did not a pressing need for an editorial sharpen our eyes and our wits.

"We have no History of Milford." Such was the closing line of our last editorial, December 19. That it is no longer true the following letter shows:

DEAR MR. LULL:—Father desires me to send you this History of Milford, which he wishes to present to the M. H. S., with best wishes for its future prosperity.

Yours sincerely,

ANNA M. BANCROFT.

Hopedale, Dec. 22, 1884.

To this the following reply, signed by the leaders of the respective classes, was sent:

DEAR MISS BANCROFT:—We heartily thank your father for his kindness in presenting the school so elegant a copy of the History of Milford, which we have long desired, and which will prove a valuable addition to our library.

Respectfully yours,

INEZ L. GAY, '85.

WILLIE L. FALES, '86.

AMY C. HARRIS, '87.

CLARENCE C. BARBOUR, '88.

December 23, 1884.

Young Men.

"It is a question of vital interest to every young man, as he comes to the age when he must commence his life-work, how he can best equip himself to encounter the difficulties before him. It may be assumed as a conceded fact, that to enter successfully upon an undertaking which is to shape the future of a young man, previous mental training and discipline are indispensable."

If this life-work needs a business education, read the third column of the fourth page.

Wanted. All men to understand that three hours at least are needed for heating our rooms by steam; when the fire is out, the windows open and the temperature 40°.

PERSONALS.

Under this head the editors are desirous of stating all facts that may be of interest to the alumni and friends of the school. We shall be especially thankful for items concerning the older members who have left Milford. *Not a graduate.

Can any one give any information about these former principals; even their post office address would be gladly received:—Pike, Sawyer, Reed, Jencks, Draper, Sanborn?

Four answers have been received to the five letters sent the remaining principals and it is our intention to publish them either in full or in part in our next numbers.

Rev. Elias Nason, who was the first principal and was connected with school from 1850 to 1852, writes from North Billerica as follows:

In reply to your polite favor of the 6th inst., I would say that I have held pastorates at Natick, Medford, Exeter, N. H., Lowell and Dracut Centre, where I am now preaching. I have lectured more than a thousand times before lyceums in and out of New England. I have also written many books, the most popular of which are the Lives of Charles Sumner and of Henry Wilson, and the Gazetteer of Massachusetts. I have spent about a year and a half in Europe. My health has been, and still is, remarkably good. In 1865 I purchased a place in North Billerica, which I call "Brightside," and where I fondly hope to spend the remainder of my days. It has been my aim to live on the bright side of life and to make my heaven as I go along, for I think this is the way to gain Heaven at last. I have three sons, two of whom are ministers, and two daughters.

I remember with great pleasure the days I spent in Milford and rejoice to hear of the prosperity of any of my pupils. I thank you for a copy of "The Oak, Lily and Ivy," and think it very creditable to the editors and to the school, on which I pray the beams of Heaven's gentlest love may ever shine.

Ever and very truly yours,

ELIAS NASON.

Matthew P. Callanan, '68, is one of our leading grocery-men.

Wm. H. Lothrop, '70, is a manufacturer of patent fernles in South Boston.

Julia E. Connolly, '71, is one of our local music teachers.

Daniel O'Callaghan, '71, is a lawyer in Salem.

James O'Callaghan, '71, is attorney and counselor-at-law in New York.

Fannie A. Comstock, '72, is now in Castine, Maine, where she is teaching in a normal school.

Rev. John McGann, '72, is located in Millbury, Mass.

F. M. Nichols, '72, is in the jewelry business in Taunton.

A. Oreamuna Cheney, '74, for many years a teacher in the public schools here, is now in Pittsfield, Mass.

A. Willis Tarbell, '74, assistant superintendent of the Waltham Gas Works, graduated from here at the head of his class.

Lowell E. Fales, '78, is on our board of school committee.

Wm. H. Murray, '79, is assistant book-keeper in the Phoenix Hotel, Boston.

Henry E. Littlefield, '81,* is a book-keeper in Jacksonville, Florida.

Nellie A. Warfield, '82, is teaching in Medway.

Frank C. Phillips, '82, is a clerk in a large wholesale grocery store in Providence.

Maud L. Johnson, '84, is at Miss Johnson's private school, Boston.

Nellie Traversee, '84, is assistant teacher at Park No. 2.

Katie Smith, '85*, is in Tilton, N. H.

Cornelius McCormack, M. D., has a large practice in Waltham.

Robert Cochran, a former pupil, is studying at the New York Dental College.

❖❖LOCALS.❖❖

Quercus, Lilium et Hedra.

"Gotehvergil?"

"You seek Italy with a *curse*." Virgil, Book III., 253.

The *close* of the Old Year, on account of the hard times, will be worn by the New.

In a recent examination paper we find a new way of multiplying by the square of five: $16.08 \times 5 = 80.40 \div 5 = 16.008$, answer.

One of our esteemed editors has been on the sick list this week, the cause, we suppose, was the recent class meeting. Inference: Il a trop mangé.

Geography class. "Where is Shanghai?" "At home in the barn."

Chemistry class. "What does photograph mean?" "I don't know." "The first part means light, and the second to write. Now what does it mean?" "Phosphorus writing."

Literature. "What is an antiquarian?" "A collection of fish in a glass case."

"Foci proprii fumus alieno igne luculentior."

One more unfortunate,

Rashly importunate,

Gone,—to be laughed at

Because he said, "Rip Van Winkle resumed his former place among the *partridges* of the village."

Teacher: Can you give the population of that state approximately?" Scholar: "Oh no sir, but I can give it about."

The unexpected holiday, which we received this week, was spent by many of the scholars in visiting schools, the scenes of their former trials and triumphs; we learned that the St. James (London) was noted for its "courting," and that if two apples were sold for one cent, one would be worth a cent and the other would be given away.

Startling disclosures! People intending to visit Saratoga Springs should go to Newfoundland, so one of the scholars says, we suppose to recline on the Grand Banks and watch the silvery-coated mackerel skimming through the water.

"Mamma," said a little girl the other day, "I have just carried Green Fields and Piccalilly back to the library and now I have got Animals of a Quiet Neighborhood."

A paragraph in a certain book told of a gentleman who was nearly overwhelmed, on his return home, by the caresses of his dogs. One of the scholars arose and with all possible solemnity read, "carcasses."

Below we give the names of the first ten in scholarship, of each class, for the last term:

First—Inez Gay, Clarence Morgan, Anna Walker and Belle Ross, Winnie Hale, Frank Fales, Maggie Minon, Essie Thayer, John Sullivan, Mima Westcott.

Second—Willie Fales, Grace Field, Maude Dickinson, Mabel Godfrey, Effie Craige, Cora Snell, Lilla Dennett, Lottie Jones and Ellie Reed, Samuel Blunt.

Third—Amy Harris, Lillian Hill and Lemuel Wilmarth, Mary Brown, Elizabeth Barnes, Emmie Eldredge, Lizzie Whitney, Walter Parkhurst, Edward Rogers, Willie Phipps.

Fourth—Clarence Barbour, Florence Hale, Hattie Coburn, Henry Arnold, Orilla Chace and George Hancock, Fred Cook, Lillian Thompson and Josephine Thayer, Grace Crosby and Florence Whitney.

At the meeting of the Senior Class, January 9, the following programme was carried out:

Old Chums, ...	John Sullivan
Prob's Bureau, ...	Aggie Burke
Widow Bedott to Elder Snittles, . .	Harry Crosby
Barbara Blue, ...	Frank Fales
The Retort, ...	Kate Tully
A Liz-Town Humorist, ...	John Finnegan

These selections were followed by a dialogue entitled, "A Cry For Help," in which the following persons took part: Anna Walker, Alice Burrell, Mima Westcott, Winnie Hale and Belle Ross.

After this, refreshments were served by the young ladies, much to the surprise of the young men, and then came the usual games and music.

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EXCHANGES AND SCISSORS.

"Active shears gather no rust."

We desire to exchange with all School papers.

"Yes," she said to her escort as they glided around the rink, "I do so love roller skating. When we are sailing around this way our souls seem to be floating away towards heaven, and—" At this point both of her soles floated away towards heaven, while the rest of her smote the earthly floor with a mighty smite.—[Ex.]

"Ears, but they hear not"—Cornstalks.—"Eyes, but they see not"—Potatoes.—[Oil City Blizzard.] Tongues, but they speak not—Shoes.—[Boston Post.] Legs but they walk not—Tables.—[High School Censor.] Teeth, but they eat not—Saws.

A specimen of class-room wit: Professor—"Gentlemen will please close their books." After a lapse of a few seconds, observing that the polite command had not been obeyed, he adds: "Those who are not gentlemen will please close their books."—[Ex.]

Prof. in Chemistry to class—"Now gentlemen, I have here a crystal called carbonate of calcium, through which, when I place it over a pencil point, I see two pencil points, what does this mean?"

Student—"Drunk."—[Ex.]

Boy of the period to his father (who has just finished thrashing him):—"You have whipped me, father; but I tell you, sir, I will take a terrible revenge on your grandchildren."—[Speculum.]

Longfellow said,—"In the world a man must be either an anvil or a hammer." He was wrong, however. Lots of men are nothing but bellows.—[Academian.]

Teacher—"What is the dative singular of the Latin noun 'gift?'" "Do' know." "Right, go to the head."—[Ex.]

The chiropodist—"I came, I saw, I corn-cured."—[Latin School Register.]

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Eclipse, High School News, Coffin School Record, Argo, Class Journal, The Speculum, High School Censor, Academian, Latin School Register, Phi-Rhonian, Academy Echo, High School Bulletin, The Atom, The Critic, The P. M. I. Cadet, Catalogue of University of Dakota, Academy Trio.

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

Vol. I.

MILFORD, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1885.

No. 4.

OUR BELL.

Somewhat back from a classic street
Stands the old-fashioned learning seat;
Across the pillared portico
Our poplars now no shadows throw;
And from its station in the tower
Rings out the bell, with all its power

Whang, bang,
Bang, whang.

By night it lulls its voice to rest
And if so kept it would be best—
But in the morning, bright or dull,
The bell rings out forever Lull,
And calls the youngsters, one and all,
To gather in the crowded hall.

Whang, bang,
Bang, whang.

In that building used to be
The grammar school as well as we;
But now our number is so great,
It's gone to seek another fate.
But like a wheel that's been well greased
The warning bell has never ceased

Whang, bang,
Bang, whang.

From that building, clothed in best,
This class comes forth, with brain hard pressed;
While in those silent rooms beyond
Still lingers many a memory fond.
But for the youths whom time will bring
No Morrill then the bell will ring,

Whang, bang,
Bang, whang.

L. B. B., '83.

Soliloquy by Our Bell.

As I was standing alone in the school-room one afternoon, I was suddenly startled by a deep sigh which seemed to come from above my head, and then a voice which I recognized as that of the old bell broke the silence. "Twenty years," it said, "twenty? yes, thirty years, and perhaps more—the years roll by so swiftly I can scarcely count them as they pass—have I hung in this same spot. Well do I remember how vain I used to be of my good looks, and how proud I was when my voice rang out for the first time. Then I thought my lot was truly enviable, for, swinging back and forth, high above the heads of men, I could look down upon the busy village below me, see people hurrying to and fro, the river winding along, and hear the birds twittering to one another as they built their nests among the green branches

of the trees, but, as the seasons passed, all this became an old, old story whose monotony wearied me.

"My life has had but one great sorrow, a sense of solitude which at times comes over me. Every Sunday I hear the church-bells ring, and I long to join my voice to theirs, but in vain. Often the fire-bell's sudden alarm arouses me from slumber, and as I hear other bells one by one ring out upon the still night air, it seems almost unendurable that I alone must be silent. Then when their sound dies away, my feeling of loneliness is increased a hundred-fold. I have not always been as lonely as now. When there were attic stairs, my solitude was often invaded, gay laughter and merry voices resounded around me, and in the society of young people I felt content.

"I remember two visitors that I once had, young ladies who preferred to spend several hours in my company rather than in that of their class-mates in the room below. I greatly enjoyed their confused talk of teachers, scholars and lessons, and wondered at the cause of their long but welcome visit, until one of them scratched in rude letters 'Up here to escape writing compositions.' Dear old attic stairs, you were indeed a blessing to me. All too soon you were taken away, and I was left alone, shut out forever from intercourse with human beings.

"Although separated from those I loved, I continued and still continue to take an interest in their welfare. How joyfully I ring out when those whom I remember as children come once more to visit the scenes of their former trials and triumphs, and how happy I am do they but say, as they recognize my voice, 'Ah! there's the old bell!' Good news of them always causes me a feeling of happiness, and yet this happiness is dimmed by the thought that I am perhaps forgotten by those

whom I shall ever remember, for I do not think the scholars feel for me the same affection that I do for them. Often when my voice warns them that it is time to begin work, instead of praising me for faithfully performing my duty, I hear them say, 'Oh! dear, there's that old bell ringing again.' However, the consciousness that I am doing right helps me to bear even this grief with resignation.

"For several years there dwelt in the little room where the end of my rope hangs, a large family of bottles of different shapes and sizes. In the night when all was quiet, I often heard them relating the adventures that had befallen them during the day, and consoling one another for the rough treatment they had received. I learned to love them, and to look forward to the evening with pleasant anticipations.

"One day, I was startled by strange sounds below me, and when evening came I listened in vain for the sweet voices of my friends. At last the appalling truth broke in upon me, they had been taken away. I have never heard from them since. Perhaps they are now at rest from all their sufferings. I hope so." Here the bell paused, and, after looking around to see that no one was watching, wiped away a tear.

"However, I ought to feel thankful that I have fared so well instead of grieving for the departed. During the last few years, my home has been enlarged and beautified, until now I am justly proud of it. Many of the classes on their departure have left behind tokens of their good will towards the school, and although I derive no personal benefit from these gifts, it gives me pleasure to think that they make the room pleasant for those who remain.

"In the scholars I see but little

(Continued on Second Page.)

THE OAK, LILY and IVY.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY
The Senior Class of the Milford High School.
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ANNA M. WALKER and ROBERT C. HUSSEY.
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THERESA A. McCARTEN
and HARRY P. CROSBY.

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class matter.

N. B. It is our intention to furnish our patrons,
however, with a *better* and *higher* than second class.

Pride.

It is not the purpose of this editorial to set forth the evils of pride, but the advantages arising from it. If anyone wishes to get along in the world, he must have some personal pride, for, as a general rule, unless we think well of ourselves, no one will think well of us. When a person constantly depreciates his own services and tells of how little account he is in the world, we are willing to agree with him, instead of regarding him with the respect to which perhaps he is really entitled.

In school, especially, pride is necessary if we wish to stand high in the estimation of our classmates and teachers. The scholar who does not care if he makes a failure day after day, and who has not pride enough to be *ashamed* to carry home a poor report is always the one who never has perfect lessons and who is at the foot of his class.

We all ought to have class as well as personal pride, and do all in our power to make *our* class the best in school. Whatever enterprise is undertaken by the class as a whole, a class paper for example, should have the hearty support of each member, for in this way alone can success be obtained.

The pleasure given to our teachers and parents by our good scholarship

and deportment, and the pride that they feel in making out and signing good reports ought also to be a matter of personal pride to us.

We trust that all the scholars take enough pride in the school to keep the reputation that we gained by our exhibition last February, and that each will contribute to the success of the coming exhibition by making as many articles as possible.

Soliloquy by Our Bell.

(Continued from First Page.)

change. They are just the same noisy, mischievous boys and girls that their fathers and mothers were. Yet I cannot feel for them the same affection as for those whom my voice, as it ran out for the first time, called from the sweet enjoyment of old fashioned sports to the task of learning hard lessons. I can see them yet, robust boys and wholesome maidens, rustie perhaps, some of them sans collars, sans boots, but not sans everything, trooping in with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. Alas! they now are scattered far and wide.

"One by one I have rung in the new classes and rung out the old, for each year has brought its flock of children under my care, and each year has sent forth from these walls a band of young men and women ready to begin the battle of life. Have they struggled as nobly and successfully in their contest with the world as they did in the school-room? I trust so. Perhaps none of them have become famous, perhaps none of them ever will, for the number of those who gain renown is very small in comparison with those who seek it, yet if they do their best in their sphere of life, however humble it may be, I am truly proud of them.

"Recalling the number of those who have entered and who have bade adieu to the school, I can say with 'The Brook,' if not in the exact words at least in sentiment,

'Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.'"

At this affecting point, for it is indeed affecting to hear a bell quote poetry, some movement on my part must have startled the speaker, for, as if fearful its soliloquy might be overheard, it relapsed into silence.

I. L. G. '85.

"To meet the great work of Business Education, by placing within the opportunity of every young man who avails himself of it a complete and thorough system of commercial instruction, Eastman Business College was established." See last page.

Second Annual Industrial Exhibition.

The following graduates have consented to be responsible for their respective classes in carrying out the plan, proposed in a former issue, for obtaining the prizes for Fast Day.

They will endeavor to see every one of their classmates or reach them by letter, but would be pleased to have contributions sent them without further notice and *at once*.

Books were never bought for so little money as now. For 45c, 67c, 75c and 87c, valuable and attractive books can be purchased, and these it will be as honorable to receive as those of twice their value. Then, too, the larger the number of prizes, the greater the number of scholars who will be made happy. Contributions of 5c, 10c, and 15c, according to the numbers in the classes, will be sufficient.

'62, Miss M. A. Parkhurst. '75, Mrs. Fred Swasey.
'63, Mrs. John S. Mayhew. '76, Miss Alzie R. Hayward.
'64, George H. Ball. '77, Mrs. Joseph H. Wood.
'65, Mrs. Chas. A. Dewey. '78, Lowell E. Fales.
'66, Clarence A. Sumner. '79, Miss Lillian Smith.
'67, Miss Susan M. Inman. '80, Horace E. Whitney.
'68, Randall B. Greene. '81, Herbert Eldridge.
'69, Gilbert M. Billings. '82, Richard Gilfoyle and
'70, Mrs. Frank Spaulding. Miss Mary O. Sumner.
'71, Mrs. James Leonard. '83, Frank A. Morrill and
'72, Miss M. J. Kelley. Miss Annie L. Harris.
'73, Mrs. W. H. Adair. '84, P. H. Donohoe and
'74, Mrs. G. H. Whittemore. Miss Lottie T. Field.

'62 and '67 have already reported.

Rev. C. J. White, our seventh principal, 1858 to 1860, writes us from Woonsocket, R. I., as follows:

Thanks for the copy of the Oak, Lily and Ivy. It is a credit to the school of which you are members. Milford may take no little satisfaction, I am sure, in her High School. It is to me a pleasant thought that I was once principal of it.

In reply to your note. I left Milford in 1860; was cashier for B. D. Godfrey, 1861-1862; in Boston, 1863; became pastor of a church in Boston and remained with my parish till 1871. Have been a pastor here from that time to this. I still have the pictures of my pupils in Milford and when I get a call from them now they laugh at their former selves. Wishing success,

Yours, etc., C. J. WHITE.

We regret that our crowded columns will not permit us to publish in full a very cordial letter from Rev. G. L. Demarest, dated at Manchester, N. H. Below we give a brief quotation:

Whatever relates to the schools of Milford, whatever developments they manifest, are of peculiar interest to me. My life in that town, though really but for a little more than five years, brought to me a peculiar liking for the people; and the public trust they reposed in me I sought to fulfil with all due faithfulness. This led me to frequent visitation of the schools; and I read several items of your personals with much pleasure, because the names of men now grown, and women, too, represent to me the forms of school-boys and school-girls with which I became familiar during my four and one-half years term of service on the School Committee. It is now nearly twelve and one-half years since I removed to this busy city; but truly I would feel more at home in Milford than here, because of the sociability of the people there.

PERSONALS.

Under this head the editors are desirous of stating all facts that may be of interest to the alumni and friends of the school. We shall be especially thankful for items concerning the older members who have left Milford. *Not a graduate.

Emilie T. Hart, '75, was recently married to Aaron C. Bragg of Milford.

Elmer E. Smith, '81, is telegraph operator and book-keeper in the Boston and Albany freight office.

Frank A. Morrill, '83, has just received letters of the highest recommendation from the faculty of Eastman Business College.

Many will be surprised to know how many of the present corps of teachers are graduates of the school and how many are teaching here or elsewhere. We know the list is incomplete, but hope that those reading this may be able to add to it.

There were in January 43 teachers in town and of this number there were 30 who have been pupils. They are:

M. A. Parkhurst, '62.	Jennie Devine, '82.
Carra V. Sadler, '71.	Amanda C. Scammell,
Mary F. Aylward, '75*.	Alice Ames, '83.
Mary J. Kelly, '72.	Lizzie L. Madden, '84.
Cora A. Rollins, '79*.	Susan E. Broderick, '75.
Kate A. Martin, '72.	S. E. Sheldon, '69.
Mary F. Devine, '74.	Ellen A. Devine, '79.
Alice B. Chapin, '63.	Mrs. Anna L. Bell, '69.
Emilie T. Bragg, '75.	Julia M. Barry, '74.
Mary J. Kelly, '75.	Kate Chapin, '69*.
Kate McNamara, '77.	Lillian Smith, '79.
Annie F. Gleason, '76.	Evie M. Wires, '78.
Emma Taylor, '81.	Mary E. Cochrane, '73.
S. E. Iman, '67.	Sarah F. Burns, '74.
Agnes Conroy, '83.	Hannah Broderick, '75.

Those teaching out of town are:

Mrs. Martha (Ring) Bakeman, '67, Newton.
Nellie Dale, '80, Plainfield, N. J.
Charles H. Morrill, '82, Wilton, N. H.
Delia G. Gleason, '72, Waltham.
Eva W. Cook, '69, Brookline.
Laura M. Ball, Arlington.
Ellen Patrick, Cincinnati.
Ellen A. Moriarty, '74, Omaha.
Minnie I. Folger, '74, Boston.
Annie F. Keating, '80, Spencer.
Anna S. Martin, '81, Spencer.
Agnes S. McDermott, '80, Spencer.
Mrs. Mary A. (Tobey) Belcher, '73, Holbrook.
Nellie A. Warfield, '82, Medway.
Annie M. Keane, '76, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Sarah M. Keane, '73, Medway.
Helen Schaefer, '86*, Sioux City, Iowa.
Eddie E. Adams, '77, Medway.
Clara E. Warfield, '75*, Framingham.
Jennie L. Goodrich, '77, Sherborn.
Martha A. Smith, '61, Newport, R. I.
Mrs. Ella (Normandy) Brown, '79, N. Y.
Sarah C. Belcher, '68, Randolph.
Nellie A. Taylor, '79, Marlboro.
Oreanna Cheney, '74, Pittsfield.
Fannie A. Conestock, '72, Castine, Me.

MR. HATCH'S TRAINING CLASS.

Mary V. L. Moriarty, '83, Lizzie F. Toomey, '84.
Nellie F. Gorman, '84, Jennie L. Devine, '82.
Mary E. Traversee, '84, Mary A. Hannan, '82.
Mary C. McCormick, '84, Mary T. Kirby, '83.
Elizabeth A. Madden, '84.

Four of our six school committee have been pupils of the school.

LOCALS.

Le chêne, le lis et le lierre.

Class colors:—Blue and yellow.

Where's the Latin Lexington?

Hysteron proteron. "They all died and were stoned to death."

A very unusual occurrence:—Two of the classes are led by young men.

The effects of electricity seem to be quite shocking to some of the young ladies.

There is a member of the fourth class who says that she has no feeling in her arms. Try a pin.

"What is that figure which somewhat resembles an egg?" Prompt answer. "Oh, that's an eclipse."

History 3:—"From whom did the Greeks descend?" "From Helen." "Well, who was Helen?" "Why, she was a man."

Have you noticed the solidity of February on the calendar?

"Four of a kind" and the month begins with Sunday.

Some of the college boys must be getting heavy with knowledge, for ten inches of ice was not sufficient support for one of them.

Important information for everybody! Henceforth we cry with our eyebrows, at least one of the French scholars declares this to be a fact.

Poor Ben Jonson must have stirred in his sleep of two centuries, for one of the scholars asserts that he was President of the United States several years ago.

One of the wonders of electricity:—"Young man, bring me the electrophorous." The young man after a prolonged search triumphantly issues from a back room, with a circular baking-tin.

Some one of our editors ought to apologize for an oversight in our January number. Our exchanges remind us that we forgot to inform our readers that the Old Year had been rung out and the New in.

Hostile nations will be glad to know that every alien who becomes a citizen of the United States must be neutralized.

N. B. Tooth-pick lunch in the rear room the first hour every morning.

The Senior class held their regular meeting January 30. Programme:

Nellie Conely	Telling Fortunes
Mary Connolly	The Removal
Theresa McCutten	The Happy Little Wife
Clarence Morgan	The Wind and the Moon
Minnie Waterman	The Teacher's Dream

Afterward, refreshments were served by the young gentlemen, greatly to the surprise and pleasure of the young ladies.

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✦EXCHANGES✦AND✦SCISSORS✦

"Active shears gather no rust."

We desire to exchange with all
School papers.

Although we have no desire (and
our youth would not warrant it) to
criticize our exchanges, we are pleased
to congratulate the editors of the Cor-
ona, Bridgton, Me., upon their last is-
sue. We feel certain that there is a
live teacher in that high school.
—[Editors.]

NEW CHAPTER OF PROVERBS.
Man that is married to woman, is of
many days and full of trouble.
In the morning he draws his salary,
and in the evening,
Behold, it is gone!
It is a tale that is told:
It is vanished, and no man knows
whither it goeth.
He riseth up clothed in the chilly
garments of the night,
And seeks the somnolent paregoric
Wherewith to soothe his infant pos-
terity.
He cometh as a horse or ox, and
draweth the chariot of his offspring.
He spendeth the shekels in the
purchase of fine linen,
To cover the bosom of his family.
Yet himself is seen at the gates of
the city
With one suspender.
Yea, he is altogether wretched.
—[Corona]

"Done?" said the little Base-Ball
scornfully, "What have I done? Since
two o'clock I have been at it. I broke
the short-stop's fingers, knocked an
eye out of the catcher, skinned the
pitcher's hands, doubled up the um-
pire twice, drove the wind clean out
of the second-base, broke six panes of
glass and a woman's head in the
school-house, and knocked a spectator
cold. What have you done?"—[Spec-
nium.]

Student (translating) "And-er-then-
er- he-er- went er- and-er" Professor
—"Don't laugh, gentlemen: to err is
human."—[Ex.]

How Illinois a dog can make! It
Texas a good while to see the point of
such a pun.—[Ex.]

Perhaps Iowa-n apology to the au-
thor of the above for saying that there
is no Maine point to it.—[Censor.]

Exchanges received since our last
issue:
The Amateur Journal, The Comet, Academy Trio,
Corona, Bulletin, Academician, Censor, Phi-Rhonian,
Archon, Critic, Latin School Register, Coffin School
Record.

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AT
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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. I.

MILFORD, MASS., MARCH, 1885.

No. 5.

The Principal's Recommendation.

MR. A.—Good morning, Mr. W., I have come to see you on a matter of business. One of my trusted clerks is to leave me soon and I desire a responsible person to take his place. Thinking perhaps you could recommend one of your scholars, I have come on this account.

MR. W.—How old a boy do you wish?

MR. A.—I am not very particular about the age, but I desire a boy who can take charge of my store, in case I am out of town. Tell me the name of some of your first class boys, please.

MR. W.—We shall commence with the rear and come down the aisle. Master M. sits in the back seat.

MR. A.—Do you think he would suit me?

MR. W.—I fear not, that is, if you desire your store kept in good order. If you look inside his desk you will find his books are misplaced and many papers are scattered about.

MR. A.—Who is the next?

MR. W.—Master G., but I do not think he will suit you. Almost every time I go up or down the street, I see him standing at some corner. The scholar who sits in front cannot be trusted, as he does not always tell the truth, and I think you would not desire him.

MR. A.—I don't think I should. What will you say of the next?

MR. W.—When he meets his teacher he does not recognize him, and upon entering a house, he does not remove his hat. If he runs against another person or in any way disturbs him, he does not ask to be excused. As your business requires a polite person, I do not think you would fancy him. Here is still another who passes his time in idleness and who shirks everything he can.

MR. A.—None of those yet named could fill the position.

MR. W.—This young man has no regard for public property and leaves his name on every desk and chair where he sits, so that when he leaves the school, his *name* at least will remain. Here is still another whose stock of common sense is very limited.

MR. A.—But have you no scholar who can fill the vacancy?

MR. W.—I have one who, if I am not mistaken, will be what you desire. I have spoken of the others first that you might know the different kinds of boys I have to manage. This scholar of whom I now speak, is not one of the best in his class, although he is a fair scholar. His word may be depended upon, and I have never seen him wasting his time and ruining his character on the streets. I am sure that he is fond of good books and despises trashy reading. I am certain that he keeps good company. His desk and the floor about his chair are always in good condition and he is quite polite. He is ever ready to thank me for a favor and acknowledge an error. He has a fair amount of common sense. He attends to his own affairs and is very industrious.

MR. A.—I should like to speak with him and if he is willing I shall employ him. I am much obliged to you for your time and kindness. Your recommendation is all that I require. Good day.

M. F. C. '85.

Value of Making Apparatus.

We are glad to see the great variety of articles which have been made this year by the scholars to illustrate the work of the class; for they are of great assistance in fixing the statements of the text-books.

School books without illustrations should not be put into the hands of scholars, for their dry facts and explanations are memorized with great difficulty by an unassisted mind. Pictures, on the other hand, aid us in

grasping the subject not only more quickly but more easily and surely.

Again, if to the text and pictures, it is possible to add a model, then all the various parts and the relations they bear to one another, can be more readily seen and are more likely to be understood and retained than when we rely upon perspective to suggest them to our minds.

Even with these favorable additions and the advantages of a *working* model, after a time our memories fail us; parts and their uses become hopelessly confused and once more we must return to the book.

Is it possible to more deeply impress these facts and make them more lasting? We think we can say yes. Of some inexpensive material with a little time and patience make the model, no matter how crude, with your own hands. The care and trouble of constructing, the thinking and reasoning required, and the necessary study of the *little points* to secure a good result, will so fix the parts, their names and uses that the scholar cannot forget, and, further, he will have a greater appreciation of the subject.

When we look at a piece of apparatus, we are apt to swallow it whole, so to speak, and indigestion follows. Then a few pointed questions by the teacher quickly show a very superficial knowledge; but if the scholar tries to apply the knowledge he thinks he has, he will soon realize the difference, and the satisfaction of a good recitation will follow, as well as a better grasp of the subject.

If we wish to know the flower, we analyze it; we are not satisfied with its picture, nor with its description, nor with the flower as plucked from the parent stem, but its *destruction* aids the *construction* of a definite, exact and lasting knowledge. So it is, we think, with our subject.

C. N. M., '85, et alius.

THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

Published Monthly During the School Year,

BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School.

PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

GENERAL EDITORS.

INEZ L. GAY and CLARENCE H. MORGAN.

PERSONAL EDITORS.

HARRIET A. SMITH and HORACE A. BROWN.

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BUSINESS EDITORS.

THERESA A. McCARTEN

and HARRY P. CROSBY.

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(Eight Numbers.)

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Address all communications to

THE OAK, LILY AND IVY, Box 871.

Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post-Office, as second class matter.

N. B. It is our intention to furnish our patrons, however, with a *better* and *higher* than second class.

Editorial.

At the suggestion of our principal the twenty-seven members of the senior class selected and wrote on fine gilt-edge correspondence cards quotations from Oliver Wendell Holmes, which, although written for other occasions and persons, were complimentary to him. On the opposite side of the cards were the names of the scholars who wrote the quotations. A title page was printed with a pen in rustic and ornamental letters arranged as follows:

A Token of Appreciation
— TO —
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
— FROM THE —
CLASS OF '85.
Milford High School, Massachusetts.

Another card, as below, was the *finis*.

MOTTO:
Strength, —
— Purity, —
— Tenacity.
COLORS:
BLUE AND GOLD.

Two other cards were added as covers and then all were punched with two holes on the left hand edge and the covers with two additional holes on the right. Through these were passed narrow white ribbons which were tied in bows. Under the white, and around the cards in the opposite

direction, was drawn a broad blue ribbon and upon this one of old gold, narrower and shorter. The long ends of each were fringed, and we hope we shall be pardoned for our egotism if we say, the effect of the whole was very pretty and satisfactory.

The *book* was expressed to the Professor with a file of the "O. L. and I," a card containing statistics of the school and another asking his acceptance of the *tribute*. As an answer our principal has received the following autograph letter which we propose to frame with a mat appropriately ornamented and hang upon our school-room walls.

BOSTON, FEB. 28th, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have received the beautiful tribute of your scholars with feelings of gratitude, and I fear with something of pride.

To be so honored by such a group of unknown friends is a very flattering distinction. My own words which I read in these fair pages, never pleased so much as they do here, chosen as they have been by scholars who have shown, as it seems to me, both care and taste in their selection.

Please thank them all most heartily, in my name, and believe me

Very truly yours and theirs,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Industrial Exhibition.

We shall open our doors *Wednesday*, April 1, at 3 o'clock p. m., and close *Thursday* evening, when, we trust,* no one can be found so lost to a sense of duty and to the advantages offered as to say—"Alas! I visited them *not*."

We need not urge your presence for we know that where your hearts are there will you be also. Our experience last year, 906 visitors in six hours, makes an urgent invitation unnecessary.

Confidentially, between yourselves and ourselves, we hope to re-seat the large school-room. In place of a "multitudinous variety" of desks and chairs, we hope to substitute the latest result of "scientific invention."

The following invitation will be sent to some of the neighboring principals, superintendents and members of the Board of Education.

You are requested to be present
THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1885,
AT THE
Milford High School Building,
to witness the
Second Annual Industrial Exhibition,
OF THE
SCHOLARS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL,
and also a
Display of the Work of the Grammar and
Primary Grades in
Composition, Number, Geography,
Writing and Drawing.
H. W. LULL, W. E. HATCH,
Principal. Superintendent.

*This is a mistake. We do NOT trust. You pay at the door.

Number Six.

Our next number will be published April 1 and will be a double sheet. It will contain a brief history of the school, a list of former principals and assistants, statistics of the school to-day, a complete list of every article in the "exhibition" and the name of the exhibitor, the name of the fortunate recipients of the prizes and the books awarded and all other matters of general interest.

Buy one for yourself, buy one for your classmate who cannot be present, buy one for a good cause, buy one for your friend at a distance. *Advertise us*. Remember that every cent gained will be spent for the *school*.

The Thirty-two Prize Books.

These will be presented by the alumni who are nobly responding to the calls of their class committee.

The books are now on exhibition in the show window of J. Allen Rice's drug store. Nearly all are new books.

A Boy's Workshop; Boston Town, by Scudder; Stories of the Persian Wars, by Church; History of Egypt by Clara E. Clement; Canoeing in Kanuckia, by Norton and Habberton; The Fairy-land of Science, by Buckley; Zig-zag Journeys in Aeadia, by Butterworth; Three Vassar Girls in South America, by Champney; Natural History for Young Folks, by Campbell; Old Greek Stories, by Hanson; Adventures in the Air, by Keltie; John Adams, by Morse; Traveling Law School, by Abbott; Stories of Old Rome, by Hanson; John Randolph, by Adams; Silas Marner, by George Eliot; The Duncans, on Land and Sea, by Woods; Andersen's Wonder Stories; Sports and Pastimes of American Boys, by Chadwick; Canoe and Camera, by Steele; Stories of American History, by Young and Weld; Young Folks' History of London, by Rideing; The City in the Sea, by E. L. S.; Captains of Industry, by Parton; Virginia, by Cooke; Drake, the Sea King, by Towle; Yesterdays with Authors, by Fields; The Lake Region of Central Africa, by Geddie; Roman Life in the Days of Cicero, by Church; Angola and the River Congo, by Monteiro; Story of the Merv, by O'Donovan; The Western World, by Kingston.

Eastman Business College.

"To win its recognition of completed scholarship is a passport to business confidence and an invaluable acquisition for a young man who has decided to enter upon a business life." See last page.

The School Directory.

The last column of the school directory, which was opened in 1867 by Principal Clarke and is still in use, is devoted to "REMARKS," and would cause a flood of old memories to sweep over the alumni could they run their eyes over the laconic summaries. We find the following: "Joined the army," "unqualified," "at the head of her class," "put out," "graduated with honor," "suspended," "ran away," "died," "normal school," "death of father," "enlisted for the war," "a noble girl," "naval cadet," "Harvard with honor," "shaken," "excellent scholar," "Exeter," "commercial school," "led his class," "Friend's school," "mutineer," etc.

PERSONALS.

Under this head the editors are desirous of stating all facts that may be of interest to the alumni and friends of the school. We shall be especially thankful for items concerning the older members who have left Milford. *Not a graduate.

Patrick Donahoe, '84, is in Sumner's drug store.

Joseph Ambrose, '78, is book-keeper for a firm in Monson, Mass.

John Brannon, '82*, is studying at the Harvard Medical College.

Edward Larkin, '84, is clerk in Adams & Morse's grocery store.

Herbert H. Lyons, M. D., '74, has a large practice in Fitchburg, Mass.

Agnes Egan, '83, is attending Corner's Commercial College, Boston.

Blanche Sheldon, '86*, is attending Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, N. J.

Frank L. Fairbanks, '81, (English), is engineer on the M. F. & P. railroad.

Jeremiah Murphy, '82, is book-keeper at the Bay State House, Boston.

Clifford Whittemore, '79, is employed in Ward & Gay's, stationers, Boston.

Susan E. (Thwing) Whitney, '65, is a very able teacher of vocal music in Milford.

William F. Sherborne, '84 (English), is telegraph operator and station agent at Hyde Park.

Horace E. Whitney, '80, is a successful dentist in the office of Dr. George P. Cooke.

Leander Holbrook, '66, is practicing law in Milford and is also the agent of several insurance companies.

Ella Chilson, who graduated in '82 at the head of her class, is learning architecture in Mr. Fred. Swasey's office taking the place of Mary E. Knight, '86*, who is now employed in the Post Office.

The following will interest old scholars:

Our ninth principle, R. B. Clark, writes us that he is now engaged in private tutoring in Worcester. His experience has been very diversified as he has been principal in thirteen different places—viz:—Somh Braintree, Westminster, Saxton's River, Rochester, Reading, Milford, Fitchburg, Binghamton, Lexington, Waltham, North Brookfield, Bridgeport, Brimfield.

July 24, 1867, he married Isabella R., daughter of Cyrus Noyes of Milford.

He also adds that Miss Mary E. Torrey, associated with him here, and now the wife of Rev. Albert Bryant, the city missionary, lives near him. She has a son at Amherst and a daughter at Wellesley.

LOCALS.

F. A. Hill, our tenth principal, recently sat for a large photograph, which the class of '69 is to frame and hang on our walls. Mr. Hill has also accepted Mrs. Judge Dewey's invitation to be present April 2.

Every one of the 82 young ladies in the school is to be an exhibitor, and all but 27 of the 74 young men. We hope that the parents of the pupils will see to it that they are represented creditably April 1 and 2.

Exchanges attention! we are NOT "The Oak, Lillie and Joy."

Teacher to lazy boy: "You can do that example by application." Lazy boy: "Please tell me what you mean by that?"

We extend our sympathy to one of our personal editors who has been ill a fortnight.

Teacher: "What do *we* have, coming every four years as the Greek festivals did?" To the chagrin of the young ladies, a young man promptly answers, "Leap Year."

Wanted:—Good price paid for the right article.—An incentive to urge the delinquent young men in school to contribute to the exhibition.

Agassiz, the teacher, and Mann, the educator, now look down from our walls and encourage us by their examples to better work. These two pictures make our number 21.

Michael Amos is a new division of the calendar, just made by one of the scholars, happily, not of the First class.

Teacher, reading to his pupils, comes across the word log and asks the meaning. Answer:—"Well, I don't *exactly* remember, but I think a log must be a ship."

A young gentleman startled the class with the announcement that one of Henry Eighth's wives died after being beheaded.

The *pumping* method to draw out the meaning of manikin.—What one word means a little cat? "Catkin or kitten." Well, what might a man call his little son? "A kitten."

The cerebrum is now given a rest.

Although the Senior Class had a small attendance, February 20, the following programme was much enjoyed:

John Igoo, ...	Union and Liberty
Estie Smith, ...	Flowers
William Thayer, ...	The Dorchester Giant
Mabel Waterman, ...	Early Rising
Harry Crosby, ...	What Mr. Robinson Thinks
Elizabeth Gay, ...	Lies in Prison
Peter McBride, ...	Instrumental Music

C. W. WILCOX

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Fountain and Stylographic Pens at the Lowest Prices.

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R. C. ELDRIDGE, 132 Main Street, Milford.

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Consult

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BUY YOUR CHOICE

CONFECTIONERY

AT 67 MAIN STREET, OF

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Artists' Materials.

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AT 166 MAIN STREET, OF
COBURN & OLMSTEAD.

BUY YOUR
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mail to any address.
MRS. R. AYLWARD,
Grant Block, up stairs, Milford.

GEORGE G. PARKER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 2 Washington Block, Milford,

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FIELD BROTHERS.
Telephone at L. H. Cook's office.

EXCHANGES AND SCISSORS.

"Active shears gather no rust."

We desire to exchange with all School papers.

I do not want to be a doctor and live by men's diseases, nor a minister to live by their sins, nor a lawyer and live by their quarrels; so I don't see that there is anything left but for me to be an author. How would you like, some day, to see a whole shelf full of books written by your son, with "Hawthorne's Works" printed on the backs?—[Hawthorne at the age of sixteen.

"I don't know why," a Freshman bold
To his waggish chum once said,
"It is a fact when I catch a cold,
It settles in my head."

His chum's reply was very clear;
"A cold, whether light or not,
By a well-known law in medicines, my dear,
Always goes to the weakest spot."

"Does my question embarrass you?"
"Not at all, sir," replied the student.
"Not at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me."

The "Mother Hubbard" is of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen.
But when surmounted by a pretty face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Mr. M.—, reading Vergil—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—That's as far as I got, Professor." "Well, Mr. M.—, I think that was quite far enough."—[Wooster Collegian.

"What would you do, if you were I and I were you?" he tenderly queried of a sensible school-girl whom he was escorting home from church, not many moons since.

"Well," said she, "if I were you I should throw away that vile cigarette, cut up my cane for fire-wood, wear my watch chain underneath my coat, and stay at home nights and pray for brains."

"What is a house without a baby?" asks a lady writer; and an old bachelor editor replied—"It is comparatively quiet."

The proprietor of a Maine shoe store advertises in one of our exchanges, "Difficult Feet a Specialty." We think a few of the Vergil class had better emigrate thither.

Exchanges received since our last issue:

Academian, Academy Echo, Album, Archon, Carsonian, Censor, Deaf Mute, Eclipse, Hamilton College Monthly, High School News, High School Bulletin, Kent's Hill Breeze, Messenger, Occident, Philosophian Review, Phi-Rhonian, P. M. I. Cadet, School-mate, Spy, Trinity School Record, Xavier.

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33,000

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EASTMAN COLLEGE,
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It is the ONLY SCHOOL in the world where the course of study is PRACTICAL, instead of Theoretical; where the students act as Buyers, Sellers, Traders, Bankers, Bookkeepers and Accountants in ACTUAL BUSINESS OPERATIONS; where the Bank Bills, Fractional Currency and Merchandise are ACTUALLY USED, and have a REAL VALUE, and every transaction is just as legitimate and bona fide as in any Mercantile, Banking or Business House.

TOTAL EXPENSES.

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Applicants may enter any week-day in the year.

The Illustrated Catalogue

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STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. I.

MILFORD, MASS., APRIL, 1885.

No. 6.

The Scholar's Lament.

With brain so heavy and tired,
With forehead all in a frown,
A scholar sat in unscholarly mood
Trying his troubles to drown.
Grind, grind, grind,
In anger, scorn and disgust,
And now, with a groan from a sorely
tried mind,
He sang of lessons unjust.
Cram, cram, cram,
With brain that with fever is fired.
Cram, cram, cram,
With eyes that are drooping and tired.
French and Latin and Greek,
Greek and Latin and French.
Till out of the pages so hated and dull
The English he scarcely can wrench.
O, ye, with sons so bright!
O, ye, with daughters dear!
Not only health you're injuring,
But brain and conscience clear.
Dig, dig, dig,—
We covet the highest place.
We gain it. What then? We're too
weary and worn
To wear e'en our honors with grace.

The scholar has failed in three recitations and life seems but an empty dream. Direct cause—dancing from eight to two, refreshments at midnight.

3BZ.

History of the High School.

Our school was established in 1850. For some time before this, the question of such an institution had agitated the minds of the people. While the friends of education were anxious to give the children of Milford an opportunity of continuing their studies beyond the schools then in existence, many opposed this movement from dread of the expense that would necessarily be incurred, and on account of the difficulty that those living at a distance would experience in attending a school located in the centre of the town.

In September, 1848, the town appointed a committee of five to investigate the matter and report what course was best to pursue. After careful consideration of the subject, they agreed that it was for the interest of the town to establish a high

school, and the town accepted their report.

No sooner was the main question decided than discussions arose in regard to the location of the school. At last a site, which does credit to the good judgment of those who selected it, was chosen, and the building began. Standing on rising ground, somewhat back from the street, the house looks down upon a grassy lawn in front, while the park in the rear makes a beautiful playground in summer. The cost, aside from the land purchased for the site, was nearly six thousand dollars. On the twelfth of November, 1850, the school opened with Rev. Elias Nason as principal and S. Adelaide Scott as assistant.

As the building was more than large enough to accommodate all those who attended, the school committee proposed that the lower room be occupied by a grammar school. This suggestion was followed until the increasing number of pupils required the removal of the grammar department. The committee also recommended in 1851:

"That the school committee be authorized to expend for such apparatus as they may think necessary for the use of the high school, so much of the \$1500 raised for the support of said school as may not be required to defray the current expenses during the present year." This was the nest-egg from which has gradually grown our present goodly store including apparatus, books and geological specimens.

During the thirty-five years of its existence, the school has been under the control of twelve different principals and twenty-three assistants. There was but one assistant until 1865, when the number was increased to two. In 1880, the school was so large that it was deemed best to employ the services of a sub-master, and this year

another assistant has been added to the corps of teachers.

The class of '62, consisting of five members, was the first that ever regularly graduated with a diploma. Since then the number of graduates has increased until last year thirty pupils completed the four years' and 11 the two years' course. The alumni now number 435 graduates.

For some time before any action was taken in the matter, it was evident that either a new school-house must be built or the old one enlarged, as the building intended for seventy-five pupils was crowded with one hundred and fifty. At a town meeting held in April, 1881, it was voted to raise \$4000 for its enlargement, and the work was performed in the summer vacation. This was a timely act, for the size of the school rapidly increased, reaching the unexpected number of one hundred and ninety-six.

There are in the building, as it is now arranged, two large study rooms, one on each floor. From the rear of each open two smaller rooms, three used for recitation, one as a chemical laboratory. We have all the modern conveniences, water, steam, gas and good ventilation.

During the last few years, the upper school-room has been beautified through the generosity of departing classes until now it presents a far different aspect from what it did on that November day so many years ago. These gifts are better enjoyed by the scholars who remain than if they had been given by persons not connected with the school, and are a source of pride and pleasure to the donors themselves, whenever they visit the scenes of their school-days. The class of '85 have already made their gift to the school, as the improved appearance of the walls and ceiling of the upper rooms indicates.

[Continued on third page.]

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and HARRY P. CROSBY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Eight Numbers.)

For the Year, . 35 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents

This paper is for sale at the well-known drug store
of J. Allen Rice, where subscriptions for
the year will also be received.Address all communications to
THE OAK, LILY AND IVY, Box 871.Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post-Office, as second
class matter.N. B. It is our intention to furnish our patrons,
however, with a *better and higher* than second class.

Our Pictures.

When we entered the high school, almost four years ago, the only decoration of the walls of the large room consisted of the pictures of three former principals. Today we boast of twenty-three pictures, all tastefully framed. Among them are those of some of the most famous American authors, including *the* seven Atlantic writers, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Bryant and Hawthorne.

Others beside literary men look down upon us and encourage us to perform our duty. The pictures of Garfield and Lincoln are placed over the entrance-doors, while that of Washington, between them, towers above the rest, giving the idea that he has attained a height no other can reach.

Recently two pictures especially appropriate to a school-room have been purchased, those of Agassiz, the teacher, and Mann, the educator. To these that of Gen. Eaton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, has been added by a Boston friend. Mr. Hill, the tenth principal, has lately presented us a half life-sized photograph of himself, which G. M. Billings, '69, has framed. If any other of the former principals feels inclined to do likewise, there is no need of his good intention remaining unfulfilled for want of room.

The smiling faces of the class of '82 adorn our walls, and recall to us the time when we regarded them with so much awe because they were in the senior class. Now all is changed. We ourselves are seniors, but whether we are regarded with much awe is a doubtful question.

We are so fortunate as to possess three classical pictures, the scenes of which are laid in Rome. These ought to be of benefit to the history and Latin classes, for they give a much better idea of Roman life than mere words can. We have also a group of the leading journalists of the country with the papers that they represent.

Many of our pictures are class gifts and have on the frame in gilt letters the name of the class donating them, others have been purchased with money raised by the scholars, while we owe a few to the kindness of people not connected with the school. We feel rather proud of our collection and hope to add to it from time to time.

The homes of too many children are devoid of all beauty, for us not to make the school-room as inviting as possible, in order that at least a few hours of each day may be passed in pleasant surroundings. Our pictures, together with the handsome clock given by the class of '84, serve to make the room attractive, and at the same time the noble men represented on our walls set before the scholars examples that they will do well to follow.

We wish to express our thanks to the treasurer and agent of the Milford Granite Company for a beautiful specimen of the rock they quarry. It is a six-inch cube with one natural and five finished surfaces. One face is finished as an eight-inch and another as a ten-inch cut; the third is pointed with a marginal line and the fourth, rock face with a marginal line; while the fifth is polished. It is, therefore, an object lesson for us in stone cutting as well as a specimen for our valuable geological cabinet.

We are also indebted to Zibeon C. Field for remembering us during his recent trip to California. Upon his return we received a 15 inch sugar-pine cone from a tree 200 feet high and 11 in diameter; also a box containing agates, bed-rock, quartz, salt deposit, petrified wood and varieties of Rutland marble.

For two of the special prizes, Gray's Elegy and Schiller's Song of the Bell, the recipients are indebted to Mary E. Cochran, '73, and for two others, Feather and Fur, and Oliver Wendell Holmes' Poems, to Mrs. Henry E. Morgan.

We know that we ought and have every reason "gratiam habere" for countless favors at this time, and now we desire "gratias agere" with the hope that in the future we may be able "gratiam referre" and perhaps "gratiam reddere."

SPRING OPENING

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[Continued from first page.]

The course of study has been revised this year, and a change made in the manner of awarding diplomas. Drawing has been introduced, but as yet is taken only by the fourth class. A scientific course of four years has been substituted for the two years' business course. After next June, diplomas will be given only to such pupils as complete one of the four years' courses, but certificates stating the length of attendance will be given to those having good standing in the school, if they desire to leave at the end of one, two or three years.

Eight of the daily and weekly papers are on file in the building and are a source of useful information to the pupils. In addition to these we have a good library of over two hundred books to which reference is constantly made, for the habit of investigation beyond the text-book is cultivated in this school. The senior class has this year started a school paper in which we take no little pride, as it is the first of the kind ever published by any class in the history of the school.

One of the greatest events, since the opening of the school, took place on the twenty-second of February, 1884, when our first Industrial Exhibition was held, at which the scholars proved beyond a doubt that high school pupils can do something besides study. The public support given to us then has warranted us in holding another exhibition, which, in the number of exhibits at least, surpasses the previous one.

In conclusion we trust that the school will show as marked an improvement during the next thirty-five years of its existence as it does today upon what it was at its opening, that, as the years roll by, each will be more prosperous than the last, and that succeeding classes will take as much pride in its progress as we do and will build up the reputation already gained until our high school shall be one of the best in the state.

The fluctuations of the number of members of our school is rather strange. On looking over the records there seems to be an ebb and flow. From 125 we rose by a gradual increase to 196, but now we are retarding and we wonder if we shall ever see 125 again.

Some of the Latin scholars have been amusing themselves by deriving English words from Latin roots and stems, and are surprised at the large numbers they have obtained. They report as follows: From mitto, 655; facio, 545; duco, 208; ago, 200; premo, 181.

PERSONALS.

Under this head the editors are desirous of stating all facts that may be of interest to the alumni and friends of the school. We shall be especially thankful for items concerning the older members who have left Milford. *Not a graduate.

We notice in an advertisement that Rev. Elias Nason, our first principal, has lectures prepared on 20 different subjects.

William Sheehan, '74, is a boot and shoe dealer in Lynn, Mass.

James E. Keating, M. D. '74, has a large practice in Natick, Mass.

Rev. Patrick Gallen, '75,* is located in Worcester.

Robert Cochran, '79,* has recently graduated from the New York Dental college.

Richard Gilfoyle, '82, is head clerk at Rice's pharmacy.

William Staples, '84, is employed at the hardware store of Bartlett & Ellis.

George L. Hunter, '85,* is one of the best scholars at Exeter.

Below is a letter written to us by our tenth principal. Mr. Hill has had considerable success with his lectures, The Mound Builders of the West and South, and New England Primer Days. The latter he delivered here before the teachers' association.

Since leaving Milford my life has been uneventful. Have lived here nearly 15 years, giving my energy mainly to school work. Have held various positions of trust in educational and other associations, and am at present President of the Massachusetts Classical and High School Teachers' association. Have contributed somewhat to the local and the Boston press on matters educational and otherwise. Have also lectured to some extent. My desire is to keep in the channels of thought and activity, even though they flow in part outside of the schoolroom.

The five years of my life spent in Milford I hold in pleasant memory. I assure you of an affection for the Milford high school, which prolonged absence has not yet extinguished.

If I can aid you further, please command me.

Yours truly,

F. A. HILL.

M. H. S.

For the year ending Feb. 1, 1885.

Average number belonging,	166
Average daily attendance,	164
Graduates of the past year,	41
Cost per pupil,	\$31

Present Corps of Teachers.

H. W. Lull, a graduate of Harvard College.
W. J. Rushmore, a graduate of Harvard College.
Miss M. A. Parkhurst, a graduate of Boston Normal.
Miss Alice C. Jones, a graduate of Wellesley College.
Miss Alzie R. Hayward, a graduate of Bridgewater Normal.

Of the 44 teachers in town, regular, substitute and drawing, 32 have been pupils of this high school, and besides these there are at present 27 teaching in other places.

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SECOND ANNUAL Industrial Exhibition.

Milford High School,
Wednesday & Thursday, April 1 & 2, 1885.

Exhibitors and Exhibits.

Every article is entered on the word of honor of each scholar as his own work, unless otherwise specified on his numbered card.

FIRST CLASS.

Blue Cards, 100 to 300.

- John A. Finnigan—101, Pair of shoes.
Robert C. Hussey—102, Custard pie.
John F. Igoe—103, Hay scales.
John J. O'Sullivan—105, Pair of shoes.
Frank L. Fales—107, Clock.
Horace A. Brown—109, Hektograph; 110, astatic telegraph.
Harry P. Crosby—112, Ebony book-rack; 113, table made over and upholstered; 114, skate sails.
William O. Thayer—116, Hook and ladder truck; 117, gas-works.
Clarence H. Morgan—119, Egg candelabrum; 120, blanc mange.
Peter M. McBride—122, Pressed flowers; 123, piece of music; 124, cooking.
Minnie Waterman—130, Tidy; 131, hand made apron; 132, herbarium of twelve specimens; 133, loaf of bread; 134, loaf of lady's cake; 135, sugar candy.
Maria P. Westcott—137, Table cover; 138, dressed doll; 139, table scarf.
Theresa A. McCarten—141, Log cabin sofa pillow.
Nellie M. Conely—143, Shirt.
Alice I. Burrell—145, Tidy; 146, scrap basket; 147, embroidered suspenders.
Anna M. Walker—149, Crazy stitch tidy; 150, shirt; 151, Washington pie; 152, composition; 153, plate of doughnuts; 154, plate of jumbles.
Mabel Waterman—156, Table scarf; 157, stand cover; 158, shelf lambrequin; 159, English walnut creams; 160, drawn lace handkerchief.
Winona L. Hale—161, Crazy quilt; 162, wall banner; 163, table scarf; 164, clothes bag.
Mary F. Connolly—166, Velvet broom case.
Inez L. Gay—168, Dressed doll; 169, pair of doll's knit stockings; 170, pair of doll's knit mittens; 171, samples of straw braid.
Maggie L. Minon—173, embroidery; 174, corner lambrequin.
Carrie M. Field—175, Burlap rug; 176, apron; 177, cocoanut cake; 178, Spanish cream; 179, orange pudding; 180, handkerchief case.
Katie F. Tully—181, Darned lace.
Essie C. Thayer—183, Work bag.
Harriet A. Smith—185, Cake.
Aggie M. Burke—187, Toilet cushion and bottles; 188, feather edge trimming; 189, ribbon cake; 190, rolls.
Belle H. Ross—191, Macrame tidy; 192, knitted sack; 193, dust cloth bag; 194, sugar cookies; 195, frosted custard pie.

SECOND CLASS.

Yellow Cards, 300 to 500.

- Ernest F. Norcross—301, Rigging of a schooner; 302, lead tree; 303, knots and splices.
Frank P. Dillon—305, Case of drawers.
Napoleon E. Tougas—307, Drawing of a stationary upright engine.
Joseph M. Gilfoyle—309, Game of authors.
Joseph D. Cronan—311, Etched glass; 312, Kensington painting.
Jerry O'Neil—313, Chemical experiment.
Harry C. Tilden—315, Model of a saw-mill; 316, set of dominoes; 317, ice boat.
Frank T. Westcott—318, Spindles.
Bethuel E. Harris, Jr—320, Camera; 321, derrick.
Irving H. Fairbanks—322, Adjustable ironing table; 323, etching on glass.
Samuel J. Blunt—324, Piece of brass work.
Charles P. Barnard—326, Stereoscopic view holder.
Willie L. Fales—328, Boat.
Willie G. Clifford—330, Trap and cage; 331, meter stick; 332, liter box.

- Abbie I. Madden—335, Macrame basket; 336, waste basket; 337, sample of edgings.
Abbie E. Holmes—339, Tidy; 340, baby carriage robe; 341, bead trimming.
Jessie E. Grow—343, Banner; 344, table cover; 345, sideboard cover.
Ellie Reed—346, Sofa cushion; 347, toilet cushion; 348, darned lace tidy.
Martha M. Egan—350, Pine cushion.
Carrie L. Tobin—352, Crocheted skirt.
Ellie J. Craig—354, Pen wiper; 355, handkerchiefs; 356, purse; 357, needle case.
Lilla H. Demmett—358, Stand cover; 359, shoulder cape; 360, tidy; 361, sachet bag; 362, basket.
Grace P. Field—363, Etched handkerchief; 364, lambrequin; 365, handkerchief in Mexican work; 366, set of drawings; 367, dressed doll; 368, crazy clock scarf; 369, hand sewed waist; 370, water color painting; 371, loaf of brown bread; 372, twelve jars of preserve; 373, scrap book; 374, piece of crochet.
Lilla F. Hayward—375, Lambrequin; 376, letter case; 377, broom case; 378, towel cover; 379, orange jelly; 380, lemon jelly; 381, blackberry jelly.
Lottie A. Jones—383, Darned lace collar; 384, piano stool cover; 385, handkerchief case; 386, handkerchief in Mexican work; 387, etching on glass representing Penelope surprised by her suitors; 388, etching on glass representing Ulysses at the table of Circe; 389, capstan; 390, jelly roll; 391, Parker house rolls; 392, slipper case; 393, Spanish cream.
Maude Dickinson—394, Basket; 395, tidy; 396, copy of Greek text.
Mabel L. Godfrey—397 and 398, Two pairs of silk stockings; 399, netted doily; 400, royal game of chess; 401, crocheted border of shawl; 402, crocheted cape; 403, crocheted skirt; 404, brown bread; 405, charlotte russe; 406, corn balls; 407, Parker house rolls; 408, corn bread.
Florence V. Clarke—413, Darned lace sham; 414, tidy; 415, pin cushion; 416, sixteen patterns in crochet; 417, sham towel; 418, clock scarf; 419, grape jelly; 420, apple jelly; 421, bureau scarf; 422, ribbon cake.
Cora L. Snell—424-425, Table scarfs; 426, embroidered suspenders; 427, tidy in Kensington; 428, candy.
Mary B. Bradbury—430, Piano cover; 431, shams; 432, tidy holder; 433, sachet bag; 434, child's dress; 435, darning; 436-437, fancy holders; 438, bread; 439, cake.
Mary P. Cox—440, Handkerchief case; 441, splashier; 442, bread; 443, cake; 444, apron.

THIRD CLASS.

Salmon Cards, 500 to 700.

- Elbridge P. Jones—501, Mechanical powers; 502, rope walk; 503, capstan; 504, wheel and axle; 505, compound lever; 506, Leyden jar; 507, electrophorus; 508, pump.
Arthur L. Goddard—510, Model of a rope walk; 511, Caesar's bridge; 512, hay scales; 513, balances; 514, tripod; 515, derrick; 516, endless screw.
Fred J. Aylward—518, Drawing book.
M. Harris Avery—519, Derrick.
William F. Burke—520, Ornamental horse shoe.
William W. Phipps—522, Painting; 523, compound lever; 524, Leyden jar; 525, bracket cut with knife.
Edward F. Rogers—526, Caesar's bridge.
Edward J. O'Connor—527, Chain and ball.
Lemuel B. Wilmarth—529, Caesar's bridge; 530, plush clock-case.
George E. Stimpson—532, Tool chest; 533, Leyden jar; 534, Caesar's bridge; 535, capstan; 536, snapper; 537, derrick; 538, cup of Tantalus;
Alfred C. Clarke—540, Parchesi board; 541, windlass.
John H. Conniff—542, Pair of shoes; 543, windlass.
Fred Donovan—545, Hand telephone.
Aaron H. Mayhew—546, 547, 548, Three heads in hammered brass and frames.
Walter Parkhurst—550, Rope walk; 551, rope; 552, secretary; 553, air pump; 554, Leyden battery; 555, Voltaic battery; 556, compound machine; 557, Bunsen's battery; 558, Caesar's bridge; 559, pump; 560, derrick; 561, hydrostatic bellows; 562, fire alarm; 563, illustration of centrifugal force; 564, wheel and axle; 565, tripod derrick; 566, corn balls.
Lydia F. Gould—567, Apron; 568, toilet set; 569, knitted lace.
Susie T. Miller—570, Loaf of cake; 571, Leyden jar; 572, copy of Judson's Barman Empire.
Mary E. Whitney—574, Apron; 575, basket; 576, Washington pie; 577, press; 578, discharger.

- M. Maria Kirby—580, Infant's embroidered shawl; 581, canvas tidy; 582, macrame tidy; 583, macrame workbasket; 584, Faraday's bag; 585, Leyden jar; 586, electroscope; 588, floating battery; 589, discharger; 590, pendulums.
Elizabeth B. Barnes—592, Shoulder cape; 593, apron; 594, loaf of bread; 595, drawings.
Emeline Hancock—597, Carriage robe; 598, outline stitch tidy; 599, loaf of sponge cake; 600, Caesar's bridge; 601, drawings.
Lydia A. Roberts—603, Candy motto; 604, hydrostatic bellows.
Ida L. Reynolds—606, Crazy table scarf; 607, crazy tidy; 608, samples of edging; 609, crocheted tidy; 610, inclined plane; 611, water wheel; 612, leaning tower; 613, hydrostatic bellows; 614, floating battery; 615, derrick; 616, tripod derrick; 617, Faraday's bag; 618, electroscope; 619, frosted custard pie; 620, pulley.
Lois E. Gifford—621, Mat; 622, hydrostatic bellows; 623, Leyden jar; 624, electric doll; 625, differential axle; 626, Leyden battery.
Clara A. Johnson—627, Sofa pillow; 628, cocoanut cake.
Grace J. Claflin—629, Afghan in crazy work;
Sarah F. Gorman—631, Dressed doll.
Lizzie F. Donnelly—632, Quilt; 633, Faraday's bag; 634, electroscope; 635, discharger.
Leora M. Taft—637, Commode cover.
Bertha M. Pratt—639, Toilet set; 640, tidy.
Amelia C. Harris—641, Table scarf; 642, flags of different countries; 643, tidy; 644, electric doll; 645, pulley; 646, Leyden jar; 647, voltaic battery; 648, inclined plane; 649, churn; 650, illustration of lateral pressure; 651, windlass; 652, hydrometer; 653, self discharging Leyden jar; 654, Caesar's bridge.
Lillian F. Hill—657, Ribbon and lace tidy; 658, pin cushion; 659, wedge; 660, Faraday's bag; 661, Leyden jar; 662, balancing forks; 663, discharger; 664, balancer; 665, electrophorus; 666, electroscope; 667, Caesar's bridge.
Emmie L. Eldridge—669, Handkerchief; 670, edging; 671, rolls; 672, cake; 673, cookies; 674, Caesar's bridge.
Grace W. Eastman—675, Worsted cape; 676, table lambrequin; 677, Caesar's bridge.
Kittie H. Donovan—678-679, Thermometer panels; 680, lambrequin; 681, drop cakes; 682, shield.
Emily I. Spindel—683, Tidy; 684, coat band; 685, letter receiver.
Mary A. Brown—686, Hood; 687, pump; 688, hydrostatic bellows; 689, leaning tower; 690, Faraday's bag; 691, Leyden jar; 692, discharger.
Mary A. Howe—693, Tantalus' cup; 694, steelyards; 695, cake; 696, kite; 697, copy of a poem; 698, candy; 699, corn balls; 700, balancing man.

FOURTH CLASS.

White Cards, 700 to 900.

- Otis W. Holmes—701, Rope walk; 702, drawings.
Michael F. O'Connell—704, Butter.
Harry N. Tyler—706, Sail-boat; 707, model of a schooner yacht; 708, kites; 709, drawings.
C. C. Barbour—710, Glue; 711, shoe strings; 712-713, optic cards; 714, drawings.
George W. Hancock—715, Wall pocket.
Hartie B. Spaulding—717, Repousse work; 718, drawings.
Fred L. Quiggle—720, Leather cane.
Vinton Sears—722, Painting on glass and frame; 723, butter.
Philip H. Tirrell—724, Drawings.
Daniel Pratt—726, Pair of boots.
Fred E. Saunders—728, Parchesi board.
Patrick J. Lawless—730, Drawings.
Frank G. Phipps—731, Painting, an original design 732, drawings.
Gardner B. Metcalf—734, Cathedral clock; 735, writing desk; 736, drawings.
George F. Grayson—737, Chain; 738, drawings.
Frederick A. Gilmore—740, Drawings.
Henry W. B. Arnold—742, Drawings.
Fred E. Cook—744, Lord's prayer; 745, match safe.
William G. Dewing—747, Tooth-pick holder.
Henry G. Chilson—749, Wall pocket.
George W. Damon—751, Cake; 752, drawing.
George E. Fisher—753-754-755-756-757, Confectionery; 758, drawing.
Marshall T. Cox—760, Checker board.
Charlie Moriarty—761, Drawing.
Harriot M. Coburn—770, Painted table scarf; 771, painted plaque; 772, embroidered doilies; 773, sideboard cover; 774, drawings.
Josephine Thayer—776, Cake; 777, bread; 778, salad; 779, drawings.

Etta M. Green—781, Dress; 782, table scarf; 783, drawings.
 Orilla A. Chace—785, Cooking; 786, drawing.
 Lulie M. Gleason—788, Picking; 789, loaf of graham bread; 790, pound of butter.
 Ellen R. Blood—792 and 793, hat bands; 794, edging; 795, drawings.
 Olie L. Brown—797, Apron; 798, cooking; 799, Easter eggs; 800, drawings.
 Lillian E. Thompson—802, Table cover; 803, cooking; 804, drawings; 805, lung-capacity.
 Grace J. Crosby—806, Shoulder cape; 807, pillow case; 808, loaf of ginger-bread; 809, drawings.
 Florence E. Hale—811, Lace handkerchief; 812, daisy apron; 813, drawings.
 Eva D. Nickerson—815, Lace tidy; 816, cooking; 817, drawing.
 Lizzie Toohey—819, Quilt; 820, cooking; 821, drawings.
 Delia A. Higgiston—823, Pincushion; 824, drawing.
 Mabel F. Howard—826, Tea apron; 827, cooking; 828, drawings; 829, lung-capacity.
 H. Maude Hapgood—830, Table cover; 831, drawings; 833, cooking.
 Florence E. Whitney—835, Tidy; 836, drawings; 837, toilet set; 838, cooking.
 Rosa E. Welch—840, Wristers; 841, basket; 842, drawings.
 Minnie G. Stimpson—844, Bread; 845, needlework.
 Alma A. Adams—846, Lace collar; 847, skirt; 848, cookies.
 Grace L. Blood—855, Tidy; 856, splashier; 857, drawing.
 Martha A. Conroy—860, Drawing; 861, cake; 862, tidy; 863, lamp mat; 864, broom case.
 Mabel L. Cummings—865, Towel; 866, rick-rack yoke; 867, drawings; 868, sofa pillow.
 Mary A. Feeney—870, Pie; 871, drawing.
 Carrie E. Tompkins—872-873, Tidies; 874, jelly; 875, drawing.

Prizes.

The prizes were awarded by W. H. Chamberlin, Dr. E. C. Atkins, Lowell E. Fales, Mrs. J. A. Whiting, Mrs. J. B. Leonard and Miss Annie A. Daniels, to these scholars:

FIRST CLASS.

First—Yesterdays with Authors, by Fields.
 Winona L. Hale.

John Adams, by Morse.
 William O. Thayer.

Second—The City in the Sea, by E. L. S.
 Maria P. Westcott.

John Randolph, by Adams.
 Harry P. Crosby.

Third—Stories of Old Rome, by Hanson.
 Maggie L. Minon.

Adventures in the Air, by Keltic.
 John A. Finnigan.

Fourth—Old Greek Stories, by Hanson.
 Inez L. Gay.

Silas Marner, by George Eliot.
 Peter M. McBride.

SECOND CLASS.

First—Boston Town, by Sandler.
 Grace P. Field.

Captains of Industry, by Parton.
 Willie L. Fales.

Second—Roman Life in the Days of Cicero, by Church.
 Mabel Lee Godfrey.

Angola and the River Congo, by Monteiro.
 Frank P. Dillon.

Third—History of Egypt, by Clara E. Clement.
 Florence V. Clark.

Traveling Law School, by Abbott.
 Napoleon E. Tougas.

Fourth—Story of the Merv, by O'Donovan.
 Effie J. Craige.

Virginia, by Cooke.
 Frank T. Westcott.

THIRD CLASS.

First—Stories of the Persian Wars, by Church.
 Mary A. Howe.

A Boy's Workshop.
 Walter O. Parkhurst.

Second—Young Folks' History of London, by Rideing.
 Amelia C. Harris.

Drake, the Sea King, by Towle.
 William W. Phipps.

Third—The Western World, by Kingston.
 Ida L. Reynolds.

Canoeing in Kanuckia, by Norton and Haberton.
 Edward J. O'Connor.

Fourth—The Lake Region of Central Africa, by Geddie.

Mary E. Whitney.

Canoe and Camera, by Steele.
 George E. Stimpson.

FOURTH CLASS.

First—Three Vassar Girls in South America, by Champney.

Etta M. Green.

Zig-zag Journeys in Acadia, by Butterworth.
 Fred L. Quiggle.

Second—Stories of American History, by Young and Weld.

Harriet M. Coburn.

The Duncans, on Land and Sea, by Woods.
 Gardner B. Metcalf.

Third—Andersen's Wonder Stories.

Florence E. Hale.

Sports and Pastimes of American Boys, by Chadwick.

Harry N. Tyler.

Fourth—The Fairy-land of Science, by Buckley.

H. Maude Hapgood.

Natural History for Young Folks, by Campbell.

Vinton Sears.

Special Prizes.

FIRST CLASS.

First—Gray's Elegy.

Carrie M. Field.

Second—Schiller's Song of the Bell.

Theresa A. McCarten.

Third—Poems of O. W. Holmes.

Frank L. Fales.

Fourth—Washington, by Brown.

Horace A. Brown.

SECOND CLASS.

First—Victoria, by Greenwood.

Mary B. Bradbury.

Second—King Arthur, by Frith.

Lottie A. Jones.

Third—Patrick Henry, by Wirt.

Joseph D. Cronan.

THIRD CLASS.

First—Heroes of Asgard, by Keary.

Eminie L. Eldridge.

Second—America, by Butterworth.

M. Maria Kirby.

Third—Noble Boys, by Martin.

William F. Burke.

Fourth—History for Boys, by Edgar.

John H. Conniff.

FOURTH CLASS.

First—Miss Parloa's New Cook Book.

Ellen R. Blood.

Second—Feathers and Fur.

Lizzie Toohey.

Third—Natural History, by Wood.

Fred E. Cooke.

Fourth—Boy Pilgrims, by Bowman.

George E. Fisher.

SPECIAL MENTION.

First Class—Nellie M. Conely, John J. O'Sullivan.

Second Class—Cora L. Snell, Jessie E. Grow, Harry C. Tilden.

Third Class—Lydia F. Gould, Lillian F. Hill, Aaron H. Mayhew.

Fourth Class—Minnie G. Stimpson, Mabel F. Howard, Henry G. Chilson, Clarence C. Barbour.

And all the rest.

"Labor omnia vincit."

"The cultured mind, the skillful hand."

"The discerning eye, the attentive ear."

1884. Exhibitors, 112; exhibits, 272

1885. Exhibitors, 144; exhibits, 505

Non exhibitors, or those who *wouldn't*, 12 and all *boys*. Two of the second, four of the third and six of the fourth. Three times three for the *girls* ! ! ! ! !

Invitations have been sent to the teachers of 40 different schools to be present April 2, and also to 30 superintendents and the Board of Education.

I hadn't ought to bring from school them books of hisn. Will I do it?

~*~LOCALS~*~

Our decorations:—The candy and flower booth, drapery curtains, pennants with stars, shields with the names of our greatest inventors, bunting with mottoes, flowers, ferns, potted plants, hanging baskets, pictures and above all the beautifully caledimined walls with their gay borders, the gift of '85, are, indeed, decorations.

With the exception of four, the 47 prize books are presented by the alumni, who have contributed \$41.45; an average of \$1.80 for each class. '68 is the banner class; amount \$6.00. All the books are new, attractively bound and with few exceptions just published and each contains a label which gives the name and class of the recipient, the grade of the prize and the class presenting it.

A triple sheet would be a necessity, were we to attempt to acknowledge all the favors received at this time.

We, as a school, are in print. See the Annual Report of the Board of Education of Massachusetts.

Class leaders for the last term:

First: Inez L. Gay. Second: Grace P. Field. Third: Emeline Hancock. Fourth: Florence E. Hale and Clarence C. Barbour.

Away with vexation! O welcome vacation!

We always knew that water seeks a level and now we have learned by an object lesson that brains also do. What a fall was there O Ni-croix!

High School Annex at the Gazette office. From one to eight of our former schoolmates may often be seen continuing their education there.

W. H. Lovell of Worcester is making a study of the minerals of this county. He now credits Milford with: gold-bearing quartz, talc, galena and epidote. He evidently has not seen some of the beautiful pyrite crystals from the north part of the town. He calls our building stones granite or granitoid gneiss.

Book III, 171.

"Jupiter denies you the Dictation fields."

There is nothing like a nice selection of words to express our feelings, as the following conversation illustrates. "Why so blue this morning, Mr. A?" "Well, I feel pretty cheap, my grandmother died last night.

Book-keeping IV. "Young man have *you* anything which you have earned yourself?" "Well, if I get 10 for this recitation, that, I think, will be earning something." Teacher is of a like opinion.

According to the second class, a half brother is a boy with only one parent.

* MILFORD HIGH SCHOOL *

1850 to 1885.

Any information regarding those whose present residence is unknown, will be thankfully received.

Principals.

Rev. Elias Nason,	Billerica
Alfred W. Pike,	Dead
Sylvester J. Sawyer,	Baltimore, Md.
Grove P. Jenks,	?
Reed,	?
J. R. Draper,	?
Rev. Charles J. White,	Woonsocket
D. B. Smborn,	?
Ruel B. Clark,	Worcester
Frank A. Hill,	Chelsea
Silas W. Hale,	Hudson
Herbert W. Lull,	Milford

Assistants.

S. Adelaide Scott (Gleason)	Milford
Clara Erskine (Clement) (Waters)	Boston
Kate K. Barker,	Dead
M. J. Dyer,	?
Caroline M. Baker,	?
Mrs. Page,	?
F. A. Gove (Underwood)	Dead
Sarah E. Cole,	?
Mary E. Torrey (Bryant)	Worcester
Martha I. Cotton,	Boston
Lucy S. Lord,	N. Y. City
Ellen M. Patrick,	Cincinnati, Ohio
Carrie M. Clapp (Shippee)	Milford
Clara M. Howard (Shelton)	Montreal, Canada
Mary B. Smith,	?
Lucy M. Wilber,	Milford
Lydia B. Godfrey,	Wellesley College
Anna M. Bancroft,	Hopedale
Mary A. Parkhurst,	Milford
Frank B. Sherburne,	Lowell
Alice T. Hall,	Philadelphia, Penn.
John W. Gordon,	Worcester
Alice C. Jones,	Milford
Wm. J. Rushmore,	Milford
Alze R. Hayward,	Milford

Mr. Reed, Mrs. Waters and Mrs. Page are not mentioned in the Town History, but old scholars declare that they were teachers for a short time.

Graduates.

1	1852	5
Cora A. Chapin (Godfrey),	Milford	
Kate S. Freeman (Parker),	Indianapolis, Ind.	
Mary A. Parkhurst,	Milford	
Mark D. Shea,	Chicago, Ill.	
Melvin A. Underwood,	Boston	
2	1863	8
Etha H. Ainsworth (Ayer),	Tapleville	
Kate E. Blood (Warren),	Boston	
Alice B. Chapin,	Milford	
Clara A. Hayward (Fales),	Milford	
Cora A. Hero (Mayhew),	Milford	
William J. Mann,	Boston	
S. Gertrude Parkhurst (Guild),	Boston	
William B. Wood,	Boston	
3	1864	6
George H. Ball,	Worcester	
Frank Battles,	Boston	
Adla M. Chapin (Claffin),	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Amanda H. Chapin (Gates),	Dead	
Ruth Cheney (Davis),	Jamestown, Neb.	
Isora M. Leseur (Reynolds),	Worcester	
4	1865	14
Nathaniel F. Blake,	Milford	
Diana Carpenter,	Dead	
Joanna M. Coughlan (Luby),	Milford	
Marianna Crocker (Bushnell),	East Douglas	
Emma T. Day (Parker),	Dead	
Emma F. Fisher (Bullard),	Sherborn	
Stearns Godfrey,	Boston	
Anna L. Hayward (Bullard),	North Attleboro	
Alta M. Howard (Goodspeed),	Providence, R. I.	
David F. McGrath,	Leicester	
Ella S. Nash (Howard),	Philadelphia, Penn.	
David L. Parkhurst,	San Francisco, Cal.	
Marietta N. Thayer (Dewey),	Milford	
Susan E. Thwing (Whitney),	Milford	
5	1866	21
Josephine C. Battles (Woodbury),	Boston	
Julia M. Battles,	Boston	
Mary A. Bigelow,	Dead	
Sarah F. Cummings (Dewey),	Hopedale	
Annetta L. Draper (Carter),	Berlin	
Anna E. Gates (Robb),	Boston	
Ellen M. Gleason (Miller),	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Anna R. Hayward (Staples),	Milford	
Leander Holbrook,	Milford	
Mary A. Holbrook,	Milford	
Ellen L. Howe,	Milford	
Emma L. Hunt (Draper),	Dead	

Carro S. Leland,	Milford	
Alzina M. Nelson (Adair),	Waupun, Wis.	
Mary E. Noyes (Hale),	Hudson	
Emma C. O'Brien,	Dead	
Annie J. Ricker (Philbrook),	Augusta, Me.	
Clarence A. Sumner,	Milford	
James N. Supple,	Charlestown	
Abbie H. Walker (Carpenter),	New Bedford	
Sara E. Whittemore (Robinson),	Dead	
6	1867	10
Jeanette Bassett,	Dead	
Sophia B. Gillman (Conner),	Lynn	
Annie R. Godfrey (Dewey),	N. Y. City	
Susan E. Inman,	Milford	
Clara J. Lothrop (Walker),	Milford	
Martha M. Ring (Bakeman),	Newton	
Mary W. Walker (Phipps),	Milford	
Edgar W. Washburn,	Boston	
Anna M. Wilkinson (Whitney),	Milford	
Lura C. Woods (Sears),	Dead	
7	1868	16
J. Oscar Bailey,	Boston	
Sarah C. Belcher,	Randolph	
M. Lizzie Bowers (Bailey),	Boston	
Matthew P. Callanan,	Milford	
Ella F. Carpenter,	Cambridge	
Ellen M. Chapin (Lothrop),	Milford	
Eliza J. Doty (Chase),	Holden	
Frank J. Dutcher,	Hopedale	
Mary L. Gilman, (Ham)	Somerville	
George A. Goldsmith,	Dead	
Randall B. Greene,	Milford	
Samuel W. Hayward,	Cherokee, Iowa	
Abbie M. Mann (Newhall),	Allston	
Ella J. Newton,	Foo Chow, China	
Charles N. Nichols,	Milford	
George E. Patrick,	Boston	
8	1869	13
Anna L. Adams (Bell),	Milford	
Gilbert M. Billings,	Milford	
Jane H. Blunt (Sadler),	Milford	
Kate Chapin,	Milford	
Eva W. Cook,	Brookline	
Lizzie M. Gleason (Whitney),	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Henry W. Leland,	Milford	
Emma F. Parker (Nash),	Milford	
Mary W. Parkhurst (Hudson),	Milford	
Helen C. Rand (Tindall),	Washington, D. C.	
S. Eldora Sheldon,	Milford	
Martha A. Smith,	Newport, R. I.	
Dora E. Sumner (Hastings),	Grand Island, Neb.	
9	1870	10
Anna M. Bancroft,	Hopedale	
Eva R. Draper,	Dead	
Frank S. Hayward,	Milford	
Eleanor W. Johnson,	Dead	
William H. Lothrop,	South Boston	
Ella U. B. Normandy (Brown),	Athol	
Vehna V. Noyes (Spaulding),	Milford	
John P. Powers,	Dead	
Benjamin F. Saville,	Worcester	
Frank L. Young,	Boston	
10	1871	18
Edith L. Blake (Billings),	Milford	
Millie A. Blunt (Leonard),	Milford	
Augusta A. Cay (Taft),	Upton	
Addie A. Chapin (Yeager),	Athol	
Julia E. Connolly,	Milford	
Kate L. Gillman (Howard),	Dead	
Hattie Goldsmith (Mathewson),	Dead	
Dita F. Harris (Holmes),	South Boston	
George Herbert,	N. Y. City	
Herbert L. Holmes,	South Boston	
Elsie A. Jenks (Jenks),	Cheyenne, Wyo.	
Adelaide M. Knight,	Milford	
James S. O'Callaghan,	N. Y. City	
Daniel S. O'Callaghan,	Salem	
Charles F. O'Reilly,	N. Y. City	
Carra V. Sadler,	Milford	
Lizzie S. Sumner (Perrigo),	Cambridge	
Nellie C. Spaulding (Morse),	Marlboro	
11	1872	18
Laura M. Ball,	Arlington	
Harris I. Carpenter,	Milford	
Alice I. Chapin (Eastman),	Milford	
John J. Cochran,	San Francisco, Cal.	
Fanny A. Comstock,	Castine, Me.	
Leon G. Day,	Fort Smith, Arkansas	
Delia E. Gleason,	Waltham	
Lydia B. Godfrey,	Wellesley College	
Allister S. Jones,	Boston	
Mary J. Kelly,	Milford	
Kate E. Martin,	Milford	
John D. McGann,	Milville	
Maggie L. Murphy,	Dead	
Henry E. Nelson,	Milford	
Frank M. Nichols,	Taunton	
Harry C. Smith,	Boston	
Inez E. Tuttle (Sargent),	Oakham	
Kate A. Wallace,	Dead	

12	1873	16
Mary G. Bancroft (Winsor),	Fairhaven	
John A. Boyd,	Worcester	
Edwin J. Cheever,	Austin, Texas	
Mary E. Cochran,	Milford	
Elwood H. Cook,	Dead	
Isadore Harvey (Bagot)	Holbrook	
Delia M. Johnson,	Milford	
Sarah M. Keane,	Milford	
Thomas McDonough,	Attleboro	
Samuel N. Nelson,	Europe	
Ada A. Skinner (Adair),	Milford	
Anna M. Taft (Wilkinson),	Milford	
Ida F. Thompson (Taft)	Milford	
Mary A. Tobey (Belcher)	Holbrook	
Sarah I. Wales (Birch)	Milford	
Lucy M. Wilber,	Worcester	
13	1874	25
Ella M. Albee,	Dead	
Junia M. Barry,	Milford	
Sarah F. Burns,	Milford	
Frank O. Carpenter,	Boston	
Orcauna Cheney,	Pittsford	
Agnes G. Costello,	Boston	
Mary F. Devine,	Milford	
Mary E. Fales,	Milford	
Minnie L. Foiger,	East Somerville	
Mary E. Hancock (Walker)	Milford	
Edgar H. Jenks,	Milford	
James E. Keating,	Lynn	
Sarah L. Libby (Tyler)	Milford	
Herbert H. Lyons,	Fitchburg	
Maggie F. Madden (Lee)	Bethel, Conn.	
Minnie L. Mann (Whittemore),	Milford	
Daniel W. Moriarty,	Lyons, Neb.	
Ellen A. Moriarty,	Lyons, Neb.	
William F. O'Callaghan,	N. Y. City	
William F. Sheehan,	Lynn	
Anna E. Sheldon,	Milford	
A. Willis Tarbell,	Waltham	
Clara M. Thayer,	Blackstone	
Robert E. Wash,	Dead	
Lizzie A. Vezey (Libby)	Milford	
14	1875	19
Emma D. Barker (Swasey)	Milford	
Ella D. Battles (Claffin)	St. Louis, Mo.	
Kate E. Bergin (Davoren),	Milford	
Hugh Bradley,	Milford	
Hannah M. Broderick	Milford	
Susie K. Broderick,	Milford	
Harry N. Day,	Milford	
Nettie E. Day,	Milford	
Carra J. Fisher,	Milford	
Emilie T. Hart (Bragg)	Milford	
Florence E. Harvell,	Wichendon	
Minnie E. Jones (Young),	Boston	
Josie Kelley (Kice)	Hopkinton	
Mary J. Kelley,	Milford	
Faustina M. Knight (Withington),	Milford	
Eliza A. McGowen (McDonough)	Attleboro	
Maria Norris,	Springfield	
S. Edward Oliver,	Brockton	
Sarah C. Tuttle,	Dead	
15	1876	28
Emma B. Ball,	Dead	
Clarence Bancroft,	Manchester	
Otis B. Barker,	Boston	
Josie G. Cheney (Chappell)	Milford	
George T. Cochran,	N. Y. City	
Sarah H. Connolly,	Boston	
Lilla A. Cook (Shrieve),	Pawtucket, R. I.	
Annie T. Gleason,	Milford	
Mallie F. Gleason,	Milford	
Alzie R. Hayward,	Milford	
Mary G. Higgins,	Milford	
Mary E. Johnson,	Milford	
Nellie Johnson,	Milford	
Annie M. Keane,	Chippewa Falls, Wis.	
Bernard Kelley,	Milford	
Hattie M. Knights (Thayer)	Milford	
Flora M. Knowlton,	Somerville	
Hannah C. Lynch,	Milford	
Bridget A. Lyons,	Milford	
Carrie W. Mead (Prentice)	Milford	
Jennie F. McGann,	Milford	
Callie L. Nelson (Hixon)	Medway	
Sabra P. Rockwood (Mathewson)		
James F. Slattery,	Chicago	
George P. Smith,	Boston	
Edith J. Stoddard,	Andover	
Annie L. Sumner,	Audubon, Iowa	
Nellie F. Thurber (Jones)	Kansas	
16	1877	9
Effie E. Adams,	Beltingham	
Fannie E. Blunt,	Milford	
Flora L. Cheney (Dow)	South Framingham	
Frank R. Claffin,	Philadelphia, Penn.	

Jennie L. Goodrich, ... Milford
Katie R. McNamara, ... Milford
John Toomey, ... Milford
Lillian E. Woodbury (Wood), ... Milford

17 1878 14
Joseph H. Ambrose, ... Monson
Mary E. Bergin, ... Milford
Willie P. Cooke, ... Milford
Annie P. Cushing (Bowker), ... Southbridge
Annie B. Drake, ... Worcester
Lowell E. Fales, ... Milford
William F. Gleason, ... Harvard Med.
Patrick R. Howley, ... Worcester
Agnes E. Kimball, ... Boston
Mary A. Lyons, ... Milford
Henry D. Nelson, ... Milford
Eugene W. Stoddard, ... Andover
Charles S. Weeks, ... Hopedale
Eric M. Wires, ... Milford

18 1879 19
Fred I. Bailey, ... Boston
Arthur H. Ball, ... Milford
John A. Connolly, ... Boston
Jennie E. Dale (Gleason), ... Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ellen A. Devine, ... Milford
Henry C. Egan, ... Boston
Mary A. Gallen, ... Milford
Florence I. Goodspeed, ... Laconia, N. H.
John P. Holmes, ... Harvard Medical School
Thomas F. Kelley, ... Waltham
Charles W. Loomis, ... Little Falls, N. Y.
William H. Murray, ... Milford
Margaret Quinn, ... Milford
Charles H. Pond, ... Milford
Lillian Smith, ... Milford
Nellie A. Taylor, ... Marlboro
George W. Walker, ... Danvers
Clifford A. Whittemore, ... Boston
Ella A. Withington, (Dale) Boston

19 1880 18
Lura A. Celley (Sprague), ... Milford
Reuben A. Cook, ... Milford
Nellie A. Dale, ... Plainfield, N. J.
Lawrence E. Doherty, ... Milford
Caroline M. Hart, ... Milford
Clara M. Inman, ... Providence, R. I.
Annie F. Keating, ... Milford
Martin J. Kelley, ... Milford
Sara V. Lowther, ... Wellesley College
Hattie D. Mathewson, ... Milford
Agnes S. McDermott, ... Spencer
Hannah B. McGarry, ... Milford
Marcus J. Patterson, ... Worcester Free Institute
James Slattery, ... Boston
Mary R. Tingley (Laidley), ... Conway
Nellie M. Wallace, ... Dead
Horace E. Whitney, ... Milford
A. Trask Woodbury, ... Wrentham

TWO YEARS' COURSE. 6
Mary A. Burke, ... Milford
Arthur E. Kirby, ... Dead
William Knowlton, ... Somerville
Nellie A. McLaughlin, ... Milford
Maggie I. Quirk, ... Milford
Ruthven S. Wellington, ... Marlboro

20 1881 10
Lilla J. Baneroff, ... Milford
Herbert S. Eldredge, ... Milford
Cora C. Fitzgerald, ... Boston
Anna S. Martin, ... Spencer
Lillie M. O'Donnell, ... Milford
Elmer E. Smith, ... Milford
Wallace I. Stimpson, ... Hopedale
Emma O. Taylor, ... Milford
Edward C. Thayer, ... Harvard College
Arthur F. Walker, ... Worcester Free Institute

TWO YEARS' COURSE. 5
Annie E. Fairbanks, ... Marlboro
Frank L. Fairbanks, ... Milford
Nellie Fisher, ... Milford
Jennie L. Hunt, ... Milford
George H. Lilley, ... Milford

21 1882 28
Alice M. Aylward, ... Medway
Sarah P. Chapin, ... Boston
Ella T. Chilson, ... Milford
Thomas F. Conniff, ... Milford
Timothy J. Dempsey, ... Waltham
Mary F. DeSautelle (Thomas), ... Milford
Jennie L. Devine, ... Milford
Charles H. Fisher, ... Milford
Susan G. Gallagher, ... Montreal, Canada
Richard A. Gilfoyle, ... Milford
Mary A. Hannon, ... Milford
Lillian J. Haven, ... Milford
Annie E. Heath, ... Milford
Eddie A. Holmes (Hussey), ... Milford
William E. Knights, ... Milford
Charles H. Morrill, ... Wilton, N. H.
Edward F. Murphy, ... Milford
Jerry T. Murphy, ... Boston
Catherine E. O'Callaghan, ... Milford
Frank C. Phillips, ... Providence, R. I.
Percival Shea, ... Milford

Mary O. Sumner, ... Milford
John V. Sweeney, ... N. Y. City
Irving W. Sweet, ... Milford
Jennie S. Tufts, ... Milford
Nellie A. Warfield, ... Medway
Harry J. Wood, ... Harvard College
Anna A. Woodbury, ... Milford

TWO YEARS' COURSE. 7
Michael J. Ahern, ... Exeter
William H. Aylward, ... Milford
Ernest L. Cook, ... Providence, R. I.
Abbie L. Flagg, ... Milford
Harry W. Haven, ... Milford
Harry G. Krum, ... Milford
Arthur W. Vant, ... Milford

22 1883 28
Alice M. Ames, ... Framingham Normal School
Lura B. Bandoff, ... Hopedale
Edward Wm. Barrett, ... Amherst Agricultural College
Annie G. Burke, ... Milford
Mary G. Burns, ... Milford
Lettie M. Burrell, ... Milford
Lizzie D. Clark (Libby) Milford
Harry A. Coburn, ... Boston
William J. Cochran, ... Harvard Medical School
John A. Conlin, ... Milford
Annie A. T. Conroy, ... Milford
George C. Dean, ... Amherst College
Mary A. Donlon, ... Milford
Agnes L. Egan, ... Milford
Thomas R. Egan, ... Milford
Martin B. Foley, ... Milford
Dennis P. Flynn, ... Milford
George N. Goddard, ... Amherst College
Mary A. J. Gorman, ... Milford
Maggie F. Hannan, ... Milford
Annie L. Harris, ... Milford
Lewis J. Johnson, ... Harvard College
Mary T. Kirby, ... Milford
John T. McLoughlin, ... Milford
Mary V. L. Moriarty, ... Milford
Frank A. Morrill, ... Milford
Aaron C. Thayer, ... Harvard College
Alice N. Vant, ... Wellesley College

TWO YEARS' COURSE. 13
Gertie A. Ball, ... Milford
John F. Coyne, ... Dead
Jerry F. Fitzpatrick, ... Milford
Julia Flynn, ... Milford
Lena A. Hawkins, ... Milford
John W. Keelon, ... Milford
Thomas F. Manning, ... Milford
Peter M. McBride, ... Milford
Michael F. Moran, ... Milford
Dennis E. Shea, ... Milford
Dennis J. Sullivan, ... Milford
Cora I. Taft, ... Milford
Walter A. Vant, ... Milford

23 1884 30
Delia E. Burke, ... Milford
Grace G. Carpenter, ... Allston
Alexander L. Cochran, ... Milford
Grace E. Cook, ... Milford
Adaline O. Clark, ... Milford
M. Henry Connors, ... Milford
Daniel T. Devine, ... Milford
Patrick J. Donohoe, ... Milford
Charlotte T. Field, ... Milford
S. Ernest Fletcher, ... Milford
Lucy E. Gilfoyle, ... Milford
Nellie F. Gorman, ... Milford
Aleista A. Howard, ... Milford
William A. Hussey, ... Boston
Maude L. Johnson, ... Milford
Michael J. Kelley, ... Milford
Otis T. Krum, ... Milford
Edward J. Lan kin, ... Milford
Elizabeth A. Madden, ... Milford
Mary C. McCormick, ... Milford
Louis K. Phillips, ... Milford
William E. Staples, ... Milford
Annie C. Sumner, ... Bradford Seminary
John F. Tobin, ... Milford
Lizzie F. Toomey, ... Milford
Walter L. Tougas, ... Milford
Mary E. Traversee, ... Milford
Ellen M. Waters, ... Milford
William J. Welch, ... Milford
Maude L. Wilkinson, ... Milford

TWO YEARS' COURSE. 11
Ida M. Bradley, ... Milford
Caroline L. Carr, ... Milford
John N. Cahill, ... Milford
Robert E. I. Ellsbree, ... Milford
S. Leora Fairbanks, ... Milford
Fannie D. Richardson, ... Milford
Walter A. Severance, ... Milford
William F. Sherburne, ... Hyde Park
Mabel E. Taft, ... Milford
Mary E. Taft, ... Milford
John B. Tracey, ... Milford

TOTALS.
Principals, ... 12
Assistants, ... 24
Classes, ... 23
Alumni, ... 435

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MORSE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE.
H. E. MORGAN.

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EXCHANGES AND SCISSORS.

"Active shears gather no rust."

We desire to exchange with all School papers.

We congratulate one of our exchanges upon being able to recognize our parody on Longfellow's "The Old Clock." Try again.

A conundrum for some of our aged (?) exchanges. How much older is a paper in its fourth or fifth volume whose editors are new every year than one in its first volume?

We thank the Yale Courant for three hearty laughs.

Instructor: "Where was Homer born?" Student: "He was claimed to have been born in 20 places, but was only known to have been born in 8." Instructor: "That will do," as he inscribed the half of the figure 8 in his little book.

A scientist says—a scientist is always saying something—that each adult person carries enough phosphorus in his body to make forty thousand matches. We are beginning to lose our faith in scientists, for we've been trying to make a match for the last year, and we had two persons to experiment on.

The Girls!—May they add charity to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply genial affections, divide time by industry and recreations, reduce scandal to its lowest denomination, and raise virtue to its highest power.

Exchanges received since our last issue:

Academician, Advocate, Archon, Academy Bell, Academy Trio, Amateur Journal, Deaf Mute, High School News, High School Record, High School Review, High School World, Latin School Register, Literary Gem, Messenger, Phi Rho Psi, Portfolio, Trinity School Record, Schoolmate, Skirmisher, Spy, Waste Basket, Willistonian, Yale Courant, Youth's Journal, Package from Leominster.

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. I.

MILFORD, MASS., MAY, 1885.

No. 7.

The Season.

"O fair midspring, besung so oft and oft,
How can I praise thy loveliness enow?
Thy sun that burns not, and thy breezes soft
That o'er the blossoms of the orchard blow,
The thousand things that 'neath the young
leaves grow,
The hopes and chances of the growing year,
Winter forgotten long, and summer near."

It is an old, old story—this reurrection of life, but one of which we never weary. Every year, during the long winter months, we look eagerly forward to the coming of spring and are cheered by the thought that soon these dark, gloomy days will be gone and all nature will put on her fairest dress.

Almost before we know it, we seem to be in another world. The snow which just now covered the ground has melted, and reveals the green grass springing up; the cold winds that made us shiver in spite of our thick garments have given place to warm breezes that seem to whisper, as they fan our cheeks, "Spring has come." From beneath dry leaves the pink arbutus raises its head and greets us with its sweet perfume. The trees which so long have lifted their bare arms to the sky, once more rejoice in their mantle of green leaves, while among their branches we can hear the birds twittering to one another as they fly from bough to bough in search of a suitable place for their summer quarters.

The advent of spring is hailed with delight by the old, who can more readily go out of doors now that the snow has gone and the warm weather come, and by the young who, in spite of the merry times they have had skating and sliding, still prefer the sports in which they can now indulge, and who also, if the truth must be told, rejoice that soon the summer vacation will be at hand.

The farmer goes whistling to his ploughing after his long winter's rest from out-of-door work, the housewife

throws open the windows, lets the fresh spring air penetrate every nook and corner and gives the house what she calls "a good cleaning," the botanist sallies out in search of the early flowers, the gardener cheerfully begins his summer's task, all glad, heartily glad that spring has come.

I. L. G., '85.

What Our Memorial Hall Thinks.

"I fear that too few of these scholars who daily pass me by have their thoughts turned to the reason of my being here, and that those whose memories I hold sacred, are not brought to mind; for the cause seems to be forgotten, for which brave soldiers, twenty years ago, fought and died on battle fields far from home and friends. I hardly think their heroic conduct and deeds stir up within these young persons patriotic feelings, and there is too little gratitude shown for citizens' lives given to obtain universal freedom and to keep inviolate the Union. It is sad for me to feel that my purpose is not heeded, that I strive in vain to represent a history of important events of the past.

Could I speak aloud, with tenderness I should tell them how 1,142 men of this town, at the President's call, were willing to leave home comforts and dear ones to undergo the hardships of army life, not knowing whether they were ever to return, or not. All were determined to preserve the government and their country, to crush the evil of slavery, which, starting from that Virginian port in 1619, had crept like a serpent through the whole South, poisoning Liberty with its sting, till she, overcome by grief and anguish, turned and trampled it.

Let these scholars remember that they formed a part of the glorious army which delivered the negroes from

servitude, and gave them human rights. As soldiers they were eager to prevent the republic's falling to pieces in its youth and they loved the name of UNITED STATES too well to lose it so soon. I might recall civil strifes, foreign wars for territory and power, wars for existence, and for securing freedom from unreasonable oppression, but none that had greater ends in view than this contest for destroying a wrong which brought a race of human beings almost to the same level as beasts of burden. That many of those who formerly promoted this evil are now glad because it exists no longer, is a fact which proves that justice has been done in its destruction. To blot out such a stain, our volunteers went to the battle-field. Weary marches, nights of watching, days of hunger and suffering were their lot. Some pined away in foul prisons, some in the thick of the fight were wounded, others were cut down by shot and shell, never to rise again. Sorrowing families day by day increased, as news was received of a father's, a brother's or a son's death.

When, at last, the conflict was ended, and the stars and stripes were recognized as the flag of South as well as North, the survivors came back to perform the duties of law-abiding citizens; and now, in memory of their fallen comrades, graves are yearly decorated with flowers and flags. Flowers and flags are memorials of a day and only once a year remind these scholars of patriotic sacrifices, but I stand as a memorial for generations to come, a constant reminder during every day of the year. Although admiration is often expressed for my outward appearance, 'tis not merely this which should be admired, but the bravery and manliness of these dead soldiers whom I commemorate, and though age may crumble me to dust, time must never destroy their honor and praise."

C. H. M., '85.

THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY
The Senior Class of the Milford High School.
PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

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LOCAL EDITORS.
ANNA M. WALKER and ROBERT C. HUSSEY.
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class matter.

N. B. It is our intention to furnish our patrons,
however, with a better and higher than second class.

Editorial.

We are happy to announce that the O. L. and I's accounts on both the credit and debit side are balanced. We owe no one and no one owes us;—that is to say, as far as money is concerned; but for good will and kind assistance we feel deeply indebted to all advertisers and subscribers who have enabled us to donate to the school a \$90 present as a remembrance of the happy days of the past four years.

The paper fund contribution was so liberal this term that we had a sufficient surplus to buy and frame a picture of the Three Fates. The old ladies, Clotho with her spindle and open mouth, Lachesis with measuring thumb and thoughtful face, and Atropos with sheep shears and inquiring face, look down upon the for, fari, fatum of the Latin classes.

Principal Lull briefly explained to the Classical and High School teachers at their last meeting the cause, method and result of our industrial work. Several letters have been received from distant parts of the country asking for information in regard to it and expressing a wish to attempt something similar.

A bank certificate of \$149 represents the profits of our exhibition. We do not propose to hoard it, but it will be spent at once for the good of the school.

Query:—"Will next year's scholars see the sunny faces of the class of '85 looking down at them from the wall?"

We desire to acknowledge with thanks the congratulatory letter received from Edwin Cheney since our last issue. We find our columns too crowded to allow its insertion, but it is pleasant to know that both our head and hand work are appreciated by the citizens of Milford.

Does it pay? Eight weeks of worry and fret; essay written and re-written and written yet once again; rehearsals before school, after school, on Saturdays, in our dreams; the mercury standing on tip-toe trying to push the roof off its tubular house; and all for what?—a short five minutes on the Opera House stage, and then—oblivion.

Columbus first saw the Ameriean Continent, St. Augustine was founded, the Mayflower landed her passengers at Plymouth Rock, George Washington was born, the battle of Bunker Hill was fought and Yorktown surrendered on hangman's day. What an unlucky day is Friday!

MARRIED. In the Church of the Laboratory, in the presenece of the parents and friends of the happy pair; Mr. Lightweight Hydrogen, only son of Hon. H₂O. Water-producer and Miss Astringent Chlorine, daughter of Dr. Bleacher, the Disinfector. The bride was charming in her lovely yellowish-green silk, which was highly perfumed. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Omnipotent Sunlight at mid-day. The union caused a sensation that shook the building and the spectators were glad that they had observed the directions of the usher and taken the back seats.

John Harvard.

Rev. George E. Ellis (H. C. 1833) says:

"A secrecy and silence as yet unpenetrated and unvoiced cover the whole life history, in the mother country, of him who planted learning in the New England wilderness. We know neither his birth-time, nor birth-place, nor lineage, nor parentage. His name appears on the entry book at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1628. He was matrieculated there as pensioner,—that is, one who can pay his own charges,—July 7, 1631. The signature for his bachelor's degree is dated 1631, and that for his master's degree, 1635. There all we know of John Harvard in England stops."

A guinea for each word, or a hundred dollars for each of five lines, of information about John Harvard in England, have been offered, and in addition the graduates of Harvard College propose to raise a fund to secure the services of the eminent American Antiquary, Henry Fitz-Gilbert Waters (class of 1855), now in England, to make a thorough search there.

PERSONALS.

* Not a Graduate.

Ella J. Newton, '68, has been teaching a young ladies' seminary in Foo-Chow, China, for the last five years. The young ladies are all Chinese.

Harry C. Smith, '72, is a photographer in the employ of Richardson & Harrington, photographers, Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Charles H. Fisher, '82, is clerk in G. T. Fales & Co's dry goods store.

Minnie Aylward, '82, is teaching school in Medway.

Arthur W. Vant, '82, English, is employed in Rice's drug store.

Walter A. Vant, '83, English, is in Willis' photograph gallery.

Martin Foley, '83, is working in Worthen's market.

Ida M. Bradley, '84, English, is engaged to sing in the quartette at the Methodist church this year.

Charles Gillon, '85,* is attending Holy Cross College, Worcester.

Nellie Partridge, '86,* was married a short time ago to Henry Weeks.

Robert E. I. Ellsbree, '84, English, died Wednesday, April 30. His own class, the four years' class of '86, of which the two years' class of '84 was a part, and the teachers, contributed a beautiful pillow with a suitable inscription and attended the funeral in a body on the following Sunday.

The following is from the eleventh principal of our school:

HUDSON, MASS., MARCH 31, 1885.

EDITORS OF THE OAK, LILY AND IVY:

Your acceptable paper, telling of the progress of the pupils and school I love, has been read with pleasure.

Your Industrial Exhibition I especially commend, enabling each pupil to compare his own industrial skill with each of the others, and by comparison widening his range of ideas and stimulating to higher excellence. Education will be one-sided, unbalanced, till manual and mental training go hand in hand together. It is a long way from the brain down the arm, through the hand and fingers to the mind's ideal in matter. The painter and sculptor, the musician and inventor have not alone found this true. The hand as well as the head and heart needs training, and many a student may find some aptitude he, till trial, little deemed he possessed. Too generally industrial training is received dissociated from mental, without regularity, too late in life. The two should begin when young, go together and with regularity.

For the word of personal mention your paper requests, Milford Town History will suffice, by adding two years in the Massachusetts Legislature; one as secretary of the Committee on Education; the latter as chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations. Since then I have the Law essayed.

Enclosed please find a postal note in payment of subscription, with thanks.

Yours most sincerely,

SILAS W. HALE.

→*LOCALS.*←

Venison is *deer* meat.

There are five children of the alumni in school this term.

We are pleased to relieve the anxiety of one of the seniors by emphatically asserting that:—"It is a horse."

Hog-o, pig-ere, squeak-i, grunt-um. The above has just been found engraved upon the marble trough of Bacon's swinery. It was discovered at a depth of 1885 feet in the ruins of the hamlet of Porkopolis by Schliemann.

Class in history: "What did Julius Caesar distribute among the Romans? Scholar scowls a moment and then gravely answers "Pop corn."

Latin class coming across the name Cræsus in their reading, teacher says, "Well, who was Cræsus?" Silence prevails for a moment and then someone says, "Why, She was the wife of Aeneas."

We think this passage "strengthen thou the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees" will be particularly applicable to some of the seniors on graduation day.

Young lady in botany, analyzing a flower, says, "I'm sure of one thing, these flowers are not in cats' skins." All agree that they are not.

Some of the young ladies take exceptions to the statement that "Smart women are those who have developed masculine characteristics."

Said one senior to his mate: "Let's see your proof." "Have you engaged your dressmaker?" "What is your subject?" "What are your statistics?"

The botany class with specimen, microscope, paper and pencil are producing truly wonderful works of art.

By the side of our Fahrenheit's now hangs a centigrade thermometer and now the philosophy class can readily change the reading of one to that of the other.

As we have every reason to know that our principal is a great lover of flowers and will provide all necessary vases, can we not keep them full? We can thus enjoy them ourselves and add to the appearance of the room.

Now the melancholy days have come for the Vergil class: Harper's texts for recitation, no notes, no vocabulary, no cribs, *nothing*, 0.

An excellent pyrometer made by George Stimpson of the philosophy class, has been added to our apparatus.

What a blessing the park is to the high school boys! We know of no other school which has so many acres adjoining the school premises that are so well adapted for games of all kinds.

The melting point of mercury has been a surprise to some of the physics class.

"Pendentia nubila pressit." He pressed thunder from the hanging clouds.

Somebody says a consul is a *minister*, but is not sure whether he is a D. D. or not.

French II. "Sae de nuit is a sack of night, O no it isn't, it is a clothes-bag."

Teacher—"What great German composer writes so many waltzes and polkas?" Pupil—"St. Vitus."

We have lately had a novel feature in rhetorical, a dialogue in French, which passed off acceptably.

The Gazetteer gives 284 different places in the United States which perpetuate the name of Washington.

Now that the thirsty time of the year has come we greatly appreciate the introduction of the aqueduct water.

Literature class. Why do the Jews in Ivanhoe call the Christians Nazarenes? "Because Nazareth was king of the Jews."

Senior reading French comes across the name Pierreval and is asked the literal meaning, whereupon he promptly answers "Stonewall."

Latest translations of Saintine's Picciola: "The count of Charney was a very haughty and learned man and so believed in atheism, deism and several other beliefs."

We have been much pleased to see how coyly some of the scholars whirl the card which illustrates the duration of images upon the retina. It says: "May I kiss you?"

What a beau Thersites must have been! "Squint-eyed, with one lame foot, and on his back a lump, and shoulders curving towards the chest; His head was sharp, and over it the hairs were thinly scattered."

The Sunday school lesson: "The butler and baker of Pharaoh in prison." Teacher: "What is a butler?" Small boy cogitating remembers the last campaign and ventures: "A cross-eyed lawyer."

Teacher to a scholar caught passing a note: "Two-cent postage now, is it not? "Yes but that was not sealed."

One of the French scholars would like to know how a person voyages when he is loved.

What a charming scene! A score of young Tom Mullers, on a spring morning, raking hay (last year's) and leaves from our wide spreading lawn. If only a Miss Judge could have passed up School street there might have been a desperate flirtation at least.

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✧ **EXCHANGES AND SCISSORS.** ✧
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We desire to exchange with all *School* papers.

REVOLUTIONS.

In Carthage, so the story goes,
 The tender maidens fair
 Once bravely furnished strings for bows
 By cutting of their hair.
 But time a revolution brings;
 Our belles, with artful care,
 Now fasten *beaux* upon their strings
 With fresh supply of hair.

Heart-"beats"—Professional mash-
 ers.

Man is a two-legged, eccentric ani-
 mal that deals in politics, religion and
 general merchandise.

Class in physics:—What is mat-
 ter? Surprised pupil:—Nothing is
 the matter. (Applause).

"He is a mean man who deals in
 vulgar fractions to the neglect of in-
 tegers."—[W. R. Alger.

"Rnm, Rheumatism and Remorse,"
 sighed the tramp as he awoke from
 his nap in the gutter.

"After the assessor has computed a
 man's tax, what must be done?"
 "Find the money to pay it, of course."

The reason why no woman can be-
 come president is because the law re-
 quires that she be thirty-five years of
 age.

Dude.—"What do you think of my
 collar?" She.—"It reminds me of a
 whitewashed fence around a lunatic
 asylum."

"Lemmy, you're a pig!" said a fath-
 er to his son, who was five years old.
 "Now, Lemmy, do you know what a
 pig is?" "Yes, sir; a pig is a hog's
 little boy."

It is nseless for physicians to argue
 against short-sleeved dresses. The
 Constitution of the United States
 says: "The right to bear arms shall
 not be infringed."

The Professor was trying to draw
 out the word *organize* and asked what
 a body of politicians did after having
 a drink. One bright boy, taking ad-
 vantage of the delay, said: "They take
 another."—[Adelphian.

Exchanges received since last issue:

Academy, Academian, Academy Echo,
 Academy Journal, Advocate, Album, Ama-
 teur Journal, Analecta, Anchor, Atom, Car-
 sonian, Coffin School Record, College Chips,
 Comet, Critic, Deaf Mute, Hamilton College
 Monthly, High School Bulletin, High School
 Censor, High School Corona, High School
 Journal, High School Record, High School
 Review, High School World, Kent's Hill
 Breeze, Latin School Register, Literary
 Gem, Normal News, Occident, Phillipian,
 Philosophian Review, Phi-Rhonian, Portfo-
 lio, Rock Point Recall, Schoolmate, Skir-
 mishier, Spy, St James Reveille, Stray Shot
 Stylus, Torch, University Mirror, Vindex,
 Vox Ludi, Waste Basket, Xavier, Hampto-
 nian.

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. I.

MILFORD, MASS., JUNE, 1885.

No. 8.

Class Ode of '85.

BY MAGGIE L. MINON.

Father Time, thy footsteps,
Light as falling snow,
Through four years of school-life
We have felt them go;
Bringing with them mem'ries
Of a living Past,
Sighs and fond regrettings,
Friendships dear and fast.

Joyful have the days been!
Bright as morning sun!
Taught in ways of wisdom,
Swift our course we've run.
By these self-same teachings,
We with hopes sublime,
Trust to gain Right's summit,
In the future time.

Ne'er again the faces,
Beaming with delight,
As of yore we've seen them,
Shall make glad our sight.
But the sense of feeling—
Our life—must depart
Ere the thoughts of schooldays
Vanish from the heart.

Strive that clear and steady
Life's fair Stream shall flow,
Not like mountain torrent
Cansing grief and woe;
Spreading rather gladness
Over vale and plain.
Till at length 'tis merged in
The eternal Main.

History of the Class of '85.

BY MARIA P. WESTCOTT.

Yes, it is nearly four years since we entered the high school. Years crowded full of happy events. On the first Monday of September, 1881, from half past seven to eight, we new scholars came in groups, or one by one, hardly daring to look up and if spoken to, not venturing to say more than "Yes, sir," or "No, sir." Poor timid creatures! so the older ones thought. That first never-to-be-forgotten day was spent in assigning our seats and giving out the lessons. On our way home every friend that we met greeted us with, "Well, how do you like the high school?" receiving invariably the answer, "I don't know yet."

We soon felt more at home, however, and grew accustomed to our surroundings, yet we never could help trembling when we heard the thundering voice of the sub-master say to some unfortunate one who did not recite as glibly as desired, "You may sit." With what awe we viewed those penetrating glasses! We used to wonder how the seniors knew so much, and we felt greatly flattered if one of them noticed us enough to speak to us.

After crowding our brains to their fullest extent with the roots and stems, but alas! not the flowers of the language of the proud old Romans; with a, b, c's and x, y, z's; with the names of the bones and organs of the "human form divine," there still remained at our elbow, long columns of debits and credits to add.

How sorry we were not to have Miss Bancroft with us when we came back to school after the first long vacation. We have never ceased to regret her resignation. As members of the third class now came our turn to look down upon the new scholars; how very ignorant they were to be sure! how shyly they acted and how we condescended to them! After wrestling nobly the second year with Swinton's account of the different races of the world, their habits, customs and never-ending wars, at the same time endeavoring to understand the physical laws of Nature and the phenomena depending upon them, we then tried to follow Cæsar into Gaul, while the college-aspiring ones began the rudiments of the language of the Greeks.

Do you remember one rhetorical day during the Butler campaign, how surprised our sub-master was, when having asked what prominent man from Lowell was before the public, to receive from R. the answer, "Mr. Sherburne"? Alas for us, that was

the last year of his prominence before a Milford public, for inducements too strong to resist were offered him by his native city and he left us; to his loss we have never become reconciled. This same year Miss Hall, too, bade us "good bye," having decided to change her profession for that of the healing art. Thirteen of our class also departed at this time triumphantly waving a two years' diploma.

Mr. Gordon and Miss Jones, as new teachers, greeted us at the beginning of the third year. Now those not studying for college began the inspection of molecules and the composition of the different elements of nature. This study appeared very difficult at first, but soon we enjoyed it greatly, especially the chats down in the laboratory about the new styles of dress and kindred matters. What a conflagration we just escaped one day as a result of Miss W's heated forceps coming in contact with a piece of phosphorus.

About this time it was deemed necessary that we should learn to parlez-vous; and such a confusion of tongues as we made of it! "Confusion" not so great, however, as the young lady's in the Vergil class, when she found herself saying, "And bring his gods to Latham." Was it really filial Æneas whose wanderings she was following or had her mind wandered on its own account down through the ages to the then present year of 1884? Ask Maud Muller's musical judge—or the young lady.

This year brings with it a new departure. Instead of the usual literary exercises on Washington's birthday, we had our experimental industrial exhibition. As a result, many new books and more apparatus for the school. Thinking a journey in foreign lands might improve our mental health, we accompanied the youthful Longfellow through France and Spain;

Continued on page three.

THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

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BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School.
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ANNA M. WALKER and ROBERT C. HUSSEY.

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class matter.

N. B. It is our intention to furnish our patrons,
however, with a *better* and *higher* than second class.

Editorial.

As with this number the connection
of the present senior class with the
O. L. and I. ceases, it is devoted al-
most wholly to matters of class in-
terest.

We have prospered in our new en-
terprise far better than we at first an-
ticipated, and we trust that we have
obtained experience which will be of
use to us in after life.

The O. L. and I. is no longer an
experiment, but, we hope, an estab-
lished fact. We thank all those who
have contributed to its support and
hope they will continue to take an in-
terest in it so that its second volume
may be even more successful than the
first.

Unusually tasty cards are out for
the annual reunion of the High School
Alumni for Friday, June 26. The
fact that so many meet every June to
renew old school acquaintances, is one
of the best indications of the popular-
ity of this school. All the members
of this year's graduating class have
signed the constitution and received
complimentary tickets.

The teachers of Milford have shown
their appreciation of Superintendent
Hatch's labors during the past three
years, by presenting him with one of
Rogers' groups, "Is it so nominated in
the bond?" Mr. Hatch enters upon
his new duties in Haverhill in Sep-
tember.

The first ten of '85 for four years in
scholarship and deportment are: Gay,
Fales, Hale, Morgan, Ross, Walker,
Field, E. C. Thayer, O'Sullivan, Smith.

Graduating Exercises

OF THE

CLASS OF '85.

Milford Music Hall,

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24,

At 9 o'clock a. m.

PROGRAMME.

Piano Solo.....Mrs. Charles E. Whitney

Introduction of the Class by its President,
Frank L. Fales.

Chorus by the School—See Our Oars with Feathered
Spray—*by Dr. Stevenson.*

The Golden Age.....Anna M. Walker

Marmion—Canto VI* Essie C. Thayer

Quotations from Cicero.....

Harry P. Crosby, John A. Finnigan,

John F. Igoe, Peter McBride,

William O. Thayer.

The Kitchen of the Future.....Harriet A. Smith

The Proverbial Sayings of the Aeneid.....
Winona L. Hale.

Washington Irving, as Revealed in his Sketch Book.*
John J. O'Sullivan.

Chorus by the School, The Sailor's Song.

The M. H. S. Herbarium of Wild Flowers.....
(With Poetical Quotations.)

Agnes M. Burke, Alice I. Burrell,

Nellie M. Conely, Mary F. Connolly,

Theresa A. McCarten, Katie F. Tully,

Mabel Waterman, Minnie Waterman.

A Glance at Milford.....Isabella H. Ross

"Dear, gentle, patient, noble little Nell."*.....
Carrie M. Field.

Some Reasons why Men are Willing to Die.....
Clarence H. Morgan.

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow.....Inez L. Gay

Presentation of Diplomas.

Singing of the Class Ode.....*Music by Naegeli*

Accompaniments by Mrs. Whitney.

*Written to satisfy college requirements.

†Excused on account of health.

LOCHLS.

The class motto is that of the paper.
The colors are blue and gold.

The class officers are: President,
Frank L. Fales; vice president, Katie
F. Tully; secretary and treasurer,
Agnes M. Burke.

The class badge of '85 is a diamond
of old gold ribbon on blue. On the
diamond is an ornamental horseshoe,
on the blue the class year and its
motto in black.

The school is indebted to R. A.
Cooke, '80, for a specimen of coquina
and flint from St. Augustine, Florida;
a piece of the brick work of Fort
Marion; a chip from the Washington
monument; a section of bark from a
Mexican palm tree.

Appleton's new cyclopaedia, 17 vol-
umes; Gage's apparatus, seven-in-one
and eight-in-one; Newton's disks and
Pascal's vases are new additions to
our library and apparatus.

Pink has been selected by the En-
glish of '85 as their color.

Literature class: What is the clos-
ing part of an oration? "The par-
thenon."

Whittier's poem, "The Bridal of
Penacook," has lately been transform-
ed into "The Bridal of the Peacock."

Not every one can boast of such
genius as the scholar can, who de-
fined a winter *idyl* as an *image*.

Specimen of a *free* translation:
"She was the kind of a girl to hang to
a *twig*." Teacher suggests, "Keep to
her oath."

Thanks to the generosity of Dame
Nature, several of the young ladies
have had their efforts in keeping the
piano adorned, well rewarded.

One of the beautiful moonlight
nights of two weeks ago was well im-
proved by several of the seniors,—in
a purely astronomical way, of course.

Poor youths of the Middle Ages
couldn't become squires until seventy-
one (?) years of age. What an amount
of patience was necessary to wait all
that time!

For the past week the Botany class
have enjoyed the luxury of reciting
out of doors, the pleasure of which
was marred only by the warning
sound of the bell.

One of the fourth class considers
the following to be one of the impor-
tant features of the circus which late-
ly visited town:—"There is many
wild animals in it which yells all the
time."

We have heard of the Frenchman
who drank some Castor Oil for polite-
ness' sake, but never, until a few
weeks ago, have we seen any one eat
cotton chocolate drops without a
grimace.

The English class of '85 recently
gave the school and our principal a
pleasant surprise by presenting to the
school through him, a half life-size
photograph of himself, handsomely
framed, with the name of their class
upon it.

Principal Lull to the English class
of '85:—"Oh, yes, with a small con-
tribution from every one, you can get
a *very pretty* picture for the school."
"Hence those blushes" last Tuesday
morning when the "pretty picture"
proved to be a photograph of himself.

Mary E. Traversee, '84, has receiv-
ed a \$275 scholarship from the Stu-
dents' Aid Society of Wellesley Col-
lege for the year commencing Sep-
tember 9, 1885. Her splendid record
during her high school course has
merited such a reward.

Continued from first page.

then followed Lowell around his garden; and made the acquaintance of Whittier's Yankee Gypsies.

As seniors of '85 we found that the opinion we had formed of that excellent body was erroneous; they were not Caesars or Shakespeares after all. Nevertheless our lives flowed swiftly on while listening to the eloquence of Cicero and Catiline in the Roman senate and while following the Count de Charney through his re-conversion to Christianity by means of a little flower. We studied Longfellow's Evangeline and Whittier's Snow-Bound with much pleasure while the college class followed Homer through the Trojan wars.

As Mr. Gordon stayed only a year, we made the acquaintance of Mr. Rushmore at the beginning of the fall term; and that the latent artistic powers of the school might be developed, the winter term brought us, as an additional teacher, Miss Hayward, one of our own graduates, who has given us, with many other pleasant things, instruction in drawing. Having by this time become quite well acquainted with the Atlantic authors, we learned how our government and the different powers connected with it are carried on, and in this by special permission to the class, we displayed our oratorical powers in a discussion on Free Trade and Protection. Finishing the text book before the close of the term, a society was organized styled the M. H. S. Improvement Society and such was its good influence that at the end of three days we had reached the utmost limit of all possible improvement, and the society was disbanded. Although a sergeant-at-arms was chosen, yet never were arms such a useless incumbrance; but had she found occasion to exercise her power, without doubt the gentlemen, at least, would have yielded immediately, as they usually do.

It was decided to postpone our exhibition until the spring vacation, and to try and make it still more of a success than last year; our pecuniary profit was one hundred and forty-nine dollars; our profit in other respects, past computation. As the summer term began, some chose to learn the science of wealth while others studied the wonders of plant-life. To think that our teacher utterly refused to believe in one wonder, when a young lady stated that the flowers of a certain plant grew in a catskin! The incredulity of some persons is beyond belief!

It has been our good fortune during all the changes of the past four years to retain two of our teachers with us;

our principal, Mr. Lull, and our first assistant, Miss Parkhurst.

We have been especially fortunate in losing only one of our number, who passed away last fall. We hope it may be many years before another is called to cross the dark river.

As we leave the school, our places will be filled by others. Although we may not have left "footprints on the sands of time" for the encouragement of any "forlorn" successor, yet we hope that the freshly tinted walls of our school-room may serve for a while, at least, to hold in kindly remembrance the class of '85.

What the Poets Say of '85.

- F. L. F. "True and tender and brave and just
That man might honor and woman trust."
- A. I. B. "Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it."
- J. F. I. "None but himself can be his parallel."
- M. P. W. "Her voice was soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."
- M. L. M. "Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."
- J. J. O'S. "The heart to conceive, the understanding
to direct, the hand to execute."
- E. C. T. "With a scorn in her eye, which the gazer
could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes
on steel."
- A. M. B. "An honest treasurer, like a black-plumed swan,
Not every day our eyes may look upon."
- C. H. M. "A loving soul to every task he brought."
- C. M. F. "This is the flower that smiles on every
one."
- W. O. T. "He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way."
- A. M. W. "And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady
And the people loved her much."
- H. P. C. "A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide."
- H. A. S. "Those about her
From her may learn the perfect ways
of honor."
- H. A. B. "Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."
- T. A. McC. "Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act
And make her generous thought a fact."
- M. W. } "Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."
M. W. }
- R. C. H. "Ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear.
A simple race! They waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile."
- B. H. R. "Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a Belle."
- M. F. C. "Her modest looks the cottage might
adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
thorn."
- J. A. F. "He looks the whole world in the face
For he owes not any man"
- P. M. McB. "His best companions, innocence and
health,
And his best riches, ignorance of
wealth."
- K. F. T. "The joy of youth and health her eyes
displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed."
- N. M. C. "Courteous though coy, gentle though
retired."
- W. L. H. "A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."
- I. L. G. "Full of the deepest, truest thought
Doing the very things she ought."

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FOUR YEARS' COURSES.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH—Robert C. Hussey,* Peter M. McBride, Mabel Waterman, Minnie Waterman.

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND LATIN—Horace A. Brown, Agnes M. Burke, Alice I. Burrell, Nellie M. Conely, Mary F. Connolly,* Inez L. Gay, Theresa A. McCarten, Maggie L. Minon, Clarence H. Morgan, Isabella H. Ross, Harriet A. Smith, William O. Thayer, Katie F. Tully, Anna M. Walker, Maria P. Westcott.

CLASSICAL—Harry P. Crosby, Frank L. Fales, Carrie M. Field, John A. Finnigan, Winona L. Hale, John F. Igoc, John J. O'Sullivan, Essie C. Thayer.

TWO YEARS' ENGLISH.

M. Harris Avery,* William F. Burke,* John H. Conniff, William Gaffney, Clara A. Johnson,* Elbridge P. Jones,* Aaron H. Mayhew,* Edward J. O'Connor, Bertha M. Pratt,* Ida L. Reynolds,* Charles R. Sanders, Emily I. Spindel, Leora M. Taft.

*A partial diploma, due to an incomplete course.

Class Statistics,	'82.	'83.	'84.	'85.
Tallest.....	6 ft.	5 ft. 10½ in.	—	6 ft.
Shortest.....	5 "	5 " 1½ "	—	3 " 8 in.
Average.....	5 " 5 in.	5 " 5½ "	—	5 " 4 "
Heaviest.....	150 lbs	158 lbs.	—	142 lbs.
Lightest.....	90 "	97 "	—	47 "
Average.....	117½ "	121 "	—	110½ "
Oldest.....	20 yrs. 5 mos.	20 yrs. 6 mos.	19 yrs. 7 mos.	19 yrs. 5 mos.
Youngest...	16 " 7 "	15 " 6 "	15 " 9 "	15 " 10 "
Average....	18 " 7 "	17 " 5 "	18 " 3 "	17 " 5 "
Admitted.....	71	57	55	71
Graduates, 2 yrs...	6	5	7	12
Graduates, 4 " ...	28	28	30	27

THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. II.

MILFORD, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1885.

No. 1

A Glance at Milford.

Below and around me are the hills and vales of Milford. The rays of the morning sun are reflected by the waters of that winding Charles of which Longfellow sings:

Thou hast taught me, silent river,
Many a lesson deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

Behind me flows another river, named Mill River. How different are the courses of these two streams, which rising near each other are so widely separated, yet after many vicissitudes reach the same goal! Thus may it be with us, for in our life work we shall flow farther and farther apart, but we trust that, like the rivers, our goals, too, may be the same. On their gliding waters are boats filled with their happy freights, but by the manufactories that line their banks, we know that man has forced them to turn his ponderous machinery, and every molecule that hastens so swiftly to the sea must put its shoulder to the wheel. We are but molecules in this crowded world, yet, like the tiny drops in the river, we can all do our share of its work. By the meandering river are three marble villages of the dead, around which the pine trees shiver and whisper in the breeze. There is no one walking about, plucking the beautiful flowers, no one rowing on the miniature lake which will soon whiten with lilies. How quiet everything is, and how desolate are the marble palaces! In Vernon, which suggests the Father of his Country, is a monument calling to mind the Rebellion and carrying us in thought to Memorial Hall, which will always remind us of those who fought and died for their country's cause. Let us never forget the purpose for which it is being built, and let each, as the Mays go by, help our veterans in their sad duties.

Before me is a hill well named the "Bear", and yet withal a kindly one, for it seems to be protecting us from the chilling east winds, as the mother bear protects her cubs, with loving care.

But what mean these wires running along the streets on the ungainly poles, eyesores to all lovers of the beautiful? Two wonders of our nineteenth century of development, for, by these, space has been annihilated, and friends most distant hold communication with one another.

A curving street I see, well named the Bow, for its string is Main street, while Central, aimed at our guardian "Bear," is its arrow. Beyond the Bow, the cars are bearing some to their daily work in the city, others to summer resorts where they may shun for a short time the busy world. How our fore-fathers would have wondered, if they had known, or even thought of, the doings of the iron horse, stranger even than that wooden horse of Troy.

Behind me, under the shelter of the back-bone of Milford, the Dale of Hope is situated. "I sing the praises of the beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother," both on account of the enterprise that is shown there, and the beauty of its houses and streets. The hill at my left is magnificent with its verdure. From its name, we might suppose it to yield precious ore, but, alas! the god of silver has slighted us. Watch the trees whispering to one another; they enjoy it, too, for they are nodding in the breeze, delighted with what their neighbors have told them. Listen to the ringing hammers, which tell of the work that is being done in our quarries, the only great natural wealth of Milford.

Directly below me is our busy, noisy town, with its broad streets. With quick step many are hastening to their daily toil. Some are workers in straw, some in leather, while others, at the

forge and lathe, with cunning craft build complicated machinery. Our homes must not be forgotten, for, rich or poor, they all are dear to us, with their fond associations and memories. Some one has well said they are like old violins, the music of the past is wrought into them. Our park, now as green as an emerald, is indeed a spot of beauty. Our library, too, with its hundreds of volumes, is a silent witness to the educational zeal of our citizens. The churches with their tapering spires must not be omitted, for they indicate the moral status of the town. Last, but by no means least, are our schools, from which so many are departing today. May they continue to prosper, and noble men and women be the result of our school training! B. N. R., '85.

Soils.

Soils are the wreckage of the rocks, as they wear down under the action of the air, the rain and frost, the roots of plants, and the stomachs of worms. This wearing has been going on for a very long time in the past, so that the soil now on any country may have gradually settled downwards for thousands of feet, as the rocks slowly rotted away and were carried off by the streams. It is a beautiful fact that the greatest work of ruin that the world knows—the decay of the continents themselves—should give us the foundations on which to rest all the higher life of the world. All our forests and prairies owe their life to this decay. All the higher animals of the world depend upon this plant-life, and man himself founds his life upon the same mass of ruin. Thus it is through all the life of the world: the death of one thing gives life to others; the decay of the physical world is the foundation for the higher life of plant and animal.—[N. S. Shaler, S. D.]

What of the Future?

"We can bear to the future
No greater than to us the past hath brought."

As year after year rolls by, new men are brought to public notice. The fame of some of these is temporary, lasting for a short time and then dropping quietly out of knowledge and memory. Time but adds to the honors of other men and fleeting years keep green the laurel wreath awarded to their victories. Some scientific discovery, some invention, a bit of poetical thought printed at the head of the current items, a water-color sketch in one of the frequent art exhibitions, a novel by some unknown author, a thrilling speech by a political novice, all these are a constant reminder to the casual thinker of the thousands of people in this busy, bustling world, pushing and struggling to gain pre-eminence. Enthusiasts foretell for the future greater achievements and the rise of more eminent men, but how can the heroic deeds, brilliant successes and lasting fame of the past and present be surpassed?

At all times, the world has had its illustrious geniuses, but in the world of poetry and song Shakespeare, "the myriad-minded," with his grand tragedies, is the greatest poet that ever lived. Milton, with his epics, Spenser, with his allegorical poems, Wordsworth, Burns, Gray, Dryden, and of more recent date, Longfellow and Tennyson—who can excel them in the rare beauty of their thought and expression?

From the fifteenth century to our own day, the world's scientists have been many and famous. The German astronomer, Copernicus, was the first to demonstrate the falsity of the theory that the earth was the center, around which all the heavenly bodies revolved. Then came the Italian astronomer, Galileo, of the same belief as Copernicus. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and Isaac Newton, of the law of universal gravitation, are too well known to be mentioned. Later came Galvani and Franklin with their wonderful electrical discoveries, and the naturalist Agassiz, who being shown a bone of a fish, could describe its form and characteristics.

Although this century's artists, as Rosa Bonheur and Bierstadt, animal and landscape painters, are very famous, yet for the richer tints and rarer paintings we go back to the time of Titian, the so-called "Prince of Colorists," and Raphael, whose greatest work was the decoration of the walls of the Vatican. Rubens in his grand historical paintings and Michael An-

gelo in St. Peter's Church, Rome, have left fitting monuments to their fame. Artists of the day visit Rome and the old Italian cities, eager to gain instruction from the noble works of the old masters. For musical composers, we have Handel, the father of orchestral music, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Liszt, Abt, Bach and many others. What can be more divinely beautiful than Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" and Chopin's Symphonies? What more grand than Haydn's Oratorios?

We have had men who have suffered many privations for the sake of increasing our knowledge of the Dark Continent, as Stanley and Livingstone in their African travels, Kane and others in their efforts to reach the North Pole. Then we have Columbus and other early explorers who sailed over unknown seas, opposed by those to whom they looked for encouragement and who during their life suffered want and shame, and in their old age contumely and disgrace. Although the Scientific American weekly gives long lists of inventions ameliorating the condition of the laboring classes, although today we have such inventive geniuses as Edison and Morse, where shall we find more noted inventors than Fulton with his steamboat, Whitney with his cotton gin, and Watts with his steam engine?

Our late war brought into prominent notice such men as Grant, Lee, Sheridan and Sherman. Every country has its hero. France glories in the military achievements of Napoleon; Englishmen admire the brilliant career of Wellington; Germany boasts of Bismarck, while way back in the time before Christ, Caesar, foremost man of all the world, was Rome's greatest general.

Reviewing the lives of these brilliant examples and of others taken from the long list of philosophers, statesmen, philanthropists and authors, past and present, taking into consideration our knowledge of mankind, shall we in the future see greater men than the world has already produced?

G. P. F., '86.

Professor (to student who writes, not for the masses, but for the educated few): "You should write so that the most ignorant of your audience can understand all you can say." Student (puzzled): "What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?"—[Berkleyan.]

"Quousque tandem abutere etc," No, a tandem is not a horse and two carriages.

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Diamonds, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,

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100 Main Street, up stairs.

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136 Main street, Milford.

AGENT FOR THE BOSTON HERALD.

—*PERSONALS.*—

The four years' class of '85 is already making a good record for us: John A. Finnegan at Bryant & Stratton's Commercial college; Frank L. Fales and John J. O'Sullivan at Harvard; Maria P. Westcott at Holyoke Seminary; Inez L. Gay, Maggie L. Minon, Harriet A. Smith and Anna M. Walker at the Framingham Normal; Carrie M. Field and Essie C. Thayer at Wellesley and Aggie M. Burke at the Rhode Island Photographic Institute in Providence make a list of eleven out of twenty-nine.

106 Main Street, Milford, Mass.

THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School.
PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

GENERAL EDITORS.

GRACE P. FIELD and W. I. COOK.

PERSONAL EDITORS.

ABBIE J. MADDEN and I. H. FAIRBANKS.

LOCAL EDITORS.

LILLA F. HAYWARD and W. I. CLIFFORD.

BUSINESS EDITORS.

CORA L. SNELL and N. C. TOUGAS.

—o—

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(Ten Numbers.)

For the Year, . 40 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents

This paper is for sale at the well-known drug store of J. Allen Rice, where subscriptions for the year will also be received, and back numbers can be obtained.

Address all communications to

THE OAK, LILY AND IVY, Box 871.

Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post-Office, as second class matter.

In publishing this, our second volume of the Oak, Lily and Ivy, we wish to return thanks to our friends for the kind encouragement with which the paper of last year was received. We trust that our efforts in a similar direction for the present year will meet with as favorable a reception. We know this small sheet will not take the place of the daily or weekly paper, nor contain articles of erudition to rival those of the popular monthlies, but to scholars, graduates, parents and friends, we hope it will prove interesting reading, and a means of education to those who contribute articles or conduct its publication. We also desire to call attention to the great advantages to be derived from advertising in our columns. Our circulation is not confined to Milford; but copies are sold in the neighboring towns that send pupils to this school, as Mendon and Bellingham; many are also sent to alumni and exchanges in different towns and cities throughout the Union. The paper goes into twenty-one states, the District of Columbia and Canada. With this number, too, the size is doubled and we expect an increased circulation. Please remember, moreover, that it enters the best families in Milford, whose patronage may be obtained through a timely advertisement. We trust that the alumni will aid us not only by adding their names to the subscription list; but also by calling the attention of others who are not personally interested in the school, to the paper, so that we may with profit carry on the work.

Whatever profits may accrue, will be devoted to the needs of the school. Show your interest in us by "deeds not words"; not by good advice, but by 40 cents for the 10 numbers of the present school year.

Professor Holt of Boston, who has so successfully applied the new method of teaching music in the schools of Boston, gave a pleasant talk recently in our assembly room to those interested in music in the schools. Many of the best musicians of the town were present and it is to be hoped that they will exert their influence to hasten its introduction. If music were no further below us than the middle classes of the grammar schools it would be of great benefit to the high, as our principal would not be obliged to begin at the beginning every September as now, which condition of affairs is not only discouraging to the older scholars but also to him.

Miss Bones is making her annual visitation from the rooms of the Thresher Association to the fourth class; but this year minus her jaw. As usual her first reception is rather chilling and distant, but as the days go by some venturesome scholar gently touches her fleshless hand, as she hangs in revery, and before long such an intimacy exists that the pertinent and impertinent questioning must be rather embarrassing to her ladyship.

Mendon sends us four of its former high school scholars this year. One is preparing for the Latin-Scientific course at Dartmouth college. As the committee have fixed the tuition for outside students at one dollar per week, these, with one of our former pupils who has moved to Mendon and one from Bellingham, will pay into the school treasury \$240. It seems no more than fair that this tuition fund be given to the school for new books and apparatus and we therefore take this early occasion to ask the committee for these "unhatched chickens."

Received by our business editors in response to an invitation to continue an ad:

"Most certainly we propose to continue. In something like 500 newspapers, yours is the only one from which the results have been absolutely tangible. The others may have benefited us in moral effect, but I am willing to swap a little of this for more available results."

Business men take warning.

Great thanks are due our business editors for their remarkable enterprise during the last two weeks.

At the beginning of the term, our artistic principal suggested that pretty little scarfs of inexpensive material for the new desks would not only be very pleasing to the eye, but would protect the desks from scratches and greatly lessen the noise of the books. A few young ladies have carried this suggestion into execution and during school hours, their desks may be seen ornamented with differently colored and designed scarfs. The effect is very good. We are glad to say that one boy has also adopted the suggestion, soon to be followed, we presume, by others of the young gentlemen. If they are not skilled enough in the art of needlework, perhaps a sister, a fond mother or indulgent grandma may lend a helping hand. If any are deterred from making a scarf for want of an idea, why not try painting or the simple applique or iridescent work? A border of this distracting "insane" patchwork would be very suggestive in some cases. Threads may be drawn out of any coarse cotton material (by the way wash goods are very desirable) and ribbons run in with good effect. If one uses her ingenuity, she can find many simple ways for making inexpensive covers. We hope soon to see all the desks so decorated and then with our other homelike surroundings we shall have such an attractive room that it will be a means of education in itself.

After the June Oak, Lily and Ivy had been issued, and the class of '85 were "citizens of Milford," they summoned our principal to the house of a classmate and presented to him one of Rogers' groups, "Is it so nominated in the bond?" The class were fortunate in their choice, as it was the group that Mr. Lull most highly appreciated of the long list of Rogers' subjects.

Astronomy class, Attention. Next month the planet Saturn, as morning star(?), will be in perihelion, with open rings, within two months of opposition and also in his highest northern declination. Venus is mistress of the heavens, as morning star, until the middle of the month.

The new star, or rather sun, is also a matter of interest just now. It is in the great nebula of Andromeda and is already of the sixth magnitude. "Is it a temporary or variable star between us and the nebula? Or is it the condensation of the nebulous mass into a central sun, and hence a marvelous confirmation of the nebular hypothesis?"

How strange it seems without '85!

❖LOCALS.❖

'Rah for '86.

"Get off that arm, can't you."

Only 40 cents for 10 numbers!

O Grace-ons, what a Blood, E. class '88 is!

A base ball *nine* with eight fielders is rather paradoxical.

Rocks are at a premium just now, if you know their names.

Wanted, A Czar. A good salary with dynamite thrown in.

The paper fund for this term has been collected and amounts to \$6.66.

One of our young men ventures the guess that South America is south of Florida.

"The Dead March in Saul."

Poor Saul! Tityns and the vulture are distanced.

What's in a name?

Nasturtium (nasus, nose; torquere, to twist) is, certainly, equal to its name.

Young ladies, keep out of the laboratory, for there is an "awful" spider there, which can *indirectly* make more noise than a stone crusher.

We call the attention of the repairers of concrete to the break in our sidewalk caused by the introduction of water last year.

We are the largest senior class in the history of the school. We begin our last year with 34 and we hope to see that number take their diplomas next June.

The fourth class are now preparing specimens of bone to illustrate the animal and mineral parts. Bones in knots and others, so white and porous as to suggest the delicate work of polyps are presented and added to the record of their regular work.

We scholars watch with interest the progress of the improvements on the Memorial Hall grounds; but we are especially anxious about the sidewalk. For years we have tiptoed through the mud of fall and spring and therefore rejoice at the erection of the hall, thinking it may exert an influence upon its surroundings.

This is our second year of free text books, and with few exceptions all are still pleased; but if some of the boys can soil the books in the same ratio this year as last, they will certainly put more into them than they get out of them. It must be pleasant to hear a scholar of a lower class inquiring in tones of disgust: "Who had this book last year?"

Important information for astronomers: "The wandering planets are fixed."

How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y? asked the teacher. The boy replied:—"It depends a good deal on whether it applies to a person or a bee."

The large recitation room down stairs has been substantially re-seated during the vacation with the single seats, formerly used in the upper room.

The boys of the first class are adopting a "dog in the manger" policy,—they do not wish the girls to do all the editing and are unwilling to do it themselves.

Jessie E. Grow of the senior class, opened a dancing school in Pythian Hall, Friday afternoon, September 25, which was attended by about 40 pupils.

Hopedale evidently has an eye to the future when all our travel will be transferred to the air. At least she seems to avoid in her survey as many *streets* as possible.

One of the radiators in the sub-master's room has been removed to the north recitation room. No more frozen noses or rattling teeth now that two radiate their genial warmth.

The Dismal Swamp has been somewhat enlarged since the time of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel. According to the statement of a geology scholar, it now extends from Virginia into New Jersey.

The appearance of the lower rooms has been greatly improved by a coat of calcimine applied to the walls and ceilings. The tints are similar to those of the upper rooms and now the contrast is not so painful between the two.

During vacation the large upper room, now used as the study room, has been entirely re-fitted with new Paragon desks with seats attached. They are single, of a new style and a very great improvement on the old varied collection.

A new voluntary drawing class has been formed by members of the first and second classes. For the present they are under the instruction of Miss E. M. Wires, '78, drawing teacher in all the schools, who is substituting for Miss Hayward in this department.

The senior class have organized and chosen the following officers: President, Willard L. Fales; vice president, Lilla H. Dennett; secretary and treasurer, Ellie Reed; executive committee, Florence V. Clark, Martha M. Eagan, Carrie L. Tobin, Mary P. Cox, Ernest F. Norcross.

Consolation to class *drivers*. If they were not behind in their studies, how could they pursue them?

Alumni, send in your 40-cent subscriptions so that we may have a basis of calculation in our succeeding editions.

Our advertising columns prove the statement that there are at least 50 enterprising, energetic business men in town. Patronize them.

"Meseemed I smelt a garden of sweet flowers, That dainty odors from them threw around."

That's what Edmund Spenser says about our flower laden piano. N. B. We have noticed that some of our Western exchanges have *used* the services of some of our leading writers, hence we felt obliged to go outside for a little talent.

Our numbers this term are as follows:—First class, 18 girls, 16 boys; second class, 16 girls, 7 boys; third class, 18 girls, 24 boys; fourth class, 35 girls, 28 boys; total, 87 girls, 75 boys. There is also one past graduate who is pursuing studies outside the regular English, French and Latin course for which he received a diploma last June. Grand total 163.

The Closed Gentian.

"Fair Gentian, come, thy secret to me tell: What dost thou hide within thy azure cell? What sacred treasure keep from human view Beyond the curtain of thy blossom blue?"

Nature often hides her treasures that some day she may surprise us with the beauty that is not revealed to every eye. Way down on the dusty South Milford road we found one of her rare autumn treasures, so rare, indeed, that none of us in school had ever before seen and known it. It was only a single cluster of closed gentian (*gentiana Andrewsii*) seeming, with its tightly closed petals which never expand, to be asleep. This was very different from the fringed gentian (*gentiana crinita*), as the latter bears four-cleft solitary flowers, and the former ten-cleft clustered blossoms, yet in their color they bear the closest family resemblance. The inner folds of the blossom of the closed gentian are nearly white while the outer ones are a deep blue.

As two varieties of the fringed gentian are found in town, we have three specimens of this rare family to add to the flora of Milford. M. H. S.

Dr. Hertel says: "Children who go to school, and from whom a considerable amount of daily work is required, must live regularly, and go to bed at proper hours, so that they may be fresh for their tasks, otherwise they get little good from the teaching."

Down the Connecticut in a Canoe.

TUESDAY, August 18, 1885.

Here we are at Northumberland, N. H., a day's ride by express from Boston! We, means my brother and myself, strictly speaking, though in this case it may well include a cedar canoe. To these also, add the necessities of a camping party, a camera and a box of prepared plates, a fishing pole and troll, a specimen of firearms, dangerous to no one save ourselves, and you have *us* all.

It seems at first thought a very simple matter to travel by cars in these days, yet there are still a few things to be learned. Now, suppose you wish to launch at this place, then buy a ticket for Northumberland, check your baggage for Northumberland Falls, and when the conductor calls out "Guildhall!" get right out, and here you are. You see it's very simple if you only know, otherwise you'll be carried on to the next station,—as we were. A more provoking feature of this arrangement is the fact that Guildhall is over the river in Vermont. This little extension of our day's ride and the necessary return, made our camping out in a strange country the first night impossible, and so we paid our toll, crossed the river, and patronized the local hotel for the night.

WEDNESDAY, August 19.

Up at 5.30 and off without breakfast. Like the small boy on the morning of "the glorious Fourth," breakfast didn't count. Our boat was soon denuded of its burlap covering, and then the question arose as to its reaching the water. Steep banks and mills line the river, and nothing better than a mill race could be found. We launched, however, in just enough water to float the boat; but before we could store away the packages and bundles, "too numerous to mention", it was 7 o'clock, the gates were raised, and so were we. About this time one of us, not the brother, became tired in close proximity to a slippery rock, and sat down to rest. Experiment one: Fact noticed for the philosophy class—water affords a soft seat, but rather damp, especially before breakfast. With lines fastened fore and aft we finally let the boat down into the main stream, when two double paddles sending the water in curls astern, produced the same effect upon us as a spirited horse upon the horse-man. Some three miles down the stream, a farmer's house by the left bank suggested milk and eggs, and when they were obtained we hunted along shore for a suitable place for a camp. This was no easy task, as deep water and steep, clayey banks covered with bushes made landing from a 46-pound canoe a delicate

performance. A friendly birch log, half on the land and half in the water, was used, at last, as a natural wharf, to which we returned thanks by naming our first landing "Birch Log Camp." As Vermont is a prohibitory state most of the brooks, as is very proper, are on its side, and by the same course of reasoning, the "pizen" is on the other. After a hearty breakfast everything seemed brighter and more cheerful,—even the nasty banks fell from the superlative to the positive degree, and we embarked for a run which lasted till 4 o'clock. After dinner we got out the flags, arranged(?) everything in a very disorderly manner, and took our first picture of the camp, christened (with coffee) "The Two Flags." We tried for Mt. Prospect with its summit house, but the sun hid his face behind a dense cloud just as we were ready to expose the plate. Five o'clock and once more we were afloat. One would think we were trying to catch a train, such was our hurry. We laughed at ourselves, yet curiosity urged us on, just far enough to see around the next bend, and so on to the next. To the nose, the most striking object of the day was a huge dead hog, lying supine in the shallow water, with legs in air like an inverted table. We didn't drink any more river water for 60 minutes. To the eye, the wonderful balancing of logs on boulders in the river, and in trees along the shore, sometimes 20 feet above the river, was particularly noticeable.

After an hour's paddling, we thought a certain house and barn looked somewhat familiar, but on the east instead of the west bank. We soon discovered that if we got out and walked a short distance, on a narrow neck of land, we could complete the circle and eat a hearty lunch of what we had left behind at dinner time. We afterwards learned that the natives called this the four-mile bow, and we never questioned the propriety of the name. Another bow followed this, where the troll caught us fish for supper, and then the river, blockaded from bank to bank with logs tightly wedged together for a half mile down stream, caused our first carry. Half this distance at 7 o'clock at night of the first day, was sufficient for us, and the loan of a light wagon from the nearest farmer was found a necessity. With this, and the two strong hands of a good natured farmer, and two quarts of milk for inspiration, we were once again afloat, just as darkness began to settle on the water; but not until 8 o'clock did we find a camping place for the night that would suit our fastidious tastes. We did find, however, what then seemed

a fair place, but afterward thought it a paradise when compared with later camps. We named it "Skunk Camp," for good and sufficient reasons, for 'tho' lost to sight, it (or they) was to memory dear.' Cords on cords of driftwood were to be had for the picking up, so a bright, cheerful camp fire required no exertion. A shelter tent with open front, rubber blankets on the grass, (a heavy dew had already fallen), thick woolen blankets on these, the snapping fire in the foreground, and a large tree spreading its protecting branches over us, made a cosey scene. We once more regaled the inner man, and turned in with the feeling that some *fun*, at least, is work.

(To be continued.)

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A. SUMNER,

APOTHECARY,

Cor. Main and Court Sts.,

MILFORD, MASS.

A Journey to Dreamland.

One evening last summer, after enduring the heat of one of the most oppressive days of the season, I lay lounging in my easy chair on the piazza, when suddenly I felt someone pulling my sleeve and tapping my shoulder. Turning around, I beheld an elf-like personage sitting on the back of my chair, gazing at me with an air which seemed to say, "I am monarch of all I survey." He addressed me thus: "My name is Quicksilver. If it would please you to take a ramble tonight to a place you have never visited, I am at your service." And he leaped from the chair to the railing of the piazza, and doffed his hat three times in a very pleasing manner. Almost involuntarily I arose and followed him.

My companion was arrayed in green velvet. I noticed that there were wings on his eap and sandals, and that he carried a staff with two snakes twisted around it. Every now and then the snakes lifted their heads and glared angrily at me, but at a touch from Quicksilver their fury subsided. After walking a few steps we came to an aerial machine with a seat in it for one. This car contained the most intricate machinery of anything I have ever seen. It was almost entirely composed of sails, (which looked like little fans), ropes and pulleys, the working of which I could not understand. I entered the car, and it started at Quicksilver's touch. Quicksilver moved upward by means of his wings. I never saw so graceful a movement by any other creature.

After we had been sailing awhile, I noticed that Quicksilver was speaking to someone every now and then. Finally I observed for the first time a woman who looked very much like a picture I had seen of Minerva. Quicksilver said, "This is my sister; she is to accompany us to the 'Home of Dreams.'" Then she said, "Don't you recognize me? I am Pallas." "Why, yes," I replied. "I have been reading about you tonight in Hawthorne's Wonder Book." I noticed nothing else until we alighted, walked a short distance and came to a dark cave. "We have now reached the 'Home of Dreams,'" explained Quicksilver. "These are the bad dreams of mortals; dreams caused by a bad condition of the body, over-exertion, dissipation and late suppers," with a wink at me. As he finished speaking, the cloud rolled away from the mouth of the cavern and showed scene after scene which I recognized as having visited me after snappers and parties.

Then we passed to another cave, "the home of good and pleasant dreams," as Quicksilver informed me.

The mist rolled away and disclosed many beautiful scenes. What a pleasant vision is this! I see a bright, clean apartment with children gathered around a glowing fire. Occasionally the mother, who has been laying the table for supper, looks out of the window as if expecting someone. A knock is heard, the mother opens the door, the children crowd around and clap their hands for joy as their father enters. All is happiness and comfort. A feeling of homesickness came over me, and I stretched out my hands to the vision. Suddenly I felt myself falling, falling—I awoke.

The moon shone brightly in my face, my cat was lying on my shoulder purring softly; the Wonder Book had fallen to the floor. I found by consulting my watch that I had been asleep about six minutes.

L. A. J., '86.

The Puritan.

"Hurrah! The Puritan has beaten the Genesta. Yes, Yankee skill has proved superior to British workmanship. But how did it happen?"

"Oh, of course it was the sterling common sense derived from Yankee tact and experience. Your boasted scholarship, and schools and colleges had nothing to do with it. By the way, I wonder who this Mr. Burgess is, who designed the Puritan. Some unlearned shipbuilder, who can scarcely write his name, I venture."

"No, by no means. Mr. Edward N. Burgess, the designer of this yacht, is a Boston boy, educated in the Boston schools, and a graduate of Harvard College. He is a regular book-worm, and his specialty is natural history. He will name more bugs in an hour than you can shake a stick at. He is and has been for a long time active in the Massachusetts Natural History Society."—[Journal of Education.

On the reverse side of a Spanish dollar is a representation of the pillars of Hercules, and around each pillar is a scroll, with the inscription "Plus ultra." This device, in the course of time, has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American as well as Spanish dollars,—\$. The scroll around the pillars represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle.—[Boston Journal.

"Use that talent which you possess. The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those which can sing best."

C. W. WILCOX

HAS THE MOST

Complete Assortment of the Latest Novelties

IN GOLD PENS, PENCILS,

Fountain and Stylographic Pens at the Lowest Prices.

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CONFECTIONERY AND FRUIT.

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DRESS AND CLOAK MAKER,
No 118 Main Street.,
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HOUSE PAINTERS and PAPER HANGERS,
And Dealers in
Doors, Sash, Blinds, Window Glass, Paints,
Oils, Varnish, Putty, Curtain Fixtures,
Window Shades and Paper Hangings.
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The Best and Cheapest place to buy
FRUITS AND CONFECTIONERY
IS AT
J. W. ROBERTS'.
Cake and Ice Cream constantly on hand.
Wedding Cake a Specialty.
THAYERS' BLOCK.
Main Street, Milford, Mass.

GO TO
O. M. ADAMS',
To Purchase
PICTURE FRAMES
Of all kinds.
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+EXCHANGES+AND+SCISSORS.+

"Active shears gather no rust."
We desire to exchange with all School papers.

It is our desire to continue our long exchange list of last year as we wish to know what similar schools are doing in other places, and we also wish to be known among them. We have noticed a tendency among some to make their own schools of secondary importance that their papers may be more entertaining to those not personally acquainted with the schools themselves. We have been criticised in the past for publishing what our schoolmates and the alumni desired to know, and which necessarily must have been of no interest to strangers, yet we feel that school, first—alumni, second—town, third—should be our motto, and we will try and live up to this standard. Our shrinkage from our usual long list of exchanges to those acknowledged below, we hope is due to the fact that others, like ourselves, have been exerting themselves to accomplish the great amount of work necessary to the first publication of the year and soon we may welcome them to our sanctum.

September exchanges received:

Massachusetts—Latin School Register of Boston; High School Argus of Worcester. New Hampshire—The Academician of Pembroke. Indiana—The School News of Indianapolis.

In a high school, recently, a young man in reading his Latin exercise came to a dead halt on the word *coccus*. "Well," said the instructor, "what does *coccus* mean?" "I don't know," replied the youth, "unless it is a bad sailor." "No, no," retorted the instructor, "a bad sailor would be a *nautilus*." Order was restored in five minutes.—[Ex.

"Adieu," she said sweetly as he kissed her good night. "He's a *dieu*'d, ain't he?" sung out her little brother as he vanished up stairs.—[Ex.

Teacher—Why, young man, the question seems to puzzle you.

Scholar—Not at all sir, it's the answer that puzzles me.

O, the bean, the bean, the blessed bean,
In Yankee memory ever green;
How many million have we seen
In earthen pot and soup tureen,
At Athens' table.

And then, as seated side by side,
How oft we've gazed with joy and pride
Upon the bean-pot deep and wide,
With every sense beatified

Unutterable.

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The Dismal Swamp.

This swamp, 40 miles long and 25 miles wide, is situated partly in North Carolina and partly in Virginia. Its soil is composed of black vegetable matter, some of which falls each year in the form of leaves from the dense forests of cypress, juniper, cedar and gum, with which the swamp is covered. Its blackness is due to the carbon that it contains, which, when the decaying material is changed to peat, is increased in proportion to the other constituents. The trees, which are found thickly covering the swamp, maintain a footing in the soil, so insecure as to yield even to the step of man, and are, therefore, often overthrown and add their trunks and branches to the vegetable accumulation. Sometimes, however, large trunks of trees have been so perfectly preserved by the moisture after their fall that they have been used as timber, and stumps similarly preserved have been found with their roots still firmly fixed in the earth of the morass, as if they had grown on the original foundation on which the swamp was collected. The depth at which some of them had been found seemed to prove that they had been buried several hundred years.

Near the centre of the swamp is situated Lake Drummond, a body of clear, wine-colored water, the banks and bottom of which are composed of pure peat. During the drier months of the year, a large force of colored men is employed in getting the lumber ready for market. The productions of the swamp, besides ship-timber, which is its chief product, are boards, shingles, staves, railroad ties and domestic fuel. The principal channel by which these productions are conveyed from the swamp is called the Dismal Swamp Canal, made by the assistance of the National government and the state of Virginia.

Before the war, the poor slaves, rather than suffer their families to be cruelly separated, often sought this swamp as a place of refuge. The risk they incurred in trusting their lives to such a place, and the hardships they endured while hiding there, were great, but compared with the anguish of separation, they were deemed small. The expectation of hearing at any minute the hounds at their heels ready to tear them in pieces, and the knowledge of certain punishment if overtaken, must have filled the runaways with terror, even while it urged them on still farther.

Dred, written by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, is a tale of the Dismal Swamp, and it had a greater influence towards exciting indignation at the wrongs of the slaves, than many of the speeches made in their behalf; for the pictures were so vivid that the characters became living realities and aroused our sympathies.

E. J. C., '86.

Isinglass and Mica.

Many persons confuse the two words isinglass and mica. We frequently hear some one refer to the isinglass in the stove door. In many cases, this confounding of terms is due to ignorance; in others, to habit. Let us see how the two articles differ.

Upon examining several pieces of isinglass we observe that they are semi-transparent, very tough, and vary in color from a greenish brown to a creamy white. The light colored isinglass comes from Russia and the darker from New York and the New England States. Isinglass is a gelatinous substance made of the sounds or swimming bladders of fishes. The modus operandi is as follows: the sound is cut open, washed and exposed to the air, the inner silvery-white membrane turned outward. This membrane is then torn off, placed in

damp cloths and kneaded in the hands. When taken out and dried, we have isinglass. The finer the quality of the article, the lighter its color. The isinglass of Russia, which is very expensive, costing five dollars a pound, is made of the sounds of the sturgeon, that of New York and the New England States, of the cod and common hake. We employ isinglass, in cooking, for such articles of food as jelly and blanc mange; but it must undergo a refining process before suitable for this use. Did you ever think while doctoring a cut finger with a piece of court plaster what made the plaster adhere? Nothing more or less than the sticking substance of isinglass. It makes a most adhesive cement, known as the "diamond cement," and is used considerably in our boot shops in fastening together pieces of leather accidentally cut. A variety from Brazil is employed in the refining of liquors.

Now examine a piece of mica. Notice its laminated structure. With your finger nail you can peel off layers of it which are thinner than the thinnest paper. These layers are transparent, elastic and very tough. Mica does not melt easily, but its thin edges fuse at high heat. The color of mica varies from a brownish black to greyish green and white mica is a constituent of granite, gneiss and mica schist. It is very generally distributed, but certain localities are especially noted for its production. In Siberia, a vein of mica has been found not less than three feet wide while many of great size exist in Norway and Sweden. Because of its transparency and action under heat, mica is used in stove doors and lantern slides. It is employed on board vessels of war in place of window glass, also for spectacles and optical instruments.

Finally, mica belongs to the mineral kingdom and isinglass to the vegetable.

G. P. F., '86.

❖EXCHANGES.❖

With the kindest intentions we suggest to the editors of some of our exchanges that either they do not get proper returns for their printer's bill, or they pay for cheap work and get it. We are, of course, too modest to call their attention to our own printer, but will refer them to such exchanges as the New Haven papers, for example. Notice their ads and you will see nothing to suggest poster type.

The academies and other private schools have the advantage over us, for they can always count on at least a one-page ad—that of their own school. It must be a relief to have that financial support.

We have before us the College Chips and the University Mirror. The latter criticises the Chips, whether justly or not, we leave for our exchanges to decide; but it raises the query in our minds again as to the advisability of sharp criticism between papers published by scholars of about the same age and the same average ability. If the idea is to sit down with the sole purpose of searching through the list of our exchanges to find flaws, why we have nothing to say; but we think that a little judicious praise, with now and then a kindly suggestion or suggestive question, will do more good and create a better feeling. For our part, we have found *some* entertaining reading in all of our exchanges thus far; although we must confess that a part was in the *clipping* department.

Last year we envied those exchanges which numbered eight pages, and now we, like the miser who always wants more, are envying those which appear in neat and tasteful covers. We hope that before the year passes, we too may indulge in such a luxury, and then—well, then we must find some “adolescent Nast” to illustrate us. We move to amend the well known saying to this: Man wants much here below and a great variety of it.

If we did not have a clipping from the Bulletin in this number, we would praise its editors for their persistency in behalf of their bridge and the cause of humanity in general. We wonder if they ever figured up the cost; mental effort, paper and ink, cost of printing and circulation, lumber and work, wear and tear on the nerves of the committee, etc., etc. It must be a bridge of sighs and size (as far as the bill is concerned) by this time, and yet they are not happy. However, we are always glad to see the Bulletin and we know there is life in Lawrence.

We cannot help smiling when we take up a diminutive exchange and read: “We will exchange with all papers, large or small.”

One exchange, we think, makes a slight mistake in regard to the Argus of Worcester. It is a “mite of a paper and represents a large city school,” but it should be taken into consideration that two issues a month would equal the size of many papers.

Volume 2, No. 1, of the Milford high school monthly, Oak, Lily and Ivy, is at hand. It is enlarged to eight pages, and prints a readable table of contents. We do not see why every high school cannot afford just such a paper, (perhaps not quite as good) and give the pupils experience and—cash.—[Merrimac Budget.

We do not like that Methuen idea of all holding up hands if they have whispered; it's too great a strain on the weak conscience. If the teacher is not sharp enough of eye and ear, or strong enough in personal power to control a school without instituting a confessional, we think that the communication had better go on.

If our opinion were asked of the addition to the Woonsocket Record, we should feel called upon to say that we enjoyed the old way better than the page of “amateurdom.” We agree with the “Mr. Delaney” who is quoted, that the interests of the two classes of papers are far from being identical. However, Woonsocket is not Milford, and if the Record is satisfied, far be it from us to urge a return. With this exception, we congratulate the editors on their enterprise.

Received in October.

MASSACHUSETTS—Argus of Worcester, Young Idea of Gloucester, Budget of Merrimac; Archon of South Byfield; The Lowell High School; High School Atom of Methuen; High School Bulletin of Lawrence; Amateur Journal of Holliston; Belvidere Herald of Lowell. MAINE—Kent's Hill Breeze; The Classical of Hallowell. NEW HAMPSHIRE—Eclipse of Tilton. RHODE ISLAND—High School Record of Woonsocket. NEW YORK—Eastman Journal of Poughkeepsie; Sibyl of Elmira. PENNSYLVANIA—University Mirror of Lewisburg.—NEW JERSEY—Advocate of New Brunswick. KENTUCKY—Deaf Mute of Danville. TENNESSEE—S. W. P. U. Journal of Clarksville. MINNESOTA—School World of St. Paul; Dakota County Tribune. IOWA—High School Journal of Villisca; College Chips of Decorah. MICHIGAN—Herald of Hinsdale. ONTARIO—Portfolio of Hamilton.

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Little Nell.

"Dear, gentle, patient, noble little Nell was dead." I seem to see her, so young, so spiritual, so slight and delicate, all alone, save guardian angels, who must surely have watched over her child-life, in an old, dreary house on a back street in London. I see her flitting about like a gleam of sunlight among the dark, murky rooms, the suits of mail and the ancient furniture with its fantastic carvings. In one of these rooms is a window where she often sits far into the night, till nervous fancies, conjured into life by the time and place, take possession of her. Then she creeps, shuddering, to her pillow, where her childish heart is relieved from its cares by light and sunny dreams.

Now, she is performing her household duties with a thoughtfulness far beyond her age, her only reward a smile or kiss from her old grandfather, whom she so dearly loves. Again, watching over him in sickness or health, and when he, who has so wronged her, upbraids himself for the hardships and poverty they are compelled to undergo, she drives all shade of sorrow from his brow by cheerful words and brave hopes for the future.

Once more, I see her, when fear and dread have begun to take possession of her young heart, still with the same merry laugh or earnest words, so that he is content to read the book of her heart from the one page presented to him, little dreaming of the story that lies hidden in its leaves. I see her amid her sobs, pleading with the old man to give up his mad desire for wealth, and now that they are no longer able to keep their home, to go into the country and wander through green fields and flowering meadows, never to think of wealth again, but to let her beg from door to door. Then, she the guide, he the child, hand in hand, they set out on those never-to-be-forgotten wanderings. Attracting old and young alike by her pleasant smile, kind words and happy quiet nature, they never lack friends to give them a helping hand. First it is the old schoolmaster, whose dull home is cheered by her bright presence and into whose heart she creeps in place of the beloved pupil, whom he has lost. Then "Mrs. Jarley, of wax-work fame," drawn by her beauty and graceful bearing, and pitying their sad condition, gives them employment. Nor does she have cause to regret it, for Nell is a faithful servant.

When temptation assails her poor, weak, old grandparent, it is she who resolves that, cost what it may, he must be kept from sin. Stifling all thoughts of self, all signs of hunger or fatigue, cheerfully she toils on, the

strong staff upon which the wayworn traveller rests, and which enables him to pursue his toilsome journey. She seems perfectly contented with her lot; but as Dickens says "The delicate face, where thought and care, mingled with grace and loveliness of youth, the too bright eyes, the lips that pressed each other with such high resolve and courage, the slight figure, firm in bearing, yet so very weak, told their silent tale." At last it is the same old schoolmaster who finds a permanent home for them. Happy, indeed, is she when settled in it, beside the solemn old church, from whose every nook and corner comes a breath of ruin and decay.

A light-winged, bright-faced messenger from the portals of heaven, she is free to carry the sunshine of her sweet presence into haunts of misery and want. Affectionately she lingers by the bedside of the dying, infusing new life and light into many a weary soul. Would that I might leave her a ministering angel among the people, of whom it might be said, 'one so near God's throne that her very breath comes perfumed with its holy atmosphere;' but no, her weak and feeble frame, overtaken through all these years, too soon passes from their sight. They carry her to a nook in the old church, where she so loved to sit and muse. Many a young hand drops in its little wreath, many a stifled sob is heard. A whisper goes about among the oldest that she has seen and talked with angels, and when they call to mind her deeds and words and her early death, some think it may indeed, be so. C. M. F., '85.

The Mother of Man.

Wordsworth has told us that the boy is the father of a man, but he has left us entirely in the dark as to the other parent. Perhaps it will not be assuming too much on an occasion like this if we should affirm that the school is his mother. During the most impressive years of life it is she who has the training of his faculties and the formation of his character, so far as it is not already settled by hereditary bent.—[J. R. Lowell.

"A man who is as true as steel, possessing an iron will, some gold, and a fair proportion of brass, should be able to endure the hardware of this world."

"Both swords and guns are strong, no doubt,
And so are tongue and pen,
And so are heaves of good bank-notes,
To sway the souls of men;
But guns and swords and gold and thought,
Though mighty in their sphere,
Are often poorer than a smile,
And weaker than a tear."

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Published Monthly During the School Year,
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PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

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PERSONAL EDITORS.
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Old Subscribers, Attention!

Former subscribers have received our last number and will receive this, whereupon we expect them to send us by the next mail 40 cents, otherwise we shall be obliged to send No. 3 at our own expense, which would naturally affect their self respect. Do not be afraid of flooding the post office here, for it's large and well-conducted and can easily dispose of all it receives.

Here is a rare chance to obtain an expensive periodical for a small price. When bound in morocco and gold it will make a handsome book for the centre table or library—as far as the outside is concerned. Therefore subscribe for the year, or buy this number, and we have no doubt that you will desire No. 1, which can always be obtained at J. Allen Rice's drug store—as well as all other kinds of *brain* food—and then keep right on buying, till oaks, lilies and ivies are no more.

Each scholar of the high school, especially of '86, should feel that it is his duty to furnish us items, buy one paper for himself and sell at least two, then shall we be an unparalleled success. We say "especially of '86," because it is '86's paper, and we say "each scholar," because the scholar of next year is to reap the harvest of our sowing. If there is any one who intends to write us an article, but is deterred from so doing by fear of public criticism, we assure him that not

as much is expected of our little sheet and unskilled pens as is of the Journal or Gazette. We invite all the alumni—particularly those residing in other places—to write us letters so that, we, like our "big brothers," may also add "From our Regular Correspondent." It should be a matter of class pride to do as well as '85, and to accomplish this result, the class must act as a unit. Then, with the kind support of the alumni, our business men and other friends, we shall succeed.

The Oak, Lily and Ivy of Milford, Mass., has the prettiest heading and motto that we have seen.—[H. S. Bulletin, Lawrence. We have been charged with effeminacy in the choice of this heading and motto during the past year by some, and it may be a matter of interest to our readers to know the reason of our selection. It was suggested by the following newspaper clipping:—

GLADSTONE'S THREE TRAITS.

At a Liberal gathering a few evenings ago, in the borough of Marylebone, a proposal was made to ask the premier if he would allow an emblematical compliment to be paid to him on his forthcoming birthday in the shape of a buttonhole or breast decoration, consisting of the lily supported on each side by a leaf of the oak and the ivy—representing what are considered by many thousands of Mr. Gladstone's admirers as his striking attributes—namely, "Purity, strength and tenacity." The suggestion was adopted amid loud applause.

"Mr. James Russell Lowell confesses that he was converted to a belief in the higher education of women by Miss Alice E. Freeman, Ph. D., President of Wellesley college, after having heard her give an address on education 'as good as man or woman ever made.'" If the gentleman were also acquainted with her wonderful personal magnetism by which she wins the affection and commands the obedience of the students at Wellesley, perhaps his "belief" would be strengthened.

The Holliston high school is preparing for a prize speaking contest, which is to occur in the last part of November. It will also include the higher grades of the grammar school and they expect that it will arouse greater interest in rhetorical exercises. Perhaps we might profit by the idea. We understand that our principal has been asked to be one of the judges.

A paper is said to be a most excellent non-conductor. A few copies put between the blankets of a bed will exclude the cold of winter.—Here's your chance—O., L. and I—10 numbers for 40 cents! Walk right up to the office. No excuse for freezing to death this season.

Of the present number, 163, there are 20 pupils who will live within the limits of the new town, if the present survey is accepted. Of these, 13 live in Hopedale proper and 7 in its suburbs. Of course the parents of these will demand a higher education for their children than the grammar school offers. Let's see:— $20 \times \$40 = \$800$. Perhaps it would be well to speak for this in addition to the \$240 we asked for last month. \$1040!! What shall we buy?

Our principal recently visited his five former pupils who are now at Wellesley. He was very hospitably entertained and so delighted with what he saw that he felt somewhat as a little boy did a week before. His father had before this taken him to Harvard, shown him all its attractions and told him that he some day should enjoy the pleasures of life in Cambridge. With the recollections of this in his mind he examined with critical eye the magnificent surroundings of Wellesley and then said in sorrowful tones—"Papa, I wish I's a girl." We hope soon to publish a letter from an alumna now a junior at Wellesley.

We wish to thank Misses Field and Reed and Masters Clifford and Tougas, all of '86, for their instrumental music on our last rhetorical day. Music makes a very pleasant break in the sameness of the exercises, and we feel sure that the scholars appreciate their kindness. Let others do their part. We have two violinists whom we hope to hear next.

Now do the editors go about with book and pencil and an anxious countenance; for the time draweth near for Vol. II., No. 2, and items are rarer than angels' visits.

Last year we tried in vain to obtain some information of Sylvester J. Sawyer, our third principal. This fact came to the knowledge of Mrs. F. E. Smith of Hopedale, who sends us the following: Sylvester J. Sawyer was born at Northfield, Mass., and was a graduate of Amherst, class of '50. He devoted his life to educational work and at one time was professor of languages at Seton Hall college. He was unmarried, but a great lover of children and had practically adopted seven boys who had been deprived of their guardians. His liberalism in all matters of religious thought and creed was a prominent trait of his character. He was living at Brooklyn, N. Y., at the time of his death which occurred a few months ago.

→*LOCALS*←

Only eight months more!

Our population is known at last:

	1885.	1880.	Gain.
Males.	4,556	4,787	9,343
Females.	4,787	9,310	33
Total.			

"Otiosis locus hic non est, discede morator!"

How many Milfordites know where Magomiseock is?

"Pollicetur se ad me scripturum." We trust that it will be readable as it was a freely given promise.

"'Tis a cold, cold world," says the fly, as he hies him away to his winter quarters.

If it takes five weeks to set one radiator, how long a time would be required to pipe a school house?

No, geology class, the glaciers of Switzerland do not empty into the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

Who was Hever and what was there so remarkable about his feet that they should receive especial mention?

One of the young men of the senior class says he loves for he has to love. Has he been captivated by the siren-like charms of some young lady?

If every one who asks for a roll of *lozengers* received what he called for, we'll wager two *rhombic lozenges* there would be some surprises in this *lozenger-like* world.

"Only a pansy blossom" has been the cry of the first drawing class for some time. Some of the conventionalized designs produced have been very good.

One of the seniors was requested to call for the mail on his way to class meeting last Friday night, and on his return, when asked if he got the mail, he, rubbing his arm, wearily replied: "No, I got a female."

Teacher: "How much are 0+0?"
Brainy youth: "It depends on the way you add; for it may be 8." The teacher gives him his choice between the upper and lower half for his recitation mark.

Only Eight Months More.

It is rather early to be writing a valedictory, yet we think a little timely warning now, will save many tearful regrets in the future. Don't neglect your opportunities. In the years to come you will recall this time with feelings of pleasure or of regret—of pleasure at the thought of the hours profitably spent; or of regret for the waste of time, money and opportunities. Remember that what you learn now at school is your own. Nobody can deprive you of it. We constant-

ly hear the expression: "I'm very sorry that I did not study more faithfully when I went to school. I had every advantage; but I neglected my opportunities."

Some of you may dislike to study; but you must remember that it is not what you like, but what is best, that you should do. Only the other day we heard a senior say: "I do not think we ought to be made to do anything we don't want to do." Where would we be, where would the world be to-day if every one worked with that idea? Perhaps to most of us the means of education come with so little of undivided effort that we fail to appreciate them. In the olden times only a few had our common school advantages. With the idea that what is high priced, is most valuable, perhaps we might do better school work under the old system of more manual labor and less schooling. However that may be, for us there is no time like the present. It is easier to form habits of study now than ten years later. Only eight months more! Let us profit by the advice of those who have preceded us and in these eight months show that we are in earnest, striving to fit ourselves for noble men and women.

A Superintendent's Story.

The following may already be in print, but not to our knowledge, and so we venture to repeat a story of the past summer, as it is too good to be lost. The principal of the — high school was exceedingly afraid of thunder showers, and always kept an insulating stool at his home as well as at the schoolhouse, to insure his safety during those trying periods. Upon one occasion, a heavy shower came up during the school session, and he found that Miss B., a new-comer in the school, was, if possible, more frightened than himself. He sought to calm the terrified girl, but his own trembling tones were not especially reassuring, and had little, or no effect. Finally he hit upon the following plan: Said he, "Miss B., I will sit upon this insulating stool, and take you in my lap, then we shall both be safe." She looked at him a moment, and then sobbed out, "I'd—I'd *much* rather be struck by lightning."

For the benefit of the fourth class:—

"Studious John Horner,
Of Latin no scorner,
In the second declension did spy
How nouns there are some
Which ending in um
Do not make their plural in i."

Anagram: — "Astronomers, moon-starers.

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(Continued.)

Down the Connecticut in a Canoe.

Thursday, August 20.

Although it was our first night out, yet we slept well; for we were too tired to be influenced by the strangeness of our surroundings. Camping on the bank of a river in the lowlands, we found far different from the lake shore to which we had been accustomed. The fog and mist settled so thick upon us that every morning suggested a rainy day, and also produced such a chilliness that sleeping from 4 to 6 o'clock was a series of restless movements to get the feet in a warmer place.

The river, during the first part of the morning's paddle, was lined with beautiful lilies, and although we had no use for them, yet we could not resist the impulse to gather some. We passed some very rich farm lands, as we skirted the broad alluvial intervals, where stones were so scarce that we couldn't find even one to throw at a dog. It was a frequent cause of wonder how farmers could settle down contented with the average New Hampshire farm, when there are acres in the northern part of the state so much better fitted for modern farming.

As we traveled south, the banks became prettier, although they still presented the same difficulties for landing. We passed our first toll bridge, between South Lancaster and Lunenburg, Vt., which offered a slight protection from a brief shower which yielded more noise than water. A sudden splash at our right startled us for a moment, but a musk-rat under the bushes revealed the cause. Soon after, two iron rods, nearly an inch in diameter, extending from shore to shore, one several feet above the other, aroused our curiosity. It proved to be the Lunenburg and Dalton ferry. The water is at least 20 feet deep here and is not a *ford*, as a gentleman learned to his surprise only a few days before this date. He, a stranger, with horse, top-buggy and baggage, in broad day light, deliberately drove down the ferry road into the river,—the boat happened to be on the opposite side and hence his mistake. As several men were working near by, he was rescued with only a rather demoralized carriage and the loss of his bag; but a wetter if not a wiser man.

Just beyond the ferry we passed under a railroad bridge of the Portland and Ogdensburg line and found ourselves at the beginning of the 15-mile falls, so called by the river men, and well called too, and if anyone threw in half a dozen more miles, we certainly would not dispute him. The name is a little misleading to anyone

who has only seen some direct fall of water from one level to another. It means in this case a series of rapids, chutes, whirlpools, eddies, etc., with a large and varied assortment of logs and boulders, some standing up like men to be counted, others lying in wait just out of sight like a snake in the grass. On the whole we found the logs most provoking, as they seemed to take great pleasure in wedging themselves between boulders at right angles to the current just where otherwise there would have been clear passage. A council of war was held and the best plans of attack discussed. The first run met with fair success, that is to say we kept right side up. Number two proved a little worse and one of us got *in*, just to see how deep it was. As the darkey said:—"It didn't get any better pretty fast," and so we counseled once again; but after traveling down stream to the next point where we had an extensive view, and after taking into consideration that cedar a quarter of an inch thick could not safely compete with rock, and, thirdly, that a hole in the boat meant the end of our trip, why, our "voice was no longer for war," but for a peaceful retreat to the nearest farmer's, with the loss of only a cap. A picture of the worst looking spot was taken to show our friends at home why we didn't "fight it out on this line." Our farmer was phenomenally prompt and drove up just as we had lighted a fire to cook dinner. As it was then 1 o'clock, and 23 miles, so we were informed, to smooth water, we promised ourselves a feast for supper and with hastily boiled eggs in our hands we trudged boldly forward beside the springless wagon like bearers at a funeral. Generally speaking, we are accustomed to ride when we wish to rest ourselves, but in this case, as a recent freshet had caused the road to resemble a riverbed, we rode until well mellowed, like one under a treatment of massage, and then rested by walking. At every halt we feasted on blueberries, blackberries and raspberries, which grew in abundance by the roadside. We reached the so-called smooth water at 9.30, after a trip of 9 hours. Although there was a beautiful moon we could not find a level spot covered with grass large enough for our tent. The owner of the land had made a foot-bridge of logs two feet in diameter, extending through shallow water to an island where a bed of sand afforded the necessary level for a camp. A large log, left on the shore by the last freshet, made a splendid back log for a fire and reflected the heat into the tent. We were too tired to notice the cold and slept soundly.

Friday, August 21.

Off at 9.30, with only enough water to float the boat; soon, however, it increased in depth and we gladly embarked.

With the exception of the distant mountains we had had no scenery worth speaking of until at this time, when we turned into the mouth of the Passumpsic. It is a rocky pool surrounded by great talcose ledges crowned with trees. The entrance of the stream is hidden by a projecting rock and the currents and counter-currents show how irregular the bottom is. The Connecticut and Passumpsic railroad runs along the right bank and here passes through a cut in slate rock. We deemed the cut and pool both worthy of the camera.

Below the pool, the water soon became rougher and swifter, but by wading, pushing and paddling, we accomplished four miles up to 1.10 p. m. We are sure of the time, because our watch stopped then; the watch stopped because a watch will not run under water and the watch was under water because we couldn't paddle in a boat keel up. At the time, we did not stop to think this all out, but gave our undivided attention to reaching terra firma. The roll was at once called and both answered "present", then an account of stock was taken with very satisfactory results. Lost:—Two pairs of slippers, one left shoe (lace), one left shoe (button), two pairs of socks, one tin cup, three dozen prepared plates, and what we especially lamented, the pictures already taken.

Just as we had found a suitable place for a fire to dry our blankets and ourselves, rain began to fall in a way that meant more than a passing shower. No house was in sight and the bank at this place was a slope of 20 feet of slippery clay. We did not like to try the eddy again, as it had just shown its power by throwing the stern down stream and rolling us over in spite of paddles. We therefore let the boat down to the nearest brook by lines and crawled along shore as well as we could. Wherever the current sets in shore a half circle is worn out and the headland at the next point is generally precipitous ledges; but, made irregular by the frosts of winter, they furnish just the necessary rest for the foot. As one or the other slipped and slid off into the water, or as in one place, found himself sinking in the clayey mud that was flooded with water impregnated with iron and sulphur; or again, as his bare feet came in contact with the sharp edges of the ledge, "remarks" were offered appropriate to the occasion.

At last three houses came in sight

and at the same time a landing place. Here we hid the canoe in the bushes, and with our change of clothing (wet) in a bundle—after the approved style of the penniless hero who starts out into the world to seek his fortune, with his present wealth in a handkerchief hanging from a stick on his shoulders,—we trudged over the oat stubble of a newly mown field. There were some rapid gymnastic evolutions as now and then an unusually stout stubble put in its work where it could get the largest return for its energy. House number one, probably large enough for one room, a knock, door opens a crack, the mistress with children on the (her) outskirts looketh forth, curiosity mingled with fear, two unshaven, rubber-clad, barefooted tramps, (genus homo) pathetic pantomime, no results, march on, excuse, not enough wood to dry us—*too thin*. House number two, does not please our aesthetic *taste*—our taste is powerfully developed at 3 p. m., as we breakfasted at 8 a. m. By the way we might remark in passing that the *next* house in this town is not so simple a matter as in a city—the next means distance. House number three, four ladies in background, we not being in full dress feel a little delicate, a fire and well spread table within encourages us, the lady of the house takes in the situation at a glance, recognizes our noble (?) blood in spite of our disguises and with motherly interest takes us into the bosom of the family. Soon with feet in the oven and in borrowed finery we tell our thrilling tale, and in turn are entertained by other accidents in the same waters. Two meals condensed into one, hot tea, a feather bed and torrents of rain descending outside from the heaviest thunder clond of the season make us feel doubly blessed.

To be continued.

Dr. Arnold had no faith in geniuses; but he believed and taught what Kitto affirmed; viz., "I thought then, and think to this day, that all the fine stories about natural ability, etc., etc., are mere rigmarole, and that every man may, according to his opportunities and industry, render himself almost anything he wishes to become."

The schools of Malden have just introduced a new study,—a text-book with regular lessons on *manners*. It would prove a blessing to some other communities besides Malden, if the schools should follow the example set them by this enterprising young city.—[Journal of Education.]

A question for the astronomy class:—"When good little cows die do they go to the milky way?"

PERSONALS.

George Hunter, once of '85, has entered Harvard.

Grace G. Carpenter, '84, is clerking at Bourne & Co's.

John N. Cahill, '84 English, is with McKay as clerk.

Alexander L. Cochran, '84, is in the employment of the Union Switch Co., South Framingham.

S. Leora Fairbanks, '83 English, is in the store of G. W. Lane.

William F. Burke, '85 English, is employed in the Times office.

Mary Barnard, once of '85, now lives in Matteawan, N. Y.

M. Harris Avery, '85 English, is engaged at the Journal office.

Walter Severance, '84, English, is employed on a farm in Auburn.

William A. Hussey, '84, has a situation in the Home National Bank.

William O. Thayer, '85, is serving an apprenticeship at the Gazette office.

Charles Morrill, '82, a former teacher in Milford, has been re-engaged as principal of the high school at Wilton N. H.

We welcome back Clarence H. Morgan, '85, who returns to fit for Harvard, where we feel sure he will be an honor to the school.

Charles R. Sanders, '85 English, is learning the plumber's trade in Lynn. (If there is any trouble with the pipes they'll probably send Charles *in* to examine.

Silas W. Hale, our eleventh principal, has entered the Boston Law school and has for his classmates Martin J. Kelley, '80, and William Morgan, a former pupil.

Married, Oct. 14, Frank D. Field, once of '80, and E. Inella Taft of Holliston. They will reside in Milford.

O. L. and I., Vol. II., No. 2.

It is a needy editor,
And he stoppeth one and all.
"By thy long gaunt face and wandering eye,
To what owe we this call?"

"The school-house doors are open wide,
And we must go within;
The school is met, the work is set,
May'st hear the busy din."

He holds us with his lanky hand,
"There is a space," quoth he,
"That must be filled before the night;
More copy there must be."

He holds us with his glittering eye,
Till we that space did fill,
And number two is all complete;
The editor hath his will.

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→*SCISSORS.*←

"Active shears gather no rust."

Tempus fugit.

Education is the apprenticeship of
life.—[Wilmot.

Dr. Johnson's favorite flower—
cauliflower.

"A defective flew." No, not a
chimney, only a hen with one wing.

"The present life is only a moment,
and the present moment only life."

As she lovingly took his arm, he
gently whispered: "The *miss*-ing link."

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.—[Campbell.

Aeneid, 1. 436.

"Redolentque thymo fragrantia mel-
la." "The honey smells like time."

"Nature has given us two ears, and
but one tongue, in order that we may
repeat but one-half of what we hear."

Success doesn't "happen." It is or-
ganized, pre-empted, captured by con-
secrated common-sense.—[Frances E.
Willard.

To become an able man in any pro-
fession, there are three things neces-
sary,—nature, study and practice.—
[Aristotle.

England may boast her Shakes-
peare, Italy her Virgil and Dante, but
America alone can claim a Mother
Goose.—[The Sibyl.

History recitation: Teacher—"Do
you know anything about the Prince
of Wales?" Bad boy—"Prints of
wales! well I should smile."

Any coward can fight a battle when
he's sure of winning; but give me the
man who has the pluck to fight when
he's sure of losing.—[George Eliot.

The word "pamphlet" is derived
from the name of a Greek authoress,
Pamphylla, who compiled a history of
the world into thirty-five little books.
—[Ex.

"Yes," said the scissors to the paste-
pot, "first there was the Golden Age,
then came the Silver Age and the
Brazen Age, and now comes the
Mucil Age."—[Exchange.

"What is a town?"

"A town is a considerable collection
of houses and inhabitants, with four
or five men who 'run the party' and
lend money at fifteen per cent. inter-
est."—[Detroit Free Press.

"If it was't for me, you would be
the biggest donkey in school!" ex-
claimed a teacher, after exhausting
himself with a class *driver*. How
much like an Australian boomerang
our language often is!

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STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. II.

MILFORD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1885.

No. 3

"A Maiden Fair To See."

I had seen her oft before,
As she passed by the door,
And felt sure,
As she whirled on in a waltz,
Seemingly so free from faults,
She was pure.
Not a brighter soul was found,
In the ball room all around,
Than was she;
And the gentlemen in haste
To encircle her small waist,
Seemed to be.
Yet I hear her teeth are gone,
And her mouth is quite forlorn,
When at night,
She removes the pearly rows,
And lies down to sweet repose,
Out of sight.
For the dentist's cunning art,
Has comforted her heart
With some more:
And her mouth is just as sweet,
And her beauty as complete,
As before.
And I heard a friend remark,
That her hair and lashes dark,
Once were light;
And the eye on the left side,
He did then to me confide,
Has no sight.
And he even dared to say,
With a wink, the other day,
In an aside,
That she had a rosy cheek,
But the tints were rather weak,
On one side.
Perhaps it is a sin,
For me to here begin
And relate
The deceptions and the faults
Of this fairy of the waltz,
At such a rate.
And if I on earth should stay,
Till toothless, blind, and gray,
I might take
The same ways to conceal,
With perhaps a *greater* zeal,
My sad fate.

R. V. C., '86.

Life is a burden imposed upon you by God. What you make of it, that it will be to you. Either a millstone around your neck or a diadem on your brow. Take it up bravely, bear it on joyfully, lay it down triumphantly.—
[Gail Hamilton.]

The Kitchen of the Future..

Let me tell you my strange experience of yesterday. I had been working, from five o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon, with not one minute which I could call my own.

First there was the breakfast to be prepared, then dishes to be washed, after that the baking to do, beds to make, rooms to sweep, stove to polish, lamps to clean, and a thousand and one other things to do.

Oh, how glad I was to rest at last, thoroughly wearied with my day's work! But while thinking of what was still undone, and despairing of ever being able to say, "It is finished," overcome by the heat I fell asleep, and had a joyful vision. The sun seemed to be shining through the east window, and I knew it was morning. But what makes the room look so strange? What has happened to it? It must be the same, for there are the morning glories climbing up outside the window, while beyond is the little, noisy brook tumbling down the hillside; there is the door opening into the pantry; but where is the ungainly stove that was always in somebody's way? What is that queer looking machine in the corner?

Stranger still, there then appeared what seemed to be my second self, yet how different! Surely she could not mean to perform the customary kitchen work in that dress. Why, she looked as if she were prepared to receive callers; but no, she began my accustomed duties, yet in what a different manner!

I followed her eagerly with my eyes, as she threw open the outer door. Then I saw that a dam had been built across the little stream at the foot of the hill, and the falling water turned a great iron wheel, which I afterwards learned was to generate electricity for the different pieces of apparatus in the house. Beside the stream was a

small building, in which the electricity was stored up for future use.

Thence ran several wires to the house, one of which was connected with the queer, box-like looking apparatus in the corner. My second self then appeared with a tin of bread dough, put it within the box, touched a knob, and in a few minutes withdrew a nicely baked loaf.

Just then this lady of the house noticed me, but seemed not at all surprised. She simply seated herself by my side, took my hand in hers, and said, "My poor, tired self of the past, let me tell you all.

"Electricity has been our benefactress. To her, and to man's inventive power are we indebted for all these changes. She heats, lights, cooks, washes, irons, sweeps, carries and brings our messages and bundles, and, in fact, seems almost personified into a ministering angel.

"That clock on the mantel, regulated by a central office, never varies, and every morning, when the hour-hand reaches the figure five, the electricity is turned on, and by the time we arise the room is warm. How restful it is, on a cold winter's morning, to be free from all anxiety about heating the room! Thus, too, you, see the stove has departed, as well as its wood and coal, its ashes and everlasting polishing.

"The room is also lighted by electricity, by means of that incandescent globe hanging from the ceiling. No blackened chimneys, no offensive smell of leaking oil, no wicks that can assume more irregularities than the surface of the ocean.

"The task of washing dishes, that *bete noire* of all housekeepers, has passed away; for the material of which they are now made is so cheap that after using them once, we throw them away.

"It is needless to say that the tubs,

wash-boards, and clothes-wringer are no longer used. In their place are two cylinders, made of a material which does not rust. The clothes are washed by the action of the cylinders, which are made to revolve by electricity. Thence they pass into a hollow globe, where they are dried, and the white ones are bleached.

"New and cheap machines have also reduced the work of ironing, and, what is better still, a new material has been discovered which does not become soiled as did the cloth of your day.

"The cooking is almost all done by a co-operative company, but sometimes I cook a few articles for pastime, as you saw me doing, a short time ago.

"Although improvements in sewing machines have made it cheaper to buy nearly all clothing ready-made, yet there on the shelf is a machine with its electric motor, and with it I can perform the simplest sewing, or the fancy work of the day.

"The telephone of twenty years ago is now so perfected that one only can I send any order by telephone to my store-man, but can also receive my parcel back in the same way.

"The floors are made of a soft, elastic material, yielding to the tread, and also very ornamental. They do not absorb dirt, do not require constant cleaning, and are free from moths.

"That thermometer on the wall is run by electricity. It indicates the temperature much more accurately than did the mercury ones. Now, the indicator, in rising and falling, opens and closes the ventilators, with which it is connected by a wire. In fact, housekeeping is now a pleasure instead of a burden. No dirt, no face flushed by the hot stove, no worry."

As I sat there musing, I seemed to hear my name pronounced. I awoke with a start, and through the open door came the greeting, "Well, well, isn't supper ready yet?" Alas, my ideal kitchen was but a dream. There were all the well known objects, from the stove to the lamps. There too was my unfinished work, and the fire was out.

H. A. S., '85.

A newspaper reporter asked a superintendent of schools, the other day, how it happened that there were so many old maids among school teachers, and he replied: "Because school teachers are, as a rule, women of sense, and no sensible woman will give up a sixty dollar position for a forty dollar man."

"A single bottle will convince the most skeptical." Pass it right up to Robert Ingersoll.

PERSONALS.

Percival Shea, '82, is employed at the Times office.

Peter McBride, '85, is a salesman in a dry goods store in Providence.

Elsie A. Jenks (Jenks), '71, of Cheyenne, Wyo., is visiting relatives in Milford.

Carro S. Leland, '66, was recently united in marriage to James S. Piper of Gardner.

'69, '75, '76, '80, '82, '83, '84 and '85 are represented in the offices of the Journal, Gazette and Times.

Mrs. Annie L. Sumner Ary, '76, has sent us a stone tomahawk-head from Audubon, Iowa, for which she has our thanks.

Mary O. Sumner, '82, has just published the "Taking Schottische" which is soon to be followed by a waltz. The music is highly praised by our local authorities.

Essie C. Thayer, '85, has greatly distinguished herself in tennis at Wellesley college, much to the discomfiture of a senior.

Frank Westcott, '86, was surprised at his home on Tuesday the tenth inst. by about thirty of his friends. Refreshments were served and a good time was enjoyed by all present.

W. J. Rushmore, our recent sub-master, is teaching the classics in the Sauveur School of Languages in New York city, and is also engaged in private tutoring. His room is on the "hill" in Brooklyn.

The class of '76 has lost one of its members, but we don't know which one; for Clarence Bancroft and Mary E. Johnson, both of '76, were made one on Wednesday, October 21, in presence of many friends, and now have their mail directed to Manchester, N. H.

Abraham Lincoln was in all essentials the greatest man America ever produced, and the greatest and grandest man of the age. He had held more hearts in the hollow of his hand than any other of the world's great philanthropists and deliverers.—[R. G. Ingersoll.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, and the hero, the wise, the good, and the great man, very often lie hid in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.—[Addison.

Crimen infantum. "Kidnaping."—Ex.

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FRAMINGHAM, Mass.

Dear Editors:—

It is nearly three months since we began our life here, and yet it seems but yesterday that we alighted from the cars and started out in search of the Normal School building. We were not alone, for girls of all ages, carrying baskets of all sizes, and wearing upon their faces an expression of anxiety, which plainly told that they had come for the same purpose as ourselves, could be seen wending their way from the station.

After we had reached our destination, we underwent a series of examinations lasting a day and a half, at the end of which we were dismissed for a few hours until the result could be ascertained. How slowly the minutes dragged along while the fifty-three girls waited, longing, yet fearing to know the worst! What a sense of relief forty-five of us experienced when we learned that we had successfully passed!

There are at present one hundred young ladies pursuing their studies here, some of them being graduates of the two years' course who have returned to take the advanced course, and thus fit themselves to teach in high schools. For the convenience of those whose homes are far away, there is a boarding-hall connected with the school, but by far the greater part of the girls go back and forth on the trains, carrying their lunch with them. At noon little parties of ten or twelve assemble in the different rooms, which then resound with stories and laughter, making the hour from one to two the liveliest, if not the most profitable, of the day.

One feature of the work, that at first seemed very strange to us, is the fact that there are no study hours in school time, the interval between a quarter before nine and one o'clock being occupied wholly with recitations, with five minutes recess after each. However, we are required to study four hours out of school, and it is considered as grievous a fault to devote more than that time to our lessons, as it is to devote less. Each scholar has five recitations a day, and on no two consecutive days is the order the same.

Studying from text-books is here a thing of the past. In zoology, we are expected to refer to no book; but by the use of our eyes and a microscope, to describe the different insects given us. Any pleasant day, groups of girls may be seen industriously examining walls and turning over stones in their eager search for bugs. What cries of delight arise when a particularly fat spider or large cricket is discovered!

Our first task in this subject was to catch two locusts. This would seem a simple matter, yet one young lady, in putting her locusts into a bottle of alcohol, spilled the greater part of the liquid upon her dress. What opinion of her moral qualities the people on the cars formed, we cannot say.

In conducting the recitations in geography, the teacher, instead of asking questions, calls upon a pupil, who comes out before the class and tells all she knows of the subject assigned her. The others then criticise her statements, ask questions to bring out facts which have been omitted, and give any items of interest that they have learned in connection with the lesson. The work in English and geometry is carried on in essentially the same way. Every Wednesday, the building rings with our melodious voices, while on Thursday and Saturday we display our artistic talent.

Twice a week, we have lessons in elocution, when we are expected to take the best possible position and read in our purest tone, with the class looking on as critics. It is rather embarrassing, after one has tried to be very graceful and to speak naturally, to be told that she is too stiff and reads as though she were declaiming, but she is not the only victim; for scholar after scholar rises, to be greeted with "Hips too far forward!" "One shoulder higher than the other!" "Not life enough!" and kindred expressions. Yet, after all, these days are among the pleasantest of the week; for the teacher has so much personal magnetism that one cannot help feeling inspired with the spirit which animates her.

The school-building itself is worthy of mention, situated as it is on a hill overlooking a landscape of unusual beauty. On the lower floor are the primary and grammar departments, where, in the last year of their course, the girls have ample opportunity, under an experienced teacher, to put into practice the knowledge which they have already gained of the principles of teaching. I. L. G., '85.

The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another, between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant, is energy, invincible determination; a purpose once formed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that is to be done in the world, and no two-legged creature can become a man without it.—[Charles Buxton.

What's a team? As generally used the noun is abused.

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class matter.

The written examinations are finished, the reports for the last eight weeks have been made out, sent home, signed and returned, and with sighs of relief the scholars and teachers begin the work for the remaining eight weeks of the term. The correction of more than a hundred papers outside the regular duties of the schoolroom must be the most discouraging and fatiguing work of the teacher. The mistakes in grammar, punctuation and spelling, added to poor penmanship, must be wearing to the nerves. It must be discouraging, also, to see the subject matter so misunderstood and the very points that were made a specialty in the daily recitation so misapplied or forgotten. The scholars, also, dread examinations; for, however well they have learned their lessons during the month, there is a little uncertainty about the result. An examination is a special burden to those pupils who shirk during the month, and these depend on the cramming system. Notwithstanding the trials and vexations attending an examination it seems to be a necessary evil; for, in the average class, there are always some few who would avoid learning their lessons were it not for the coming examination. Some will say that knowledge gained under such conditions is not worth much; but we assert that it is better than none.

We are indebted to Florence V. Clark, '85, for several beautiful bouquets of chrysanthemums.

On Thanksgiving day, deeds of charity are in order, and as we are money out of pocket thus far this year, it will be a very "*charitable deed*" to subscribe and *pay* for this volume of the O. L. and I.

There are some who will not consider the introduction of the electric light on School street as a necessity. It has been a favorite street for an evening ramble, in the past, but some will now suddenly discover that their eyes are too weak for the present brightness.

Miss Bones has retired to private life again in the quiet retreats of the Thurber Association rooms. We trust that she has gone back deeply impressed with the advantages offered the present generation. Miss Bones was so unobtrusive, retiring and quiet (about the mouth) that we fear that she may miss us, more than we her.

Milford receives the munificent sum of \$113.79 from the state fund for educational purposes. This is not given in proportion to her school population, but to her wealth. The poorer she is, the less she gets. Such a brainy plan of division suggests Matthew xxv., 28 and 29.

The high schools of Stoneham and Athol are preparing for industrial exhibitions. We trust they may enjoy them as much as we have ours of the last two years. That the scholars may profit by our experience, we have sent to each school a number of copies of last year's O. L. and I., which contained a list of all our articles.

The young men of the senior class heartily thank the young ladies for their kindness in making for them such beautiful desk covers. They will prevent much noise, keep the desks from being injured, are useful ornaments to the school room, and in fine, they are just the things needed.

Printed notices have been sent to the parents of those scholars who have failed to obtain 60 per cent. in scholarship or deportment for the first half of the term. It is the expectation that parents will realize the critical position of their children and see that more faithful studying is done at home.

We read of a distinguished Englishman by the name of Farrar in nearly every daily paper, and he sometimes receives one title and sometimes another. Archdeacon tells his church rank (next to the bishop); canon, that he is the possessor of the revenue of some cathedral or church, and the additional Westminster, the particular position. We may say, then: Archdeacon Farrar, Canon of Westminster.

→*LOCALS.*←

Paye uppe!!

Say—"Thanks-giving."

Please patronize our patrons!

It is not preventative, but preventive.

"The Earnestness of that is commendable."

Please address Miss Annie Cagua, Chili, S. A.

Beings that are all mouth: Foraminifers and some politicians.

Patronize the agent who sells glycerine soap, which heals everything—including stockings.

We wonder what results Professor Bristol could produce with some of the scholars in this school.

Judging by the varied and extensive assortment of tinware before her doors, Mrs. Memorial must have had a tin wedding.

The boys seem to appreciate the blacking brush and blacking in their wardrobe, if we may judge by the neat appearance of their shoes.

Homer's infantile trials bring tears of sympathy to the eyes of the Iliad class; for he seems to have been born all over the country.

Pupil: "Say, I want—" Teacher: "Look here young man, my name isn't Say. Did you think it was an abbreviation for Sarah?"

We suppose the expression "Ah there! my pickle!" originated on the Californian coast, for in the Rural Californian we read of a cucumber six feet long.

Physiology 4 and alcohol. "A deadly poison and one of the food stuffs; lighter than water and therefore never freezes; makes a man's legs crooked."

"This letter, my dear, is M, and this is T. Now what is this?" pointing to M. "M," promptly replies the small boy. "And what is this?" pointing to T. "O! that is coffee."

On page 837 of Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon there is a word of 169 letters. It is the name of a dish compounded of all kinds of dainties, fish, flesh and fowl.

The artist who painted the human figure on the left of the stage in the Music hall, evidently believed in ambidexterity and so painted two right hands instead of the usual pair.

The barometer is upon the plate of the air pump ready to illustrate the change in pressure of the air after each stroke of the pump handle, when it is knowingly spoken of by one of the older scholars as "that blow pipe."

❖EXCHANGES.❖

Misses Jones and Reed of '86, and Hale and Hapgood of '88 furnished the music at our last rhetorical. Thank you.

A cynosure is a dog's tail; a good man is a cynosure; therefore a good man is a dog's tail. See Webster.

"Wanted.—A good copyist." Here is a chance for some of our composition writers.

Lost.—A recitation mark of considerable size. It is much needed by the loser, who is in destitute circumstances.

If the one mill state tax bill for education passes this winter, Milford will receive \$3553 more than she pays out, which is one more than a fifth of what she now appropriates for teachers' salaries.

One of the young men of the philosophy class has been experimenting with the *energies*. It's potential, you know, when you sit on the seat; but when you get out of the carriage head first, it's apt to be very kinetic, and often the energy is expended in making stars.

"If I drop this weight on an upright tack, what will result?"—"An illustration of kinetic energy and the tack will be driven into the floor."—"Well, if you feel of the tack what will you notice?"—"Don't know."—"Strike two pieces of metal together and what results?"—"Heat."—"Then what do you feel in the case of the tack?"—"The head of the tack." Teacher groans.

At the meeting of the senior class, November 13, the following programme was carried out: Select Reading, Florence Clark; How the Parson Broke the Sabbath, Martha Eagan; music, William Clifford and Harry Tilden; The Rosy Sail, Mary Cox; Polyphemus and Ulysses, Lottie Jones. These selections were followed by a Ghostly Chorus, in which Misses Cox, Holmes, Godfrey, and Clark and Masters Tilden, Tongas and Westcott took part. The rest of the evening was given to games and music.

At the prize-speaking contest at Holliston last Friday night, our principal, as chairman of the judges, presented the following gold pieces to these fortunate contestants: \$10, as the first prize, to George E. Battles; \$5, as second, to Maud W. Coles; \$3, as third, to Gertrude Hancock; \$2½, as fourth, to Jessie Cutler. Four others received parchments signed by the judges as "honorable mention": Ed. F. Gamwell, E. O. Parker, Genie Phillips and Mattie A. Spring. The large chandelier, suspended from the center of the hall, fell during the afternoon rehearsals, but, wonderful to say, no one was injured.

Respected exchanges, did you ever read Lowell's introduction to his Bigelow Papers? He writes his own press notices, and in so doing indulges in a sarcastic fling at the critics of the day. He fluctuates from the severest condemnation to highest adulation and thus creates a smile, indeed, but, at the same time, it is sad to think that it is a fair sample of what writers must expect at the hands of the public. Not only has this been true of our geniuses, but, (and this is what suggests these "feeble remarks,") it is as true of the criticisms of our contemporary school exchanges. We, personally, feel that we have been almost too kindly received and so are not writing under the sting of any unkind remarks, and yet it does cause a smile when we read, "Too much space for ads," "We commend because so little space is given to ads," "Too few locals," "Too little literary matter," "Too much about home matters," and then the opposite of these; and so on, black first, then white, until we are at a loss to know what to do, even if we honestly wished to follow friendly criticism. We think this may result from the fact that some exchange editors seem to sit down to their task with the intention of saying something, good or bad, of every paper. In most cases the papers do not merit either; but are fair, average papers, which are, we have no doubt, as good as are paid for. There seems to be a hasty examination with pen in hand, and as the whim moves them, so is the record made. We have also thought there was a little tendency to "pat my back and I'll pat yours," rather suggestive of a ring.

We envy those exchanges that are the happy possessors of a military company, a foot ball team, a ball nine, to say nothing of such games as hare and hounds, tennis, cricket, etc., etc. Let's see, one column for the first three in each issue, a list of those who would like to be fifth sergeants (is that the proper number?), an elaborate score appended to the games, would give us *such* a relief!

We take decided exceptions to the article on "Lifting Hats" in an exchange. We grant there is reason in what is said; but the complaint is equally true of all other practices which make distinctions in society. You might as well try to enforce a regulation *bow* and a certain expression of the face, which shall be the same for your dearest friend, or chance acquaintance. No, sir, your quarrel is with society.

We propose this question for our exchanges:—"The legitimate use of borrowed or quoted articles."

We would not be so mean as to suggest that a certain exchange might save type by naming its paper after that from which it quotes so freely, and appending its name to its own productions; yet we could not help thinking it.

We agree with the exchange which criticises us for the arrangement of our "ads". We should be pleased to put them off in some corner, but *our* business men are sharp witted and well know that "ads" accompanied by reading matter are far more likely to attract the public eye than if all were grouped together.

November Exchanges.

MASSACHUSETTS—Academy Echo of Leicester, Vindex of Southboro, Latin School Register of Boston, Willistonian of Easthampton, Archon of South Byfield, Young Idea of Gloucester, Academy of Worcester, College Stylus of Boston, Exonian of Exeter, Argus of Worcester, Atom of Methuen, The Lowell High School, High School Record of Boston, Merrimac Budget, Belvidere Herald of Lowell, Amateur Journal of Holliston. NEW HAMPSHIRE—Hamptonian of New Hampton, Academician of Pembroke. VERMONT—Tidings from Nature of Rutland. MAINE—Phi-Rhonian of Bath. RHODE ISLAND—High School Record of Woonsocket, Academy Trio of Greenwich. CONNECTICUT—Critic of New Haven, Stray Shot of Washington. NEW YORK—The Cue of Albany, Trinity School Record of Trivoli-on-Hudson, Eastman's Journal of Poughkeepsie, Speculum of Sing Sing. PENNSYLVANIA—University Mirror of Lewisburg. NEW JERSEY—Philosophian Review of Bridgeton, Advocate of New Brunswick, Torch of Asbury Park. DELAWARE—Delaware College Review of Newark. KENTUCKY—Deaf Mute of Danville. VIRGINIA—Academy Journal of Alexandria. MINNESOTA—School World of St. Paul, Shattuck Cadet of Faribault. IOWA—College Chips of Decorah, High School Journal of Villisca, High School Herald of Des Moines. MISSOURI—Herald of Hinsdale. MISSOURI—St. James Reveille of Macon City. INDIANA—Collegiate of Franklin, School News of Indianapolis. COLORADO—Wolfe Hall Banner of Denver. CALIFORNIA—Napa Classic of Napa. ONTARIO—The Portfolio of Hamilton.

New Hampshire and Massachusetts are the only states which do not tax themselves as states for the education of their children.

Down the Connecticut in a Canoe. (Continued.)

SATURDAY, August 22.

It's a beautiful morning, and we feel no bad results from yesterday's wetting. It seems very strange that we have not caught colds from our reckless exposure to water and the cold river-fogs of the early morning. At home we would not have ventured such risks.

This is Monroe, over the river lies Barnet, Vt., and the all-absorbing question is this: "Is there a shoe store there?" A horse and wagon were kindly put at our disposal, and we soon answered the query in the affirmative. We also re-stocked the commissary department.

The view from the bridge up the valley, with Barnet on a hill-side at the left—down which rushes a noisy stream, dividing the village and falling at least a hundred feet in half a mile—with the circle of mountains, the green intervals of the farms and the vegetation brightened by the last night's rain, was tantalizing in the extreme; for there stood our plateless camera! We felt like a sportsman with gun on shoulder, game within range, but ammunition wanting.

Our feet were so tender from Friday's rough usage, that our new shoes soon became a source of torture, in spite of paddings, and we found our comfort was increased by carrying them. They constantly reminded us of Cinderella, as they were so dainty and elegant.

During the forenoon, we let the boat down to the rear of our present quarters and then added another incident to our rapidly increasing experience. A little boy, following us on the high river-bank, was deeply interested and longed to help us. After one of us had slipped and fallen several times in the clay, the boy had a brilliant idea and acted upon it without loss of time. A three-tined pitchfork was the cause of his inspiration; for it seemed to him to furnish just the support needed. Down it came turning end over end, and finally striking the covered bow of the boat with such force that the tines penetrated it half their length. The other canoeist happened to be kneeling in the bow just behind the place struck, and with his left side toward the bank. We were both so busy at the time that we did not see the coming missile and, therefore, were not so badly frightened as the boy, who suddenly remembered an important engagement in a far country.

The greater part of the day was spent in drying clothes and blankets, and in finding a farmer to take us to Woodsville; for we learned that there

were at least two bad places in the next ten miles, which would delay us, and we were already behind time. Late in the afternoon we were successful.—The trouble was not a lack of horses; but the unromantic farmers thought hay and grain of more importance than carting canoes about the country.—At last, the boat was securely fastened into a light hay-rack, all baggage carefully packed, the driver and passengers at their stations, "git up, g'lang" was uttered, and—we didn't "git." Fortunately for us, the horse did not lose any time in showing his strong points, of which balkiness (not in the dictionary) was chief. Another horse was enticed with oats from the neighboring pasture, and we did "git", even from the river bank to the house, at least a quarter of a mile, when it was discovered that the horse was shoeless. We could sympathize with him and were willing to share, but it was of no avail. Over the river went he and his master at 6.30 p. m. for more shoes. There was a great run on shoes August 22!

As the full moon rose above the eastern mountains, our iron-hoofed steed returned, when it accidentally occurred to some one that the horse was afraid of the cars, and it would be a very foolhardy proceeding to drive him into a railroad centre, where he might kick Woodsville over the river into Vermont. At this stage of the game, we didn't care much if he did. (We didn't have any friends in Woodsville and owned no real estate there). If we had not been so hospitably entertained since Friday's mishaps, we could easily have imagined a conspiracy to detain us. The lateness of the hour advised sleep, and we went into camp in the barn on the hay with the other cattle—including nightmares.

(To be continued.)

Notice how a musical sound, though monotonous, is understood and obeyed, and how the jingle of bells notoriously encourages horses to perform their work. The ploughboy is inspirited by the strains of his own whistling. And do you wonder that the Spartans were enabled to march to victory by the lays of the minstrel Tyrtæus? that our soldiers require the fife and drum? The songs of the temple have had more attention paid them than the songs of the street; but the time will come when these too will be understood as important factors in the life and morality of the people. A great statesman has said, "Let me make the songs of the people, and let who will make their laws."—[Haweis.

A great iconoclast—Oxygen.

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Marmion, Canto VI.

Far away in Scotland, on the brow of a hill lighted by the sun's slowly setting rays, lies a wounded and dying soldier. The din of a battle, fiercely waged, sounds in his ears, and his restless movements show that he longs to be in the thickest of the fight. All his comrades have left him; a woman and a monk are his only companions.

The former presses a cup of cool water to his feverish lips, and as he gratefully tastes it, memories of the past come to his mind, and he is evidently pained and distressed. Listen:

"Is it the hand of Clare,

Or injured Constance, bathes my head?" These words are fraught with a hidden and bitter meaning, and in them one may read the secret of this man's life.

But now he seems to realize fully his wrong doing. With a wild cry of agony and remorse, he starts up, uttering incoherent prayers and supplications that time may be given him to make restitution.

What man is this who is brought so low? What has been his life, that his death should be such a one? What part have these two women played in his life, and how comes he here, almost forsaken? "Clare" and "Constance" are the keys which unlock his whole past. Clare is by his side, ministering to him with infinite pity, and, for the moment, unmindful of her own sufferings; but Constance is beyond the trials and troubles of this earthly world. No more does she watch and wait for the proud knight who so heartlessly left her, to woo Lady Clare; but he, with all his treachery, had never dreamed of such a death as she suffered, and his breath comes quickly, and his eyes distend with horror, when Clare tells him of the awful fate of Constance. All too well he knows that his repentance has come too late.

As Lady Clare watches beside him, the scenes of Marmion's life pass slowly before her. She sees the fair young girl whom he had taken from the peaceful convent, and who, for love of him, renounced everything sacred to woman. She remembers how he deserted her, not because he did not love her, but because she could not satisfy that ambition which was ever a leading trait of his character, and while she deplores his sufferings, she cannot but feel that they are just.

But now her thoughts turn to herself, the innocent cause of so much woe. For her had Marmion deserted Constance. To win her had he plotted and intrigued, and for this end had Wilton, by his means, been disgraced and banished from the country. But what does this avail him, now that he is dying? Nothing. After he is

dead, Wilton will come back, Clare can never be his, and Constance he has destroyed. He has risked everything and he has lost.

The sight of him, prostrate and fallen, brings into striking contrast the scene of the early morning, when Marmion, perfect in health and proud in his strength and daring, openly defied the haughty Douglas in his own castle. The same spirit which prompted him to brave the Earl, caused him to rush into the battle, resolved to vindicate his country's honor, or die in her defense.

The summer breeze wafts the distant sounds of the conflict to their ears, and as Marmion hears the familiar cries, he gathers himself for a final effort, and giving a last shout of encouragement, falls back, lifeless.

Silently, Clare takes her farewell look, and silently she departs. She has no love and respect for the dead knight, only a deep pity for one who had such great capabilities for good, and had allowed himself to be so entirely swayed by his own passions; who, when he knew the right, willfully chose to do wrong if it would minister to his own pleasure, but who, in his dying moments, we trust, repented his errors and misdeeds.

Progress in the Arts.

1. The substitution of natural forces for brute animal power, as when Hercules used the waters of the Alpheus to cleanse the Angean stables; or when a Kamchadal of eastern Asia, who has been three years hollowing out a canoe, finds that he can do it in a few hours by fire.

2. The economy of time, as when a calendering machine produces the same gloss to miles of calico that an African savage gives to a few inches by rubbing it with the shell of a snail; or the economy of production, as when steel pens sold when first introduced at one shilling apiece, are now sold at a penny per dozen; or when steel rails, lately costing £45 per ton, can now be sold at £5.

3. Methods of utilizing waste products, or of endowing them with properties which render them of increased value to industry, as when waste scrap iron and the galls on the oak are converted into ink; or the badly smelling waste of gasworks is transformed into fragrant essences, brilliant dyes and fertilizing manure; or when the effete matter of animals or old bones is changed into lucifer matches.—[Sir Lyon Playfair.

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→*SCISSORS.*←

"Active shears gather no rust."

This world belongs to the energetic.
—[Emerson.

"What are the last teeth to come?"
"False teeth."

What a man does for others, not
what they do for him, gives him im-
mortality.—[Webster.

"Good gracious," said the hen, when
she discovered a porcelain egg in her
nest, "I shall be a bricklayer next."

Juniors.—How's the weather up
there?

Seniors.—Speak louder, we can't hear
you.—[Hatchet.

An enterprising reporter, writing of
a wreck at sea, stated that "no less
than fourteen of the unfortunate crew
and passengers bit the dust."

"I am engaged in scholarly pur-
suits," reflected a student pedagogue,
as he chased a dodging urchin up and
down the aisles of a country school
house.—[Ex.

A little boy in a public school, who
having spelled "sob," was asked to de-
fine the word, and said, "It means
when a fellar don't want to cry, and it
bursts 'out itself.'"

"John, correct the following sen-
tence: 'I are very cold.'" John, as
he wipes the perspiration from his
forehead with his shirt-sleeves: "It
are durned hot."—[Ex.

A little grammar is a dangerous
thing: "Johnny, be a good boy and I
will take you to the circus next year."
"Take me now, pa; the circus is in
the present tents."—[Boston Budget.

Professor in Astronomy—"In one
evening, I counted twenty-seven mete-
ors sitting on my piazza." Class ex-
presses great astonishment at the so-
ciable character of the heavenly bodies.
—[Ex.

At a public dinner once in honor of
Edward Everett, Judge Story gave
the toast, "Genius is recognized where
Ever-ett goes." Everett responded:
"Law, Equity and Jurisprudence;
they never rise higher than one Story."
—[Ex.

Feeble urchin—"I say, ma, my head
aches. I'm going to stay at home
from school this afternoon."

Solicitous maternal ancestor—"Well,
my dear, I'm sorry. Stay at home
and rest. It may do you good."

Three hours later feeble urchin
rushes into the house with cheeks
aglow.

"I tell you, we had a nifty game.
Eighteen to fifteen. I played short.
Gimme suthin' t'eat.

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. II.

MILFORD, MASS., DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 4

Christmas.

What is it makes the loud bells ring
And all the happy children sing?
What do these sounds of gladness bring?
'Tis Christmas.

What is it brings so many toys
To all the little girls and boys,
And fills their hearts with many joys?
'Tis Christmas.

What is it fills the scholar's mind,
Making his lessons lag behind,
And on his card may zeros find?
'Tis Christmas.

What is it our vacation brings?
Of sav'ry goose and pudding sings,
Of cakes, pies, and all sorts of things?
'Tis Christmas.

What is it calls for spruces tall
To place within a crowded hall.
Loaded with gifts for large and small?
'Tis Christmas.

What is this welcome joyous day
When thoughts of care are far away,
And young and old alike seem gay?
'Tis Christmas.
F. V. C., '86.

What a Rain Drop Saw.

I had become weary of roaming around in the sky in the form of vapor, taking merely bird's-eye views of things on earth, and was only too glad when at last a cold current of air struck me, condensing my particles into a drop of water, and sending me headlong to the earth. I withstood the shock very well, as did also my twin brother, who fell close beside me, on the top of a rock in central Ohio. But, alas! we were not to remain together long; for the force of gravity was so strong that it sent us rolling down the sides of the rock, though in altogether different directions; he went toward the north; while I, toward the south. I well remember seeing his little, glistening body descending the hill, and I thought then I should never see him again; for a long, steep path lay before me, and I knew not where he had gone. But we did meet again, though many, many miles from that place.

As I said, a long, steep path lay before me, and as I went rolling down, I was joined by a number of my companions, who went running down the hillside with me. As our number increased, the faster we went; till at length we plunged into a brook and went skipping over the pebbles, carrying particles of sand and small stones along with us, wearing off their sharp edges and rounding the pebbles in the bottom of the brook. Other rills kept joining us until we grew to be a considerable stream and were compelled to push against great wheels in our course, which, I learned, furnished power for running machinery that grinds grain and manufactures all sorts of articles.

The stream had by this time grown to be a large river, and we soon united with a much larger one, the Ohio, where steam boats and all sorts of craft were plying. The banks were lined with towns full of active people, and I thought I had come to a pretty busy world. Well, we flowed along for about a hundred miles till we joined the Mississippi. Here I became acquainted with rain drops from at least a third of the United States and some even from Canada. Upon our surface, large steamboats plied, loaded down with grain, cotton, sugar and produce of all kinds. After a long journey we reached the mouth, or rather mouths, of the river. Here machines were at work dredging up the mud that had been deposited, so that large steamers could pass through. Upon asking where all the debris came from, I was informed that all rain drops, coming down the river, brought more or less dust and dirt with them, as all travelers do, and there were so many of them that in time they amounted to a great deal; for instance, in one year enough is deposited to make a pyramid a mile square at the base and taller even than the Wash-

ington monument. I suppose that I helped add my bit of sand; for when one meets the tide, he must deposit what he has brought with him.

I was then in the Gulf of Mexico, and was carried by the warm Gulf Stream through the Straits of Florida, where I saw polyps at work building reefs, and learned they had in ages past made almost the entire southern part of Florida, from St. Augustine south. I was then borne out into the broad Atlantic, with nothing in sight but the blue waves all around me; but here were raindrops from all over the world, and what a noise they made chattering in so many different tongues, and how high they danced and skipped!

I was then entirely separated from those who had fallen with me in Ohio, and longed to see my brother, when whom should I see sitting, sparkling in the sunlight, on the bow of a boat coming from Newfoundland, but my very own brother? The wind drove me into his embrace, and then he related his journey, how he had been carried into Lake Erie, over Niagara Falls, across Lake Ontario, into the St. Lawrence river, and so on into the Gulf, and finally into the Atlantic ocean, where he met me. But the hot sun had already grown too strong for us, and we were fast turning back to vapor; till, at length, we went sailing over the ocean toward land in a fleecy cloud. Up the Potomac valley we drifted, over the mountain peaks, where we became so chilled that we barely clung to the lower surface of the cloud, when I heard my brother burst forth with the well known song "Home Again, etc."

S. E. R., '86.

A feeble reed provided man with his first arrow, his first pen, his first instrument of music,—his three great means of conquest.—[Picciola.

❖EXCHANGES.❖

Of all the exchanges received by us, the one in which we take the most interest is the Oak, Lily and Ivy. It was a stray copy of this paper falling into our hands, nearly a year ago, which led us to establish the Record.

We have not lived in vain, if such an enterprising yearling can call us *godfather*. We antedate the Record of Woonsocket by a few months, but we must already look up.

MASS.—Academy Echo of Leicester, Latin School Register of Boston, Wilistonian of Easthampton, Archon of South Byfield, Young Idea of Gloucester, Academy of Worcester, Argus of Worcester, Atom of Methuen, Lowell H. S. Record of Boston, Merimac Budget, Youth of Lowell, Life of Haverhill, H. S. Record of Newton, M. B. S. Record of Billerica, H. S. Student, of Westboro, H. S. Bulletin of Lawrence.

N. H.—Academian of Pembroke, Enterprise of Dover, Eclipse of Tilton, Exonian of Phillips Exeter.

ME.—Phi-Rhonian of Bath, Academy Bell of Frysburg, Kent's Hill Breeze, Classic of Hallowell, Comet of Rockland.

CONN.—Critic of New Haven, Stray Shot of Washington, Eagle of Bridgeport.

R. I.—Record of Woonsocket.

N. Y.—The Cue of Albany, Trinity School Record of Trivoli-on-Hudson, Eastman's Journal of Poughkeepsie, Speculum of Sing Sing, Sibyl of Elmira.

PA.—University Mirror of Lewisburg, Haverfordian of Haverford College.

N. J.—Advocate of New Brunswick, Torch of Asbury Park.

DEL.—Delaware College Review of Newark.

KY.—Deaf Mute of Danville, Hamilton College Monthly of Lexington.

TENN.—S. W. P. U. Journal of Clarksville.

MINN.—Shattuck Cadet of Fari-bault.

IO.—College Chips of Decorah, H. S. Journal of Villisca, H. S. Herald of Des Moines.

ILL.—H. S. Journal of Chicago, St. Viator's College Journal of Bourbon-nais Grove.

MICH.—Herald of Hinsdale, Normal News of Ypsilanti.

MO.—St. James Reveille of Macon City.

IND.—Collegiate of Franklin, Purdue of Lafayette.

KAN.—Weekly University Courier of Lawrence.

TEX.—Clonian Messenger, Bonham.

ONT.—The Portfolio of Hamilton.

Clay.

Clay-beds are found in all parts of the Union, but more especially underlying the sub-soil of the prairie and Middle States. Clay is highly prized for the manufacture of crockery, pottery, brick and tile. South Amboy and Trenton, New Jersey, have a superior kind of clay, which is used in making gas retorts, fire-bricks, terracotta, crockery and pottery. Trenton furnishes more of this kind of ware than all the rest of America, and its ware is celebrated the world over.

The manufacture of bricks forms one of the most important industries of the country. Their color depends largely on the amount of oxide of iron in the clay from which they are made, as the heat used in baking them drives off the water and turns the limonite red. One of the most striking objects of interest that a traveller sees in passing through the city of Milwaukee, is its beautiful blocks, built of Milwaukee bricks, which are of a cream color; as there is no iron in the clay. They are manufactured in great quantities and are noted throughout the United States for their superior finish and quality, large numbers being shipped daily to all parts of the Union.

The adobe or sun-dried brick is used in New Mexico and Arizona for building material. Buildings can be made cheaper and as desirable as if made of common brick, or even stone, and this brick may in time supercede wood for many of the out-buildings of Western farmers.

In places where lumber is scarce and log houses are built, here again clay comes into use in the form of mortar, which is inserted between the logs in the seams and cracks to keep out the cold and the wind.

Our paving tile, house tile and celebrated Akron drain tile are all made from this material. Tiles that are placed around fire-places often cost a dollar apiece, and old Dutch pictured tiles are almost worth their weight in gold. A tile-roof looks very much like a corrugated iron roof, and a careless observer might mistake one for the other.

Although clay has been put to so many uses by man, perhaps it renders the most important service in agriculture, as it is formed by the decomposition of feldspathic rocks which generally contain potash, lime, or soda, the basis of most fertile soils. One reason why Milford soil is so comparatively poor, is because it lacks the great plant feeder, potash.

W. J. C., '86.

Advice to our schoolmates: "Don't be too self reliant,—consult Webster."

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A State Appropriation for Educational Purposes.

The following is an abstract of a letter received by our principal from J. W. McDonald, principal of the Stoneham High School:

An effort is to be made in the legislature soon to convene, to have the state take upon herself, as a state, a part of the burdens of the education of her children. Her present attitude is that of command,—force; the expense of obeying those commands is thrown entirely upon the towns, without any regard to the difference in wealth and circumstances. For example, the state compels all the towns to support common schools, and those above a certain size, to maintain high schools; she decrees what studies shall be taught, and that all text-books shall be furnished free, and then leaves it for Milford, with a valuation of only \$2600 per scholar, and many other towns with a valuation of not over \$2000 per scholar, to obey these commands as best they can, while other towns and cities enjoy a valuation of from \$10,000 to \$40,000 per scholar. Is this fair? Is it right for all the burdens of education to be thrown on the towns, poor as well as rich, when the state herself is benefited by the higher intelligence as much or even more than the town? There are in the state 346 cities and towns. Of these, 177 have a valuation of less than \$3000 per scholar, 30 as low as \$2000, some even as low as \$1000. Of the remaining 169, 120 have a valuation less than the state average, \$5120, by far the larger part not reaching \$4000. This is one side of the shield; the other is the golden one. Here we find four cities and 45 towns that have valuations greater than the average, ten of them, including Boston, having over \$10,000 per scholar, while the six towns, Cottage City, Manchester, Brookline, Milton, Hull and Nahant have from \$14,000 to \$40,000 for every pupil within their limits. The consequence is that in these latter, the tax for educational purposes is very low, being only 79 cents on \$1000 in Nahant, and \$2.04 per \$1000 in Boston, while in Milford it is \$3.75 per \$1000. Now we claim that the state should assess a tax for educational purposes, that would fall heaviest on the rich places, and contribute something to the poorer. And why? Well in the first place, in the schools of a large number of towns and cities of the state, especially those within 30 miles of Boston, are to be found a considerable percentage of scholars, whose fathers, being Boston merchants, pay a school tax in that city.

Take an illustrative case, the names being withheld: Mr. A. lives in the town of W., where his three children

are being educated at an expense to said town of \$40 per year. On the house he occupies he pays a school tax of \$7.50, and on personal property held in Boston he pays a school tax to that city of \$50. This is a fair example of thousands of cases.

To those above mentioned must be added the thousands of laboring men and clerks with families who work in Boston, presumably because their labor is profitable to Boston, but who for economy's sake live in the surrounding towns. This is well, but all the cost of educating their children should not be put upon these towns.

There are places near Boston maintaining schools almost exclusively for such scholars at a great expense, while the school tax received from their parents is comparatively insignificant, and the city enriched by their labor is not required to contribute a cent. If this is right, I have yet to meet one who has the courage to affirm it.

Second, Boston, beside possessing almost all the wholesale trade of the state, is drawing to herself, with her improving railroad facilities, the lion's share of the retail trade also. Millions of stock in trade has been, and is still being, drawn from the cities and towns where, under other circumstances, it would be kept, and goes to swell the taxable personal estate of Boston. But the withdrawal of these retail stocks-in-trade from the respective towns means more than the loss of taxes on the stocks themselves,—it lessens the demand for land available for store purposes, and consequently, its value and ability to pay taxes.

This leads me to my third point, namely, the reason for the great disparity in land values throughout the state. There are in Boston, millions of feet valued at from \$25 to \$50 per foot, and 3,000,000 feet could easily be found that would sell for \$100,000,000. Boston's land values do not represent a wealth made by the energy and economy of her people in the sense that buildings and shipping do. It is a wealth that grew while its owners slept, and is largely the contribution of the surrounding populations. Destroy the surrounding country, and her values would vanish as "the snow falls on the river"; destroy Boston, and the surrounding country would build up a new Boston. The harbor on which she lies, and which helps to make her the great centre of the accumulated wealth of the state, belongs to every other town of the commonwealth as well as to her, and she owes them a rental for its use. She has no right to draw her arbitrary boundaries, and say to the wealth thus acquired: "So far shall thy benefits extend and no farther."

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY, Box 871.

Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post-Office, as second class matter.

It seems strange that anyone who is old enough to attend the high school has not sufficient pride to learn his lessons. To leave pride out of the question, it seems stranger still that anyone of us should forget the debt we owe the town. The town has built a good school house, has furnished us with books and is now employing five teachers besides a drawing teacher. The yearly cost of running the school is considerable. Now, why does the town do this? Is it with the idea that we scholars are to go there and idle away our time, or do they expect that in this school we shall learn to be wiser, and better fitted, when we leave, to enter upon life's work as men and women, not as boys and girls? Our parents, too, should be considered in this matter. Many of them are working hard, denying themselves that we may obtain an education. Surely we are doing wrong in going to school, day after day, and neglecting our lessons, when we could spend our time more profitably elsewhere. Success in life is attained not by opportunities, but by the use of all means that can elevate or improve.

Our geological specimens have again retired to the cabinet until the chemistry class is ready for them. We are fortunate in having so good working specimens of the common rocks and ores. A valuable specimen has just been received from the Dracont mines, which contains nickel, cobalt and arsenic.

The editorial staff of this paper has been invited to join the Amateur Press Association of Massachusetts. The annual meeting is to be held at Leominster. A good time is promised them.

Still the good work goes on! Now the Hudson high school is preparing for an Industrial Exhibition, and we have tried to give them the benefit of our experience by sending copies of the O. L. and I, Vol. 1, No. 6. Their principal, W. H. Small, writes:—I believe they will be valuable in stimulating my pupils, as I heard many of them say, on looking over the lists, "Well, I can make that, anyway."

The editors offered Washington Irving's "History of New York" and Tennyson's poems as first and second prizes to those pupils obtaining the greatest number of subscribers to this paper. Miss Theresa Cook, '89, was the winner of the first prize, and Miss Etta Green, '88, of the second.

President Eliot of Harvard University, and the *chef* in the Parker House restaurant, Boston, receive each a salary of \$4,000.—[Ex. President Eliot ought to congratulate himself that he is considered to be worth as much as a first-class cook. Here in West Virginia, professors and teachers receive wages in proportion far below those paid for skilled labor of any kind—cooks or what not.—[West Virginia Journal.

We sympathize with the West Virginians and are also sorry to admit the truth of their lament; but, if we are not mistaken, the gentleman above mentioned receives \$10,000 at the present time. We expect that if the *chef* sees this he will strike for higher wages.

When the high school scholars heard that a Memorial Hall was to be erected at the corner of School and Spruce streets, they hugged themselves with delight; for, said they, "then there'll be a concrete walk and street crossing, and no more shall we be obliged to ferry ourselves over, or jump from stone to stone—now and then carefully balancing on a friendly foothold while dredging out a lost rubber." "The Memorial Hall is finished; there it stands"—and so do *we*, fast in the mud.

Old Alcohol is now being severely handled by the teachers of Milford. They have him down, and he will soon be so annihilated that his most intimate, bleary-eyed friends will not be able to recognize him.

Another School.

For the O. L. and I.

How attractive! With its spacious grounds, its grey stones and ivy covered walls, large and low, and they say this is a school house. Very pleasant must be the interior of such an inviting building. Two steps take us to the hall where, unmistakably, we realize we have entered a school. The same old custom, hats and caps on pegs in rows and an occasional hat on the floor.

We go on and are allowed to enter, though our reception is not so cordial as we had expected. To our question, "Do you admit visitors?" we are answered by the gentlemanly teacher, "No, not during school session, but if you would like to come in, I will now have a recess." And this is the recitation room, low and uninteresting. Who would believe that walls so well covered outside could be so bare within? Such a schoolroom can scarcely be found in our grand old Commonwealth; in fact, poorer accommodations cannot be found, unless we look back 1900 years and see the pupils in Palestine, seated on the ground; but, uninviting as it seemed, we were entertained by its unusual appearance. Rude benches and equally rude desks are made by nailing a long board on three uprights for seats, and just as long a board on higher uprights for desks, leaving no place for keeping the books. No ornaments, not even one desk scarf, and we would think a necessity was denied them; as there was no groove for penholders and pencils; however, "Blessed be nothing," and as they had no ink, pens would have been superfluous. The text-books were so queer, quite unlike anything we had ever seen before. But from each desk hung a bag for the books and pencils; most of them were of checked gingham, but we saw one old fashioned black reticule, which was the pride of a little boy's heart.

We learned that the time from nine o'clock to ten minutes before ten could be given to devotions, after that the work must be strictly secular, by order of the inspector, or superintendent, as we should call him. The children pay 5d. a week, or 20d. a month; they must pass the fourth standard, or, failing of that, go till they are 14. We occupied one of the benches, but felt that we were strangers in a strange land. The maps were unlike our own, for Texas seemed of as much importance as Massachusetts. Mentally, we visited the M. H. S. with its large, bright, sunny room, which seemed larger and brighter than ever and made us feel more determined to "look on our mercies."

→*LOCALS*←

Sit down!!

Merry Xmas!

How's the ice?

Good bye, foot-ball!

Those lovely curl papers!!

The worst bread—ill-bred.

Girls, attention! A new cure for chapped lips: keep the chaps away from them.

Found: A dog; pure china, nose broken and a nick on the left ear. Call at this office.

"Slang is a confession of poverty, inasmuch as it makes one word do service for a score."

There seems to be some confusion in distinguishing fluorspar from amethyst quartz. Who was caught?

Invertebrates is derived from two Latin words, in and verito, to turn into. So says a senior.

"A man is never too old to learn." One of the boys says he is 138 Jovian-years old. Let's see, $12 \times 138 = ?$

A profit of \$.0388 on each copy of our new piece of music, cleared for the O. L. and I. \$.35. Small favors thankfully received. More!

Miss Hale, '88, entertained us with a violin solo at our last rhetoricals. Miss Roberts, '88, played her accompaniment.

Although thirteen is generally considered an unlucky number, yet the United States with the original thirteen at their head have done fairly well.

Instead of one recess of twenty minutes we are now having two recesses of ten minutes each. This will continue until warm weather comes again, when we shall have our usual long recess.

During the coming vacation, it is suggested that the rest of the young ladies show their skill with the needle by making desk covers for the next term.

Schoolboy: "Mother, I want something to eat." "But, my child, it's bad for the digestion to eat so much." "You're all behind the times, mother; Evarts and Hale say that we fellows who use our brains so much must have five meals a day. Bring out the mince pie."

Teacher, to small boy: "Please write on the board in Latin, Beautiful maidens were led forth." Small boy writes, virgines pulchrae;—then a pause; furtive beatific smiles at a young lady near by. Teacher: "Well, what's the matter?" S. B. "I don't know the word for smiling." Hot blushes by S. B.

Lost: A heart; the finder will be suitably rewarded by keeping the same.

No. 25 stockings will be at a premium, Dec. 25.

One of the graduates of this school wants to know if a tonsorial artist is a man who plays poker.

"And then, you know, the doctor put the harmonica right under my tongue and took my temperature."

There is a "Malay" in the physical geography class. It was not suspected until the scholar confessed.

The Hoogly river seems to be an "unknown quantity," in this town. Grammar scholars please take notice.

Some of the philosophers have been astonished the past week at the sight of large iron weights floating in mercury like wood on water.

Wanted, for Xmas, by a little five-year-old: "A drum with iron inside so I can't break it."

The morning train on the B. & A. railroad seems like a high school reunion. Often as many as 15 recent graduates may be counted.

She was translating. "Are! there!" she said, and her face was suffused with blushes. Again, she softly murmured "Ah! there!" and then with a supreme effort she shouted, "Are there any men, etc., etc."

Every member of the philosophy class has presented to the teacher a compound lever consisting of three simple levers, and is also prepared to tell what any given power can do when applied to it.

The following was the entertainment at the last class meeting of '86:

Song,	Lilla H. Dennett
Farce,	Changed Partners
	Characters.

Sir Fitful Gust, R. N.,	Ernest F. Norcross
Charles Gust,	Napoleon E. Tougas
Mrs. Somerton,	Cora Snell
Florence, (her daughter, fresh from school)	Florence V. Clark.
Parker, (servant)	Mary P. Cox
Song,	Lilla H. Dennett

One of the young ladies of '89 has made a series of colored boxes of just the proper size to represent the amount of air which the lungs must contain after expiration, generally contain: a common breath, and lastly, the total number of cubic inches which they can possibly hold.

Mrs. Clement Waters, the author of "Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers," and a "Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art," once a pupil of this school, has lately finished the translation of one of Madame Durand-Greville's best stories entitled "Dusia's Daughter." The translation of it was made in the remarkably short time of three weeks.

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(Continued.)

Down the Connecticut in a Canoe.

August 23.

Sleeping in hay is not so simple a matter as one might think. Hay has a peculiar way of settling and thus forming hollows just where one's head ought to be. In this case, by the time we had reduced it all to one level, it was morning,—or what the farmers call morning—say 5 o'clock, when they wake up the much-enduring cattle to feed them.

The balky horse seemed so good natured that we decided to give him another trial, out of respect to Woodsville. He, "full of years," walked off as if only old enough to cast his *maiden* vote, (he wasn't that kind though), and with the exception of politely requesting us to walk up the hills, gave us no further trouble. It was a cold and hungry ride, and for the most of the distance, we were shut in by a thick mist. Just before entering Woodsville, the river flowed through the narrows—that is, banks of solid rock which seemed to come within 20 feet of each other. Here, too, the road wound around the base of a perpendicular cliff in a very picturesque way. We felt like exclaiming: "My kingdom for a—prepared plate!"

We launched the canoe just below the railroad bridge, where, had we known as much a week before as then, we would have begun our trip. The Wells river came rushing into the Connecticut at this point, at an acute angle, and the union of the two currents made so rough water that we were obliged to feel our way along for some distance. Three miles down we stopped for breakfast and dinner when an amusing incident happened. A young girl at the nearest farmhouse was asked to sell us some milk, and she at once went to the dairy to get it. On her return with covered pail we offered the usual price, which she declined, saying that we were welcome to it, it was of no value, etc. On taking the pail, we noticed its weight was more than that of a quart of milk, and on removing the cover, found a pail full of water! We suggested that there must be some mistake, as there was sufficient water in the river for our use. She, with blushes, acknowledged the misunderstanding and soon brought us a liquor in which the water did not exceed 90 per cent.

We had found a can of Boston baked beans at Barret, and opened it here 145 miles from the "Hub of Civilization." Indian meal mush with milk, beans, crackers and coffee all seasoned with five hours' exercise in the fresh air, though served in tin, were devoured with an appetite that

many an epicure would have given his check for a large sum to possess.

We pushed off at 12 o'clock and paddled until 8 o'clock, excepting a rest long enough to buy cucumbers, eggs, etc.

We passed three toll bridges during the day, and just as we came in sight of the second, we had our most exciting adventure of the day. There a stream on the Vermont side came rushing in at nearly a right angle with the Connecticut, and their junction caused a strong whirlpool. We did not realize it until we were in its power; we were partially turned end for end and well rocked before we escaped its clutches. We then learned that it was safer to give the boat great headway, on approaching such places, even at the risk of striking boulders, and so afterward we had no trouble. Three times we headed to all points of the compass and traveled four miles on water to one by land. The longest circle was the well known Haverhill ox-bow. We passed many fishers, got our latitude and longitude from them, and also satisfied their curiosity. At 5 o'clock we reached the falls at Bradford, Vt., but by pulling the canoe over a flat ledge on round sticks of drift wood, we were detained only a few minutes and went on refreshed by the chance to *elongate* ourselves. As our only seats were the folded blankets spread on the bottom of the boat, the position soon became tiresome.

Sore and hungry, we camped in Fairlee, opposite Oxford, N. H., having left 25 miles of river, besides the 10-mile drive in the morning, behind us. We had seen during the day many beautiful camping places; but after 6 o'clock, the banks were abominable. After two hours' search down the stream, we discovered at last a little brook, just the width of the boat, and shot into it to avoid the strong current of the river. The brook flowed through a deep crevasse of the bank, which had been cut by the spring freshets into natural steps, up which we climbed, pulling the boat after us. On the knoll we found tall uncut grass saturated with a heavy dew; but as it was Hobson's choice, we made the best of it. A warming fire soon dried us, boiled green corn and eggs and steeped our tea; add to these cucumbers, and one would think the mixture, when taken at 9 o'clock at night in large doses, might have caused a whole hippodrome of nightmares; but we slept the sleep of the innocent, in spite of them and the rain which began to fall just as we "went to bed."

(To be continued.)

Not punny, nor punise, but punice. Geology scholars take warning.

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PERSONALS.

Stearns Godfrey, '65, is leader of the orchestra in one of the Highland skating rinks, Boston.

J. Oscar Bailey, '68, is engaged in the jewelry business in Boston. Mrs. Bailey, his wife, was M. Lizzie Bowers, also of '68.

Charles N. Nichols, '68, is book-keeper at Field Bros.' coal yard.

Allister S. Jones, '72, designed the stained glass for the windows of the World's Museum building, Boston.

John Toomey, '77, is now employed at W. H. Gile & Co's clothing store, Milford.

Thomas F. Kelley, '79, is now a member of the firm Glynn & Kelley, druggists, Waltham, Mass.

Dr. R. H. Cochran, the new dentist, was once a member of '79.

Nov. 25, William D. Noyes of Marlboro was married to Annie E. Fairbanks, '81, of Milford.

Wallace I. Stimpson, '81, is singing basso in the quartets at the Congregational and Unitarian churches.

Nov. 26, Frank L. Fairbanks, '81, (English), was married to Miss L. Laveolette of Milford.

Charles W. Carroll, once of '82, is one of the firm of Ryan & Carroll.

John R. Eldridge, once of '83, is enrolled at Harvard.

Harry A. Coburn, '83, is a clerk in Thomas White & Co's wholesale boot and shoe store, Boston.

Helen Colburn, once of '84, is attending Miss Porter's school at Farmington, Conn. This is her second year at this institution.

Caroline Carr, '84 (English), is attending the Worcester Normal school.

Essie C. Thayer, '85, was the author of the article upon Marmion in our last issue. Her name was accidentally omitted.

John F. Igoe, '85, is attending Bryant & Stratton's Commercial College, Boston.

Minnie Waterman, '85, is clerking at Everett Cheney's.

Martha M. Egan, '86, was recently surprised at her home by a party of friends, who presented her with a pair of gold bracelets and a ring. A supper was served after which games were played and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Vinton Sears, '88, has also been given a surprise party by his classmates and other friends. The usual good time is reported.

Married, Nov. 25, Lavinia Tougas, a former pupil, and J. Edward Rodier.

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Science and Wealth.

In Greece, when philosophical and scientific speculation was at its highest point, and when education was conducted in its own vernacular, and not through dead languages, science, industry and commerce were actively prosperous. Corinth carried on the manufactures of Birmingham and Sheffield, while Athens combined those of Leeds, Staffordshire and London, for it had woolen manufactures, potteries, gold and silver work, as well as ship building. Their philosophers were the sons of burghers, and sometimes carried on the trades of their fathers. Thales was a traveling oil merchant, who brought back science as well as oil from Egypt. Solon and his great descendant Plato, as well as Zeno, were men of commerce. Socrates was a stone mason, Thucydides a gold miner, Aristotle kept a druggist's shop until Alexander endowed him with the wealth of Asia. All but Socrates had a superfluity of wealth, and he was supported by that of others. Now, if our universities and schools created that love of science which a broad education would surely inspire, our men of riches and leisure who advance the boundaries of scientific knowledge could not be counted on the fingers as they now are, when we think of Boyle, Cavendish, Napier, Lyell, Murchison and Darwin, but would be as numerous as our statesmen and orators.—[Sir Lyon Playfair.

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>:SCISSORS.:<

"Active shears gather no rust."

It takes a kitten to raise a mewtiny.
The Parisians have introduced
square umbrellas. They are just as
bad as any other kind—never round
when it rains.

"Out of every one hundred and
nine female school teachers," says an
exchange, "seven marry every year."
How many times do the remaining 102
marry?

The total amount spent in the
United States for public education is
only one-tenth as much as that spent
for liquor; the one is ninety millions,
the other is nine hundred millions.

In a new arithmetic we read: In
one lot there are four calves and in
another two young men with their
hair banged. How many calves in
all?—[Ex.

"Sunt qui scire volunt, eo fine tantum ut
sciant, et turpis curiositas est.
Et sunt qui scire volunt, ut sciantor ipsi, et
turpis vanitas est.
Et sunt item qui scire volunt ut scientiam
vendant, et turpis quaestus est:
Sed sunt quoque qui scire volunt, ut aedifi-
cent, et charitas est:
Et item qui scire volunt, ut aedificentur, et
prudentia est."—[St. Bernard.

A disappointed young man says he
wishes he was a rumor, because a ru-
mor soon gains currency, which he has
never been able to do.—[Ex.

One of our subscribers suggests that
the marriage service, at present in use,
be amended as follows: "command or
obey, serve or resist, indulge, spare,
pardon, obey, believe, persevere, and
the like." This sounds familiar, but
we cannot quite place it.—[Latin
School Register.

Harvard is still the largest college
in the country; Oberlin comes second,
and Columbia has fallen to third
place; Michigan is fourth, and Yale
fifth.

Teacher—How many wars were
waged with Spain? Pupil—Six.
Teacher—Enumerate them. Pupil
(counting on his fingers)—One, two,
three, four, five, six.—[Ex.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson that I must learn;
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.—[Anon.

A raindrop fell into the sea. "I am
lost," it cried; "what am I in such a
sea?" Into the shell of a gaping oys-
ter it fell, and there formed into the
Orient pearl, which now shines fairest
in Britain's diadem. Humility creates
the worth it underrates.—[Persian,—
Sir W. Jones.

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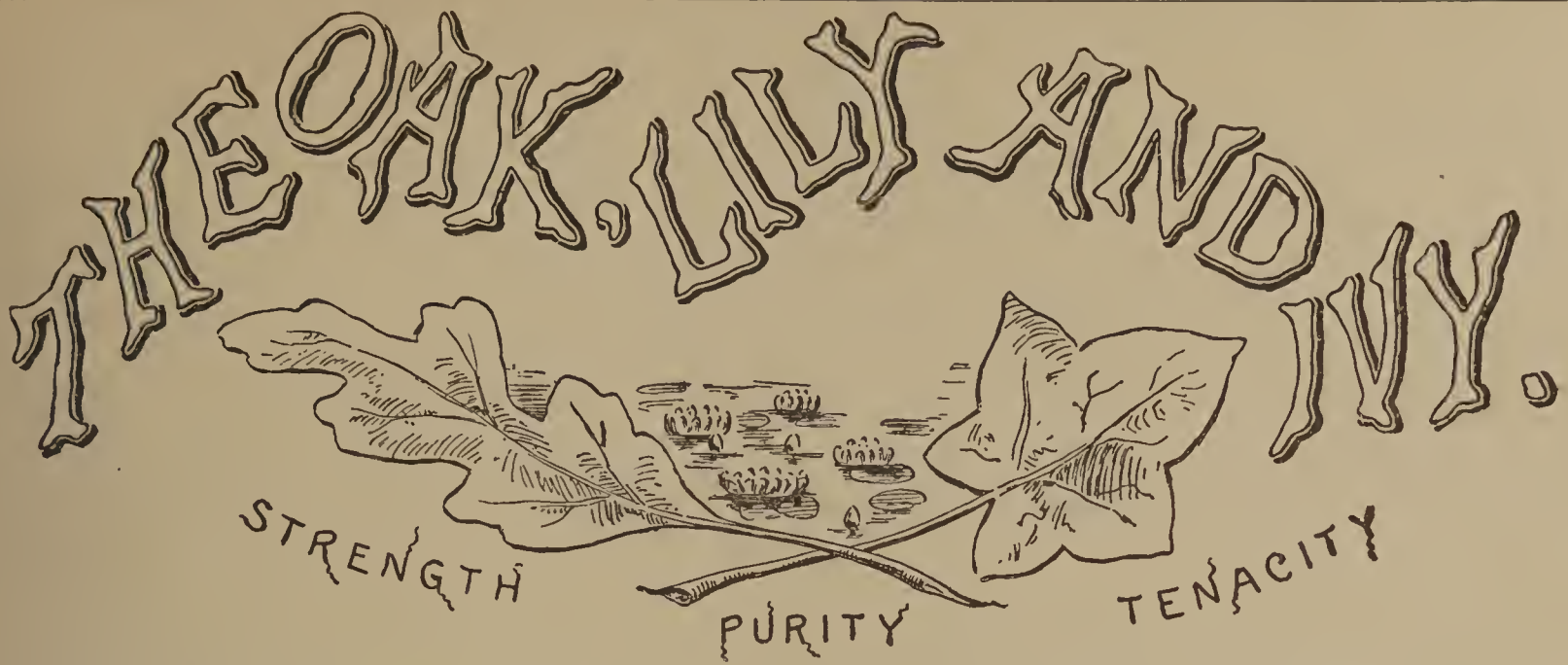
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EASTMAN COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



Fire.

Have you ever wondered, while sitting before your fire enjoying its genial warmth, whether there ever was a time when fire was unknown, and what would have been the result had it never been discovered? Can you imagine a more unfortunate, yes, even desperate condition of affairs than existence without it? Perhaps you will say there never was such a time, but Commodore Wilkes, commander of the United States exploring expedition, relates that in Fakaafu, or Bowditch island, "there was no sign of places for cooking nor any appearance of fire," and says also that the natives were greatly terrified at sparks produced by the concussion of flint and steel, and at the smoke rising in wreaths from the cigars which the sailors were enjoying. But this report is invalidated, as are also several other accounts. Although there is no standard authority which vouches for the existence of a fire-less tribe, yet there is nothing impossible in the supposition. Fire must have been known in the very earliest ages of the world, in one form or another, for the volcano lit up the darkness of the night, and the lightning struck a tree, setting the forest ablaze, or some less evident cause produced some less extensive ignition.

How much depends on fire? What would result from our deprivation of this sometimes fatal destroyer? Without it, where would be our leading manufactures? Were fire to be exterminated today, many hands would be thrown out of employment, and that means poverty, sorrow and misery for a large proportion of the working class. The shops, as time went by, would crumble and fall, leaving their monuments of massive ruins. The child of the future, walking along the streets, once the scenes of busy labor, would wonder what a shop

was, and what furnished the motive power. On being informed that fire was the agent, a volley of innumerable questions would be fired at the informer: "What is fire?" "Why is there no more of it?" "Did the success of manufacturing depend chiefly upon that?" Seeing the large ocean steamers lying idly in the docks, apparently useless, the child would ask, "Why were those large houses built on water and not on land?" Then would come the answer, "Fire has been taken away, and the vessels which once crossed and re-crossed the broad ocean can no more carry from one country to another their precious burdens of human freight. That black substance you see piled up in the hold is coal, which was used in generating the power. It was formerly mined in great quantities and was an important article of commerce, but now no one takes the trouble to mine it.

"On the other side of the street, bricks were made, but fire is required for their construction, so we have no more. Bullets were made near by, and had it not been for fire they would never have played their part in the bloody contest between man and fellow-man. Powder would not have destroyed property or life, and the marksman has been deprived of his enjoyment.

"Our homes and public buildings, once heated by furnaces and steam, are now cold and dreary. The mirror, (woman's friend), lamp chimneys, glass dishes, and even the glass in the windows, which kept out the cold and still transmitted light, are very highly valued. Jewelry is another article which was very common before we were deprived of fire, but is scarce now. Gas, which was chiefly used for lighting purposes, is unknown today, and water is no longer forced into our houses from a pumping station, but

muscular force, instead, conveys it there. We suffer intensely during the winter of this rigid New England climate, and invention is stimulated less and less.

"Speaking of invention reminds me of an ingenious contrivance which was invented not long ago. It was a machine which would have proved very popular among housekeepers who find no pleasure in getting out of bed on cold winter mornings to kindle the fire. If you wished your fire lighted at five o'clock, all you had to do was to place in front of the grate, before retiring, the machine, with the hand set at that hour. Promptly at five, a spring moved, and a metallic rod from the back dropped. To the end of the rod was attached a match, which rubbed against sand-paper and ignited a paper connected with the kindling. Thus the fire was started, while you were still sleeping. A second arrangement was added to the clock. When the fire had burned long enough to heat the room, a second spring moved, and a wild alarm rang out on the stillness of the chamber, making sleep impossible. But the time of existence of this machine was short and uneventful, as fire was removed a short time after its invention."

Now, summing up the disadvantages arising from the deprivation of fire, viz:—Fewer manufacturers and less employment, no steamboats, coal useless, no bricks, bullets, fire arms, glass-ware, earthen-ware, no heat, no gas for lighting purposes, and above all a decline in invention, do you not owe a great debt to fire, and does not civilization itself depend upon it?

C. L. S., '86.

"Observation, imitation, reflection, reproduction. In these stands a mind complete and consummate, fit to cope with all labor, achieve all success."

—[Bulwer.

❖EXCHANGES.❖



The above cuts are respectfully dedicated to our illustrated exchanges. O, it's a cold day when the O. L. and I. is cut out!

Our best exchanges are illustrated; we are illustrated; therefore we are our best exchanges.—Why, no, there must be a fallacy here somewhere.

Of our numerous exchanges with holiday covers we particularly noticed the Stylus of Boston, Mass., the design of whose cover was very neat and appropriate. It is also one of our best printed exchanges, and its firm paper and clear printing are an agreeable change from some of the flimsy, badly printed papers of the schools and colleges.

As we have read and enjoyed Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnycastle," we feel somewhat acquainted with Stray Shot from Washington, Conn., and always read with interest its school items. We understand that its present principal and ours were classmates at college.

We are glad to learn from the Enterprise of Dover that "school has begun." Who is John? Is it a local name, or does it refer to John Chinaman?

Exchange editors will have no excuse for not knowing that a new year has come; for they have, by this time, learned it from hundreds of editorials. We have sadly ordered our printer to "distribute" our beautiful (?) sentiments and happy wishes for the new year, as it is now so late. However, we intend to lead off this time and so wish you all a "truthful twenty-second."

The Kent's Hill Breeze is so well edited and so dignified in its general make up that we are at a loss how to understand its constant misuse of our name. Is it a sarcastic way of deriding it, or the result of carelessness? If the former, the brilliancy of the wit wanes as it grows older; if the latter, we call the attention of exchange editor Towle to it. Another exchange has been notified that *Lilly* is not lily; but, nevertheless, it keeps on in its old way. If both intend it as a joke, we have nothing further to say and will try and smile audibly every month, as in the past.

We find the Academician very readable this month, and the accurate cut of its academy must add much to its value, in the estimation of the scholars and alumni.

"Eight of them were foolish," so says an exchange. We feel it a religious duty to refer them to Matthew xxv:2.

The H. S. Review of Newton has a novel idea for obtaining funds to enlarge the school library. Every scholar is to contribute weekly the sum of one cent. This would require little exertion and might succeed even here. Why not?

The Nichols Echo discusses the "Power of the Press" and gets the right answer; but labor could be saved by using this rule: Multiply the weight by the distance between the threads of the screw and divide by the distance the *power* moves which gives "the power of the press"—no allowance for friction.

We offer our congratulations to the Worcester High School for Vol. I, No. 1. It steps into the front ranks at once without any infancy or childhood. Although we have not united with other exchanges in their words of censure, yet we have felt that a school "of nearly seven hundred pupils" ought to have a better exponent of its interests than the little amateur sheet of the past.

We have just compared our "A Superintendent's Story" in our October issue with its reproduction in the January number of the H. S. Record of Woonsocket, and found it correct in every respect—even to the length of its dashes. We liked it and are glad that the Record knows a good thing when it sees it. Generally, we prefer to be given credit for what little we do; but as the Record is in the family, so to speak, we are only too glad to reach it a helping hand.

We welcome the H. S. Times, Medway. May the desires, in its "Our Purpose," be a reality of the near future.

In addition to the classified list of exchanges given in our last issue, we have received this month:—

MASS.—Amateur Journal of Holliston, Stylus of Boston, Academic of Worcester.

ME.—Eagle of Portland.

VT.—Tidings of Nature of Rutland.

R. I.—Academy Trio of E. Greenwich.

CONN.—Mulum in Parvo of Bridgeport.

ILL.—Reporter of Virden.

KAN.—Washburn Argo of Topeka.

TENN.—Vanderbilt Observer of Nashville.

MO.—Foster Academy Review of St. Louis, Park College Literature Monthly of Parkville.

MINN.—H. S. World of St. Paul.

TEX.—Guardian of Waco.

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We see him actively interested in the church, attending regularly with his family and contributing liberally for its support. Firm in the conviction of the truth of his own religious belief, he expects others to be sincere in theirs. He considers all churches beneficial to society; and although personally working with but one church, we find him contributing toward the support of the other needy churches of the town.

Where can be found a man more devoted to the promotion of Milford's business interests than he? All enterprises benefiting the public meet with his hearty approval. He belongs to the Business Men's association, and, through its influence, shops are built and let to manufacturers. New and varied enterprises are welcomed eagerly as inviting a larger population. If it is thought a public reading room, a cooking school, or free bath houses are essential for the welfare of the working people, the ideal citizen's name heads the subscription list, and his personal influence and time are pledged to their support.

No better living example of a noble man can be placed before the young men of Milford. They respect him, and he, in his turn, so conducts himself that he may be worthy of their regard.

Knowing that Milford's boys and girls of today are to be the citizens of the future, he believes that they should be so educated, both mentally and morally, that they may fill the position ably; he interests himself in their pursuits and is at the head of several local improvement and literary societies, encouraging the young people by the active interest he takes in their advancement.

Milford's good name is his pride. He takes advantage of every opportunity for saying a good word in its favor, and whenever he makes one of a party of pleasure seekers away from home, he so conducts himself that his town may not have cause to be ashamed. He delights in the verdant little spot called the "Town Park," admires Milford's two finest structures, Memorial Hall and Music Hall Block, advises the sojourner within the limits of the town to visit Silver Hill and enjoy a glimpse of the distant Wachusett, and is strong in his commendations of the good air, pure water and good business facilities of Milford. By his influence, many families of wealth and culture are induced to locate themselves in Milford. He allies himself with the best political party of the day, but should bad measures or bad men be upheld by that party, would not feel obliged to

support them. With the belief that it is a duty as well as a pleasure to exercise the right of citizenship, he expresses his opinions boldly without fear or favor at the town meeting; he employs no undue influence, neither buys another man's vote nor sells his own.

Such is the ideal citizen. Living, he is honored and respected; dying, he needs no funeral eulogy, no marble monument to perpetuate his memory; he lives in his deeds and in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.

G. P. F., '86.

Four Reasons for Teaching History.

1. That pupils may become interested in the welfare of their country, and thus learn to perform their duties of citizenship from patriotic motives.
2. That they may become familiar with the best characters of the country's history, and learn to admire their virtues; for the reason that children try to imitate what they admire.
3. That they may become intelligent upon subjects which will be constantly coming up in their reading and association in after life.
4. That they may form a taste for good reading; the stories of history afford excellent material for this.—[School Journal.

Statistics for the Year 1885.

Whole number attending.....	228
Graduates in June.....	40
Whole number attending not enrolled in other schools.....	165
Average number belonging.....	153.2
Average daily attendance.....	150.6
Percentage of attendance.....	98.3

Why is music like a slippery sidewalk? Because if you don't C sharp you will B flat.

"I met the girl of the .
And gently took her
I thought I'd pop the ?
But I didn't have the S&."

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THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

JANUARY, 1888.

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BY
The Senior Class of the Milford High School.
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ABBIE I. MADDEN and I. H. FAIRBANKS.

LOCAL EDITORS.
LILLA F. HAYWARD and W. G. CLIFFORD.

BUSINESS EDITORS.
CORA L. SNELL and N. E. TOUGAS.

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back numbers can be obtained.

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY, Box 871.

Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post-Office, as second
class matter.

Record for the Fall Term.

First ten in scholarship *and* deport-
ment:—

First class: Fales, Field, Godfrey,
Snell, Craige, Norcross, Leonard,
Jones, Dickinson, Reed.

Second class: Hancock, Barns,
Hill, Eldridge, Whitney, Williams,
Harris, Gould, Eastman, Gifford.

Third class: Coburn, Dewing, Han-
cock, Hale, Miller, Tirrell, Thayer,
Thompson, Barbour, Arnold.

Fourth class: Leonard, Goldsmith,
Cooke, Nichols, Andrews, Blake, May-
hew, Wilcox, Toomey, Waterman and
Conroy.

Once more we ask for information
of former principals. Are Grove P.
Jenks, ———— Reed, J. R. Draper
and D. B. Sanborn in the land of the
living and if so *where?* We also wish
to know the full name of Mr. Reed.

Of the former assistants we know
nothing of M. J. Dyer, Caroline M.
Baker, Mrs. Page, Sarah E. Cole, and
Mary B. Smith.

Since our last issue we have received
a friendly letter from Ruel B.
Clark, the ninth principal of our
school, in which he expressed his ap-
preciation of our efforts and also in-
closed selections of a long, original
poem based on "The Legend of Falken-
burg", as related by Mrs. Clement
Waters in her "Legends of Place."
If our space were not so limited, we
would ask the privilege of printing it;
for it must be of considerable merit,
judging by the selections sent.

Found in the laboratory, probably
the result of personal experience at a
cost of 67 cents:—

Little mites of chlorate,
Little grains of sulphur,
Make a mighty racket
And a busted mortar.

The first volume of Grant's Autobi-
ography, bought with the exhibition
fund, has been received. In spite of
that chronic grumbler of the Sunday
Globe who writes from New York,
we have found it a very welcome
book, and as far as English is con-
cerned, far ahead of his slangy letters.

Persons outside of the school may
have some idea of the difficulties un-
der which we labor, when they learn
that there are scholars in this school
and in the first class even, who have
not subscribed for the paper and are
too indifferent to buy single copies as
they are issued.

William George Dewing,
Born in Richmond, Nova Scotia,
June 10, 1869,
Died in Hopedale, Mass.,
January 16, 1886.
Aged 16 years, 7 months, 6 days.

Master Dewing was a member of '88,
and thus far this year had stood sec-
ond in his class. He attended school
Thursday and died on the following
Saturday. He was a faithful, honest,
studious and gentlemanly young man,
who had the respect and confidence of
all his teachers, and his death will be
a great loss to the school. On Thurs-
day, he handed in his written exercise
in rhetoric; on Friday, Miss Park-
hurst read it to the class as one of the
best presented, not having the least
idea, of course, that it was his last
work.

May it be our good fortune so to
leave this world that, whatever may
be our last work on earth, it may re-
ceive like commendation.

A large number of scholars attended
his funeral, and his classmates contrib-
uted a mound of flowers with the in-
scription: "Class of '88."

We have been very fortunate this
winter in the comfortable condition of
our rooms. Even on the coldest days
the *average* temperature has been
about 65°. A visitor could not judge
the temperature, however, by the ap-
pearance of the scholars; for some
would wear wraps, rubbers and even
leggings when the thermometer reads
70°, if not personally spoken to. We
have come to the conclusion that the
imagination has a great deal to do
with our sensations of heat and cold.

LOCALS.

An investigating senior has made
the discovery that a fly has horns.

Teacher.—Tell some of the ways in
which government provides for the
security of travellers. Young lady.—
They compel railway corporations to
have *belles* on their locomotives.

Value of air that *must* remain in the
lungs after expiration: "If anybody
was pretty near drown, it would be of
surface to him."—[Phys. 4.

Evils of eating: "We should not eat
at intervals."—[Phys. 4.

As the teacher wearily adds, divides
and ranks the class, only to find that
the same scholar is *driver* again, there
slips from the lips: "A twice told
tale" (tail).

Our teachers seem to be in great de-
mand outside of their school duties.
We generally see the name of at least
one connected with nearly every en-
tertainment of the different religious
and secular societies in town.

H. B. Spaulding, '88, has made for
the philosophy class a model of an
overshot water-wheel with trough and
pulley attached. Thus far, it surpasses
all other pieces of apparatus hand-
ed in.

This must be a year of awful mor-
tality for cats—judging by the boys'
coat collars and cuffs. Feline, but un-
feelin(g).

The air-pump and its numerous ex-
periments are now an unfailing cause
of wonder to our philosophers.

Scholars are good examples of re-
flex action. On the slightest provoca-
tion they reflex and then repent; but
their teachers take exceptions to their
reflexions.

Latin I. is reading Cicero's opinion
of what a liberally educated man
should be, as set forth in his defence
of Archias.

"Ne prenez pas ce livre, s'il vous
plaît. Si vous le prenez je vous
spankerai." Such was the menacing
threat written on the cover of the
French book of one of the seniors.
However, as the street urchin says,
"he ain't the size."

On the occasion of our last big
snow storm, one indignant boy of the
fourth class was heard to complain
that he thought 'twas too mean for it
to snow on Saturdays; he didn't see
why it couldn't snow on some school
day, and then there would be a vaca-
tion.

Of how many sons can this be said?
"Ex quo nihil unquam dohuit pater,
nisi quum is non fuit."

The chemistry class has plenty of room in the laboratory this year. Instead of 25 scholars and 24 desks as last year, there are two desks for every scholar.

Program of the last class meeting of '86:—

"Jim," S. J. Blunt
 "Popping Corn," Lilla F. Hayward
 "The First Fan," Willard L. Fales
 Music, Lottie A. Jones and S. E. Reed
 "An Inquisitive and Unpleasant Customer," Maude Dickinson
 "Farmer Stebbins on Rollers," M. L. Godfrey
 "Taking the Census,"
 Abbie Madden and Wm. Luby
 "Mark Twain Visits Niagara," W. J. Cook
 Music, W. G. Clifford

Hoc Aenigma Fundamento Sex Aeneidis Librorum Nititur.

25, 37, 49, 70, cognomen Vergili.
 11, 19, 41, 20, 14, 45, 52, praenomen Vergili.
 26, 33, 92, 32, 22, locus quo Vergilius genitus est.
 77, 98, 96, 20, 9, 24, 16, 4, mnsa invocata.
 6, 53, 40, 55, genus poematis.
 84, 102, 65, 107, dea inimicissima Teucris.
 55, 12, 97, 48, 8, 27, 15, mna ex Harpyiis.
 63, 54, 20, 97, 48, 89, orta ex capite Jovis perfecte armata.
 69, 48, 96, 82, 31, origo doloris.
 74, 26, 67, 88, 101, disceptator inter tres deas.
 36, 28, 20, 66, 33, 75, pulcherrima femina et mulier multarum nuptiarum.
 77, 71, 90, 2, 108, 75, nurus Anchisae.
 98, 95, 27, 30, 37, 57, lacrimosus vir.
 61, 2, 20, 102, 81, quondam notos vultus Iuli induit.
 36, 104, 86, 87, 21, 13, exanimus cuius corpus auro Priamo venditum.
 103, 3, 56, 54, 10, redemptus per Hesionam ab Hercule.
 36, 93, 86, 59, 106, 98, regina Trojae.
 73, 26, 105, 22, pater Romuli et populi Romani auctor.
 29, 38, 27, 100, 96, 54, 19, 108, maritus violatus.
 75, 5, 48, 62, 51, 73, 27, 64, 46, firmus imperator Mycenae.
 58, 102, 42, 44, 61, 33, 59, 57, nomen Romuli cum in deorum numero collocatus est.
 1, 60, 27, 43, 92, 17, 52, notissima fama insula.
 61, 54, 23, 106, 26, 108, despectus amator.
 42, 92, 37, mons Phrygiae.
 88, 99, 40, 81, dea caelestis arcus.
 94, 98, 77, 86, 36, 19, 22, pater Lyaeus.
 55, 48, 79, 47, 36, 54, 5, 35, hic Tyria dolos callidos nexuit.
 36, 78, 7, 86, 102, 97, 80, 89, deus vis et al-bac populi.
 48, 77, 36, 54, 50, 85, 89, fidus amicus.
 75, 68, 91, 27, 54, sepulcrum Enceladi.
 18, 96, 59, 39, 64, paene simul vidit dilex-itque rapuitque Proserpinam.
 76, 35, 31, 72, aemula imperii Carthaginien-sis.
 92, 9, 92, 21, "et dux."
 86, 36, 48, 76, 70, 65, portitor Stygis.
 89, 61, 33, 15, 46, mendacium dicere potest.
 55, 26, 108, 22, 37, 65, 92, 105, 75, non fal-sa vates fuit.
 83, 64, 76, 68, 48, 57, quidam de ventis.
 40, 20, 56, 102, 73, alium nomen Trojae.
 37, 77, 60, 108, 34, 6, 22, adiutor Entelli.
 Totum oeto et centum literis constat atque praedictio rerum futurarum in Aeneide est.
 N. B. We are authorized to state that an extra credit will be given to the first two of each Latin class who present to their teacher correct answers of this enigma.—[Eds.]

PERSONALS.

Charles Barnard, '85, is employed by W. H. Gile & Co.

Alice I. Burrell, '85, is working in Eastman's box factory.

Belle H. Ross, '85, is employed in the temple shop at Hopedale.

Mary F. Connolly, '85, is at work in Jones & Shippee's boot shop.

Supt. Leonard can now be found at his new office in Memorial Hall.

Laura M. Ball (Lyman), '72, has our congratulations.

Elbridge P. Jones, '85 English, is employed over the hill in Hopedale.

Ex-supt. Hatch, now of Haverhill, called on his Milford friends recently.

Maud L. Johnson, '84, is a pupil of the Sauveur school of Languages, Boston.

Mrs. Clara Howard Shelton, a former popular assistant of the M. H. S., is in town.

Herbert S. Eldredge, '81, is indulging in a trip to Georgia and other parts of the south.

This time it was Harry C. Tilden, '86, who entertained his friends when surprised last week.

Mary P. Cox, '86, is taking an enforced vacation, caused by poor health. We hope to quickly welcome her back.

Thomas F. Conniff, '82, has finished his commercial study at Comer's and is now keeping books for J. F. Stratton.

Addie C. Clark, '84, recently received a five dollar prize for the best penmanship at Prof. Becker's writing school.

Clarence Barbour, '88, has left school, and as he was always among the first ten of the class, we can ill afford his loss.

Harry P. Crosby, '85, while preparing for his spring examinations at Worcester, is shouting "hello" at the telephone office.

Horace A. Brown, '85, is president, and S. Ernest Fletcher, '84, is secretary of the Trinity church Guild for the ensuing year.

News comes to us from North Platte, Nebraska, that Frank Richardson, once of '80, is a very successful cashier in one of the local banks there.

The class of '86 is the first graduating class which has for one of its members a child of a graduate of this school. Mabel L. Godfrey, is the daughter of Cora A. Chapin (Godfrey), '62, and Wm. R. Luby, son of Joanna M. Coughlan (Luby), '65.

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(Continued.)

Down the Connecticut in a Canoe.

MONDAY, August 24.

Items: Signs of a rainy day at 6 a. m.; a long tramp for milk; two deserted farmhouses within a mile of camp; success at the third after an urgent request; a bee line to camp; no breakfast, not even a fire started—because the matches were with him who went for the milk; discouragement; remorse. We quickly made up our lost time, however, and pushed out of the brook into the main stream at 9.30, just as the rain began to fall. After a hasty council, we decided that it was just as *wet* to remain as to go on, and so, with our rubber suits, rubber canoe covering and a sponge to absorb the little pools that constantly collected in the hollows of the coverings. We pushed on (trying to convince ourselves that it was only a *shower*) until 4 o'clock, when we reached the Hanover, (N. H.) log-boom, 20 miles below. The boom reached from bank to bank, with a narrow place near the centre, where a partially snken log was supposed to allow boats to glide over. Ours could have done so had it been flat-bottomed; but the water was so shallow that the keel would have struck and the strong current turned us over. On the New Hampshire side, we found that the end log was fastened by a chain to a tree on the bank, but with just enough slack to allow the canoe to slip under, between the log and the shore.

We then dropped down two miles further to Hanover falls, the goal of our morning's desires. There was one house in sight on the left bank, but no accommodations for us, and Hanover village (Dartmouth college) was two miles back by a rough road. Seven hours' exposure in the rain had made even rubber useless, and we felt a *little* discouraged as well as chilled, as we once more embarked, paddled up stream again, in order to avoid the current, and crossed over to the Vermont side to Hartford. No house was in sight; but, a mile distant, a good natured man was found, who boarded the workmen engaged in building the huge pulp and paper mills which were to use the very valuable water power situated here. He immediately went to our aid with horse and wagon, and soon the canoe was sheltered in his barn, and we in a pleasant room with a welcome fire.

This time, we were so fortunate as to keep our extra clothing dry, and with the loan of slippers, our spirits began to rise, and we were exceedingly prompt when the bell for supper rang at 6 o'clock. As we had not stopped for dinner on account of the

rain, we have our doubts whether our host made any profit from his excellent supper; for we think that we, like the "big fish" of sacred writ, had swallowed the profit as well as the supper. We spent a quiet evening in our room reading, writing, and drying our clothing.

TUESDAY, August 25.

We slept long and soundly and awoke to find every prospect of another rainy day. The roaring of the falls greeted our ears and reminded us that there was work ahead. There are two sets, the upper and the lower; the dam at the upper is so high that it sets the water back for 13 miles, we were told, and furnishes tremendous power for grinding the wood to pulp for the paper mill.

At the upper falls, quite a pretty village is growing up, and it promises to be a busy place as soon as the mills are completed. The main line of railroad runs through it and will give it good facilities for transportation. A half-mile down stream are the lower falls, and below these our host carried us and the canoe. The water looked threatening, and rocks, logs and a fierce current seemed eager to wreck us. We ventured in, however, and aimed for the further shore, and by gradually moving forward diagonally, avoided all obstructions. During Monday's trip the dam had so retarded the current that it was of little assistance; today, however, it swept us on and kept us busy watching for the smoothest water.

It was only two miles to White River Junction, where we bought meat and home-made bread, and obtained information about the river down to Claremont Junction, the end of our river trip. From Junction to Junction by rail it is 23 miles, and by water very little more, as this part of the river is nearly straight. We had lost two hours in the morning trying to decide upon the weather, and it was then just 11 o'clock, so we thought we would run down to West Hartland, Vt., falls (6 1-2 miles) for dinner, and there dry our blankets, tent and boat. We found the bed of the falls to be of rough, sharp edged ledges, called razor edged, and a powerful current of water rushing over them; but by letting the canoe down with lines to the worst part, we had a short carry, and then a hot steak dinner made us "men again."

(To be continued.)

The Golden Age.

It is somewhat difficult now, when civilization has made such strides, and the world is all alive with bustling, energetic men, to imagine the condition of the earth, as it is supposed to

have been in the golden age of Roman mythology.

In those golden days, there were no worrying cares nor wearying duties. No farmers tilled the soil, for the most abundant crops grew spontaneously, year after year.

Then, no father was thrown out of employment in mid-winter; there were no wretched homes where children cried with hunger and cold; everybody was contented and happy.

Men were not obliged to build even the rudest shelter, for there was no change of seasons. No poet then could say:—

"What is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days,"

for indeed, all were perfect, and the eye was everywhere pleased with waving green fields, and bright, blooming flowers. Men had neither separate homes nor lands, but everything was in common, and they lived as one great family. There were no Vanderbilts nor Goulds, no beggars nor outcasts. There were no books, nor matters pertaining to them; no Shakespeare to sing of "the whining schoolboy with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school." No business, no laws, no government existed; it was an animal life, for when hunger and thirst had been satisfied, the goal was reached, the highest aim accomplished.

It would seem, at first thought, that, as men had no limitation to their rights and no one to exercise authority over them, there would have been no restraint from crime; but as they had no vexations nor trials to excite envy or malice, there were no fierce contentions, and hence none of the awful engines of war none of the dreadful losses of life, by which so many homes have been made desolate.

What an Elysium this age would have been for some of the hard-working farmers of the present day, whose rocky ground yields them only a meagre living, and for the many unhappy operatives who have been compelled to look upon life only as a struggle for existence, who have no goal to strive for, no chance to enjoy the beauties of Nature, and no hope reaching beyond their daily routine of toil!

But the golden age with all its delightful features passed away, and the silver and the brazen age came on. Then, struggles for existence, fierce contentions, and even cruel wars arose, sure indications of what was to follow in the last of those fabulous ages of which Ovid sings.

The iron age well deserved its name, and seemed a forerunner of our own unquiet time; for men were treacher-

I V Y .

ous and deceitful, sons plotted for the death of their fathers in order to gain possession of the family property, and step-mothers, that name always symbolic of cruelty, poisoned as well as abused their step-children."

Yet this age had redeeming features, for man began to realize the value of the resources which Nature had placed at his command. Ships were built, and waters hitherto unknown were crossed. This was the birthday of the world-wide commerce of the present, upon which, to such a degree, depends the civilization and prosperity of nations.

Had the golden age continued, what would have been our present surroundings? On every side, green fields and wooded hills, a few rude huts, perhaps, here and there, indolent people, flocks and herds grazing on the hillside and in the valleys, but no signs of toil, no busy hum of machinery, no thrifty villages with their white church spires to impress one with a sense of rest and comfort, no commerce to promote our civilization by association with foreign nations, bringing within our reach their rich natural and manufactured products, by an exchange of our goods for theirs. Nor, in fact, would there be any goods to exchange, for no tall chimneys of factories and mills would meet the eye. Factories would be unknown, and the rivers, unrestrained by man, would roll on to the sea.

There would have been no persevering Columbus, no Watt would have watched the vibrating kettle-lid and learned a lesson for man's happiness and progress; no Agassiz would have revealed the great secret of Nature; no Longfellow, beloved in all lands, would have sung to us in such sweet strains; no Hawthorne would have delighted us with his weird fancies. We should look in vain for the great masters of the pencil, the brush, the chisel, and the lyre. Let the sharp contrast between the ages be a lesson to us to use well whatever powers and privileges we enjoy, so that each day may find us farther advanced than its predecessor, and so that we may fill well our stations in life whether they be high or humble.

Surely, we, with our great advantages of protecting laws, the means of a broad education, and unlimited possibilities in the future, ought to sing:—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted Past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea!" A. M. W., '85.

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>*SCISSORS.*<

"Active shears gather no rust."

Restless activity proves the man.
—[Goethe.

Intellect is not a tool, but a hand
that can handle any tool.—[Carlyle.

A road-bed is for the convenience of
wheels when they are tired.

A sixteen year old girl can soften
and whiten her hands, by soaking
them in dishwater three times every
day.

What is the rate of interest when
"distance lends enchantment to the
view?"

"I have the subject at my finger's
end," said the student as he folded his
"crib" at examination.

A girl who was reading, exclaimed,
"Why, grandma, here's a typographi-
cal error!" "Kill it!" said the old la-
dy, adjusting her glasses, "it is one of
those pesky bugs that's eating the dic-
tionary."

"The ingenuity, which is devoted
to knavery, if turned to honest in-
dustry, would not only suffice to carry
the world towards virtue, but would
make the knaves prosperous and re-
spectable citizens."—[Fielding.

The seniors were taking their first
practical lesson in astronomy. One
imaginative youth was taking in the
queen of the night for all she was
worth. Another smart specimen cov-
ered the end of the telescope with his
hat. "Why, the moon is inhabited,"
slowly came from the observer. The
hat is for sale cheap.—[Ex.

Prof.: "Why does a duck put his
head under water?" Pupil: "For
diver's reasons." Prof.: "Why does
he go on land?" "For sundry reasons."
Prof.: "Next, you may tell us why a
duck puts his head under water."
Second pupil: "To liquidate his bill."
Prof.: "And why does he go on land?"
"To make a run on the bank."—[Ex.

"Knowledge, like the fairy's wand,
ennobles whatever it touches. The
humblest occupations are adorned by
it, and without it the most exalted
positions appear to true men mean
and low." "Power and wealth are
noble aims and, when rightly used,
may be the means of conferring un-
measured blessings on mankind; but
knowledge has nobler fruits than these,
and the worth of your knowledge is
to be measured, not by the credits it
will add to your account in ledger nor
the position it will give you among
men; but by the extent to which it
educates your higher nature and ele-
vates you in the scale of manhood."

—[Prof. J. P. Cooke.

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STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

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1732—Washington.—1799

THE BOY.

Children, we are told, show their bringing up by their actions, and surely Washington could have paid no greater tribute to the early teachings of his mother than he did throughout his life. By no means an ordinary boy, he seemed to possess the best traits of boyhood. Having for a close companion his mother, and his nearest associates being persons much older than himself, he seemed mature beyond his years, and, when only thirteen, gathered together a set of rules to govern his every-day life.

Unlike so many of the boys who have grown to be great men, he did not have to struggle with poverty and want to get an education, for, born of wealthy parents, he had all the privileges of the times. He showed untiring zeal in his search for knowledge, and seemed always searching out the true meaning and object of life, and the best ways of accomplishing that object. It must be remembered that he did not have half the books that can be had by the boy of today, but he studied more zealously those which he did have.

He was very passionate, having inherited a high temper as well as the spirit of command, but by the influence of one of the best of mothers, was taught to govern and control his temper.

One of his rules, "Undertake not what you cannot perform," was carefully followed by him, for he never undertook anything but what he did and did well. He seemed always to find time for everything, and never did his work in a hurried manner.

And still, as other boys, he was fond of sports, and in them as in almost everything else, he excelled most of his playfellows and was always leader. Though so young in years, we see dominant the brave, resolute spirit,

bold, fearless for the right, which characterized his future life. His truthfulness has become proverbial, and, in fact, Washington seems to have been as nearly perfect as any boy on record.

F. V. C., '86.

THE SCHOLAR.

In the days of Washington's youth, an education was not so easily obtained as at the present time, and it was customary among the wealthy planters to complete their children's education by giving them instruction in England. George's elder brother had this advantage, while George himself received the rudiments of education in the best establishment which his neighborhood afforded. Here he profited largely by the slender advantages he possessed, and this instruction, together with his home training, made him what he was, honored, loved and respected through life, revered and mourned in death.

It seems that Washington had no instruction in grammar, and that the actual amount of knowledge acquired by him at school was much less than that which is taught at the present high schools. But if his acquisitions were not great, he had formed habits which were of greater use.

Washington became honored and renowned despite all the disadvantages under which he labored, and came forward, truly "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Since Washington effected so much through all the trials and struggles of his early life, what ought we, the scholars of today, to accomplish? We may establish habits of punctuality, patience and order, even if we do not devote ourselves to the lessons. We may accustom ourselves to be guided by inclinations of duty rather than pleasure, and endeavor to win the esteem and love of everyone about us.

C. L. S., '86.

THE SURVEYOR.

Washington, when a small boy, showed a decided preference for mathematical studies, and as he grew older he mastered the higher branches of mathematics. He made a practical use of his knowledge in surveying land near the district school which he attended.

Leaving school, he went to visit his brother, who owned the estate at Mt. Vernon. While there, he became acquainted with an eccentric old English nobleman, Lord Fairfax, who, pleased with his appearance, engaged him for a doubloon a day to survey some wild tracts of land which he possessed in the interior.

Although it was in the month of March and the snow was still to be seen on the summits of the Alleghanies, evincing much of that energy which he displayed so often in after life, with a horse and guide he set out to accomplish the task which he had undertaken. For a month he spent the most of his time in the forest, bivouacking in the open air at night, often drenched to the skin, shivering under the cutting winds of March, he underwent trials that were well calculated to make a hardy constitution one of iron.

It was here in this wilderness that he became accustomed to the hardships, dangers and perils with which he was afterwards surrounded. Here that he obtained that discipline, courage and self-reliance, that knowledge in wood-craft, which served him in such good stead in the French and Indian war.

Little did the sturdy Virginian boy dream, as he forded the streams swollen with spring rains, or walked under the dimly lighted arches of the forest, that he was to lay the foundation, deep and strong, of a nation of fifty millions of free people, whose possessions extend from ocean to ocean.

That he performed his work of surveying faithfully is proved by the fact that on his return, though but sixteen years of age, he was appointed public surveyor for a term of three years.

A book of his surveys is carefully kept in the State Department at Washington. It is a model of neatness and accuracy.

The qualities which made Washington a success in life were courage, self-control, energy, perseverance, faithfulness, and honesty.

We can, at least, draw one great lesson from the qualities exhibited in him as a surveyor: that of faithfulness in little things. How well were the words of scripture fulfilled: "Thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." W. J. C., '86.

THE SOLDIER.

The French and Indian war had begun when Gen. Braddock arrived from England. Washington was with him at the time of his defeat and in the conflict he seemed to be everywhere, riding fearlessly in all directions. Every other officer on horseback was either killed or wounded, and he alone remained unharmed! Surely a Divine Providence watched over him that day, to preserve him for the greater events in which he was to take so active a part!

As the Revolutionary war approached, Washington carefully and shrewdly watched public events, sympathizing with the people in their struggles to free themselves from British tyranny. In June, 1775, Washington was appointed by the Continental Congress, commander-in-chief of the army.

Although he by no means sought this distinguished yet fearful trust, he modestly accepted it, pledging himself to do all in his power for the country he loved so well. Imagine the difficulties of his situation! The army, though consisting of several thousand, was without discipline and almost entirely destitute of arms, while the British forces, amply supplied with military stores and necessary equipments, held command of Boston. Washington applied himself with his characteristic zeal and carefulness to the duties before him.

The next year, we find that he annoyed the British in Boston until they were obliged to evacuate the town and the American army entered in triumph. In New York, he devoted himself to strengthening the defences. From here he was forced to retreat to White Plains, thence to New Jersey. His situation then was a most discouraging one, yet he never wavered for

an instant. When he appeared before his weary and enfeebled army, his look was calm, his deportment unembarrassed, the self-possession which he always displayed inspiring confidence in others. On Christmas night, Washington achieved a great victory at Trenton, broke up the British posts on the Delaware, and revived the flagging hopes of the American people.

In 1781, at Yorktown, after a siege of twenty-one days, the British army surrendered. This was the finishing stroke of the war. Two years after, Washington resigned the commission he had borne so faithfully, and retired to private life, carrying with him the affection and gratitude of his country, and the admiration of the world.

L. A. J., '86.

THE PRESIDENT.

At length he is crowned with the greatest honor of the country, an honor unsought and undesired; for, after the strifes and turmoils of battle were over, his only ambition was the rest and retirement of private citizenship. But it seemed to all that he was the right and only one for organizing the new government, and so, although against his wishes, he assumed his duties, choosing the most talented men of the land for consultation and advice.

What a task was before him! Yet he did not shrink from it, always feeling that "his highest duty was to his country and his God." The extent of country that he was to govern was much larger than any former republic, the west uncultivated and hardly explored, filled with lurking, hostile Indians; the treasury empty; credit worthless; no foreign commerce; feelings of hostility between his own and the mother country. Yet, by his administration, the United States was raised to prosperity from its state of embarrassment; commerce was restored; peace was negotiated with the savages, and he showed his magnanimity by trying to educate and civilize them; and when war sprang up between France and England, he foresaw that neutrality would be the best policy, regardless as to what might be his loss of popularity. In fine, by his noble efforts he gave a character to the country.

S. E. R., '86.

HIS DEBT TO HIS MOTHER.

Both sacred and profane history has shown that predictions as to a man's character may be made from a knowledge of his mother's mental and moral attributes. Evil tendencies, impure deeds, ungenerous dispositions in the mother appear in the son with increased wickedness. If she be a woman of great nobility, she bequeaths to her

son the elements of an honorable life. Such a woman was Madame Mary Washington.

The history of Washington's life bears continued evidence of his great conscientiousness. In the copy-books of his early schooldays, in his diaries, in his actions as general of an army, in his decisions when first man in all the United States, we see the results of his mother's teachings; for it was she who instructed him to be exact and just in all his dealings. In his code of morals and manners, written at the advice of his mother, is the following: "Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial light called conscience."

Madame Washington early instilled into her son's character that deference for woman for which he was especially noted. Her religious teachings had great influence in the formation of his character. Biographical sketches picture Madame Washington surrounded by her little family, reading to them from Matthew Hale's Contemplations. From the lessons of this book and from the quiet chats with his mother, Washington learned many fine maxims by which he regulated his conduct in after life. It was his mother who showed him the necessity of having perfect control over his temper. It was she who taught him to be truthful.

To his mother, Washington owed many of his best traits of character. It is true that he was endowed by nature with many fine qualities. His mother's counsel and advice fell not upon barren ground, but upon a soil well adapted to receive them, and in the harvest yielded a rich crop of noble deeds. G. P. F., '86.

He—"As a general rule, men have brains and women have not; of course there are exceptions." She—"You and I are exceptions, aren't we?"

—[Ex.]

Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.—The Bard of Avon.
And four times he who gets his blow in fust.—Josh Billings.

—[Ex.]

"Doctor," said a despairing patient to his physician, "I am in a dreadful condition. I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?" "I think you had better roost," was the reply.—[Ex.]

Papa (soberly)—"That was quite a monstrosity you had in the parlor, last evening." Mam (nettled)—"Indeed! That must depend on one's understanding of the term 'monstrosity.'" Papa (thoughtfully)—"Well, two heads on one pair of shoulders, for example." —[Ex.]

LILY.

❖EXCHANGES.❖

We trust that "Ananias Hatchet" of the Albany One is not troubled with the terrors of an overworked digestion. There was certainly a marked contrast between the style of his article and that of Bancroft's History.

The Latin School Register omits to give its readers the class year of "William Nye," who has written for its last two numbers. It is very fortunate to have so humorous a Bill in its corps of writers. What's his bill?

There are some of our exchanges which we always open before leaving the post-office, as we are sure to find matters of interest in them. Of this number is the H. S. Review of Newton, which, as it grows in years, also grows in grace. Of this number, too, is the Critic, a live and entertaining paper.

We have wondered with what the Exonian would fill its columns when out-door games ceased; but the editors were equal to the emergency, and have published a long list of polo rules. If more space were given to the "literary societies," the interest in them would not have "so noticeably diminished."

The High School Journal, of Chicago, shows its enterprise by presenting each subscriber, and also each exchange, we presume, as we received a copy, with a photo-lithograph of a magnificent high school. The building is as yet on paper, but is to be a reality of the near future.

The Washburn Argo says: "We have noticed in several exchanges essays on some of our most famous poems. It is questionable taste, we think, to publish productions of this kind. It rarely enlightens one, and often takes all the beauty from the original." As the colleges of New England are now requiring a "special fit" in this very kind of work, and on these particular subjects, perhaps this fact may explain the "questionable taste." At all events, we soon propose to do the same thing.

Judging from the contents of the Perdue, it is doing good work for the West by the industrial education it is giving its young men. It seems to be to the West what the School of Technology is to New England.

We credit the Record of Woonsocket with a vigorous editorial, stating facts, alas! too true. As regards that other little matter, we forgive and *forget*, and shall redouble our exertions not to do the same thing in the future.

Continued on page 6.

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Editorial.

A seal is a piece of metal, precious stone, or other hard substance on which is engraved an image, inscription or device. The material thus engraved is used in making impressions on some soft substance, as wax. Anciently the wax used was white, and the impression of the seal in it served as an evidence of the authenticity of the document to which it was attached. Wax of various colors is now used, and not only is it placed on all public documents, wills, deeds, etc., but on private letters; for the young lady of the period must have her scented wax, her candles, and her monogram engraved on a precious stone.

Frequently we see little circular pieces of colored paper affixed to documents, and sometimes a scroll or ring made with the pen in imitation of the seal. These serve the purposes of seals.

All cities and most towns have their seals; but recent inquiry has developed the fact that Milford has none, outside of her court seal. How it happens that a town of her size and standing should be without one, we do not know. It seems strange that the subject has received no consideration from the public.

The snow has disappeared, and also all thoughts of the purposed sleigh-ride of the first class; yet the young ladies are still hopeful. They are now contemplating a trip to Boston, including a visit either to the Battle of Gettysburg or the Japanese Village. We are authorized to state that no boys need apply.

The High School.

A high-school education is a benefit, no matter what we intend to become in after life. Obligated, day after day, to assemble at a fixed time, we are taught a practical lesson in punctuality; and the discipline—mental, moral, and physical—to which we are subjected, is an assistance throughout our lives. By obedience to the rules of the school, we form the habit of submitting to the judgment of those who have had more experience than ourselves, and thus later, as citizens, are more amenable to the laws of the land.

As a high school is not a respecter of birth or wealth, all are on an equal footing; each, however, must regard the rights of the others. There, side by side, sit rich and poor; and it is soon apparent that it is mental ability that gives caste to the scholar's life.

Our studies broaden and develop our mental powers. The study of mathematics increases the reasoning faculty and is the foundation of the sciences. The study of the classics and of the modern languages is strict, disciplinary work; for we must not only learn each day's lesson, but must keep it in readiness for use in every following lesson; we must be able to select the words in their proper order, and form connected English sentences; we must avoid words derived directly from the foreign word, thus becoming familiar with English synonyms. The fact that many English words are derived from foreign languages enables us to tell at sight the meaning of new words, and so the study of the languages is of great value in the study of English. In fine, there are so many little points of which we must be watchful, that faithful work in the classics requires of one the application and perseverance which are characteristic of the successful man.

The student of English literature makes a careful and critical study of the works of the best authors; he searches for the hidden thought in passages that at first appear blind and meaningless; he cultivates a taste for a thorough instead of a hasty reading of the best literature.

We are taught the principles of our town, state and national government. In fact, the discipline of the school itself is a practical lesson in civil government.

Another subject of vital importance is the anatomy, physiology and hygiene of our bodies, and the use and abuse of stimulants.

We are taught the laws of matter, also, its physical and chemical properties, and those phenomena that depend upon physical and chemical changes. We learn of the wonderful progress

that has been made in the various sciences, and are taught lessons of patient, self-denying application by the lives of the students who have brought to the sight of men the hidden mysteries.

Laboratory work, using its delicate apparatus, and presenting to the eye the thoughts of the book, requires so great neatness and accuracy that the scholar forms habits which will benefit him the rest of his life.

The student of history sees before him the rise and fall of ancient empires. He learns of the deeds of men whose writings, although composed two thousand years ago, are read to-day in the schools, and he can profit by the experience of men, the record of whose successes and failures he reads.

What is learned from the text-books is a small part of the knowledge gained in the various studies; there are innumerable questions constantly suggested, in the study of every subject, which the scholar, if he wishes to thoroughly understand his lesson, must master by consulting books of reference.

When one has been in the high school only a short time, he begins to see how much there is in this world to be learned, and how little he knows. Grant that a scholar forgets all this book knowledge, yet he will still have an advantage over one who has never received this training, for he knows how to learn; his mind is developed, and he knows where to go for information on any subject.

Finally, that a high school pupil is good for something besides study, has been quite thoroughly demonstrated the last two years by our industrial exhibitions.

F. L. F., '85.

"It will be a cold day for him."
—[Iliad, Book I., 325.]

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration, the other, ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires.—[Beecher.]

Buds.

Born in Westmoreland county, Va., Feb. 22, 1732, a son to Augustine and Mary Washington.

Blossoms.

Married in New Kent county, Va., Jan. 17, 1759, by Rev. David Mossum, George Washington and Martha Custis.

Cypress.

Died at Mt. Vernon, Va., Dec. 14, 1799. George Washington, aged 68 years.

❖LOCALS.❖

"Let's C."

Who is the "prettiest" *garcon* in school?

"Virtue is a barbarism," so says the rhetoric class.

How do you like Jennie? Jennie who? *Je ne sais pas.*

We rejoice in the possession of a set of new paper-sticks.

"There are two kinds of electricity—negative and *primitive*."

One young lady of the first class confidently asserts that Paris is in the south-eastern part of England.

"And still the wonder grew that one small head could *forget* all he knew." After an *Anrifex*. Suggested by an examination.

The recent floods spared our cellar and fires so that we did not have an extra vacation, as some of our friends did who live near Boston.

During our last cold snap, many of the young ladies of the school were seen picturesquely wrapped in their desk-covers.

"O dear!" she exclaims, as she vainly tries to recall a forgotten word. "Were you speaking to me?" sweetly inquires the senior at her side, but he fails to receive an answer.

Among the electric apparatus being handed in by the philosophy class, we noticed a remarkably well-made electrophorus, the work of Miss Nellie Brown, '88.

A little boy of this town who had braved storm and mud to attend morning services of a recent Sunday, when asked to remain to the Sunday school, refused because—"It is so muddy."

A former teacher of Thomasville, Ga., now a resident of Milford, tells of a pupil who had sixteen names. She was named after her grandfather, grandmother, aunts and uncles.

The poets are now racking their brains for original ideas for a class ode. All may compete for the honor, and the metre and music have been selected.

How lonesome it seems without a spring exhibition? For the past four years we have given a great deal of thought and labor to our annual entertainment; but, this season, to avoid any complaint of over work, it has been deemed expedient to omit it.

Latin I. is reading the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, "the story teller." We hope that none have lost sleep because of frightful dreams of our much abused text-books changed to horrid monsters and visiting upon the unlucky victim vengeance for their neglect.

Extracts from the civil government examination paper:—

Enrolled militia consists of men who are enrolled as men who work during time of *peace* but at times of war or riot are ready to take arms.

The Superior Court has charge of the punishment of the prisoner. If he is not guilty sometime the sentence is short. It consists of two judges.

A person in order to be a senator or representative must have been a *residence* of the state five years.

She came rushing into the school-room with an "O! girls, did you know a man just got shot?" "Where? Where?" In a chorus. "Down in the hardware store. He only got a pound."

An answer by the small boy to "Ne prenez pas" etc.:—

"I ain't the size," on me dit,
Pour les prendre sur mon knee,
Mais prenez garde de ce que vous say.
Car bientôt je growerai.
J'irai, alors, a *leur sanctum*
Que je quitterai quand j'ai "*spanctum*."

A profane question: It has been asked whether truthful boys were such a rarity in the first half of the last century that G. W.'s wonderful daring in confessing his *axe-ident* is worth the everlasting heralding it receives.

We evidently have a mission; namely: to teach the rising generation how to spell *lily*. Go to the foot, Perdue.

A member of the physiology class prefers sight to hearing; for deaf persons generally are "merose and meloncolly." We presume this especially refers to the summer months.

There are three scholars in school who can boast that their great-great-grandfather entertained Washington when he was in Milford years ago. They still speak to us, however, as we pass.

Personals.

Harry Tilden, '86, is confined to the house by sickness.

Mabel Cummings, '88, has returned to school after an absence of a year.

Nellie M. Conely, '85, has just entered the Framingham Normal School.

John N. Cahill, '85 (English), is employed as book-keeper at Turner's Falls.

George Hunter, once of '85, has recently received a \$250 scholarship at Harvard.

Aggie M. Burke, '86, has completed her study of stenography at Providence, R. I.

Samuel N. Nelson, '73, was the first physician in this country to inoculate rabbits according to M. Pasteur's method for the prevention of rabies.

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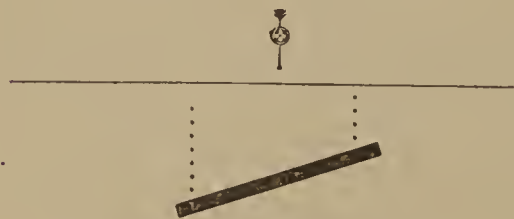
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(Continued.)

Down the Connecticut in a Canoe. TUESDAY, August 25.

As it was then 3 o'clock, we had no expectation of reaching Claremont; but we had failed to realize the strength of the current, and when, an hour later, we ran by a beautiful town, to our astonishment we found it to be Windsor, Vt. Here are toll and railroad bridges, and we had our attention fully occupied in keeping the boat straight, as there were so many cross currents. Just below Windsor, we entered the longest straight part of the river that we had yet seen. A second bridge at the further end seemed to recede before our advance; but at last we captured it and, for the second surprise, found the mouth of Sugar river just below it on the left, and the run to the Junction about three miles. So we kept right on to the ferry and landed at 5.30. During the afternoon there were three long, deep and quiet lake-like reaches of water bordered by high land covered with trees, which needed only a bright sun to make them beautiful. The sun, however, refused to shine, but we didn't murmur; for no sun with no rain was far better than yesterday's weather. One of these lagoons with a mountain peak at its lower end, like a sentinal guarding its outlet, would have made a fine view for the camera.

We knew we were at our journey's end, by the two iron rods stretched across the river, like those at Lunenburg, but here we had the good fortune to witness their use. Only one is in daily use; the other is a reserve in case of accident. Both ends of the large ferry-boat are fastened to the rod by chains and pulleys which run freely on the rod; but the bow chain is much shorter than the stern so that the boat hangs down stream from the chain at an angle to the current of the river. The result is that the current, in trying to float the boat down stream, pushes it across to the opposite shore. When this is reached, the short chain is let out, the long one is shortened, and back goes the boat with no tired arms or aching back on the part of the ferryman.



The horizontal line is the rod; the arrow, the current; the dots, the chains, and the heavy line, the boat. The resultant motion then becomes a very interesting example under the composition of forces. Excepting in

early spring or case of freshet, ferrying becomes a very easy matter; the team and load are driven on, fastenings cast off, a push, and away they go.

As we landed, the ferryman was just ferrying a team over, and from him we learned the lay of the land. On his return, we purchased from him green corn, cucumbers, eggs and milk, which, with blackberries and apples given us by his hospitable wife, enabled us to celebrate the completion of our trip with a feast. Our accommodating ferryman bade us good-night with a promise to carry us the next morning to the depot, (a mile away), in time for the early train for Lake Sunapee, N. H.

Here, properly, the trip ended, as far as the title is concerned; but it was supplemented by a short stay at Sunapee, where, however, the canoe was of no use; for it was a time of high winds and white caps, and the danger was not accompanied by any mitigating pleasure. From Sunapee we forwarded the boat to Concord, N. H., and then there was a short trip of 20 miles by the Merrimac to Manchester, which we made between 11 and 5 o'clock, besides lunching on the way and making two short but rough carries.

On our arrival at Manchester, we were greeted by our friends with kindness, but with expressions not at all tending to make us vain of our personal appearance. "What horrible looking objects!" seemed to convey the idea of two unshaven, burned and dilapidated bipeds; but we endured it all with the consolation that "blood will tell," and we knew that it was so purified that it would tell during the hard work of the following twelve months.

If any one intends to take a canoe trip next season, we recommend the Connecticut, *but* below Woodsville. He who has only a week for his vacation can reach Woodsville, N. H., from Boston in time to pitch camp on the day of departure, can easily reach Claremont in five days, (we did it in three), have a day at Sunapee, (40 cents by steamer for the round trip of the lake), and arrive home on the sixth, a wiser and better man; poorer—in purse, but richer in red corpuscles; his only regret that summer days are so fleeting.

VALE.

Go where you may, the name of Washington has become a household word; and even today the whole family of Christendom willingly acknowledges his unenvied pre-eminence."

Blood is a juice of rarest quality.

—[Goethe.

Exchanges.—Continued.

The last number of the Vanderbilt Observer suggests a biographical dictionary; but, we can add, there is also depth to its articles.

After reading the article on osenlation in the Portfolio, we anxiously looked on the title page to see if it were sent out by a mixed college.

Just now an epidemic of chronicles rageth in the land. The Archon and the M. B. S. Echo are the latest victims. Let us all start for Paris and be inoculated!

If the cut is true in the College Chips, we do not think it a very good "ad;" for it looks isolated, bleak and prison-like. This, however, is no index of what is within the covers.

No. 5 of the Young Idea is an improvement on its predecessors, not only in its contents, but in its general appearance. The heading is a great addition. We still hope to see some of those "ads" re-set in proper type, and your printer ought to have enough pride in his work to do so willingly.

We saved the string, Advocate, that confined the last number, and shall use it for a bell rope. We opened the pamphlet with fear and trembling, as, we reasoned, so strong a fastening means a mighty pressure within.

The H. S. Herald has been through the same trials as we, and has been as successful. There is work in re-fitting and re-furnishing, and, like the work of Sisyphus of old, it is often discouraging, but the "aftermath" is an ample reward.

The Comet says: "We always supposed sound moved 13 miles per second." Let's see,—1120 ft. at 60°, and therefore 13 miles would require over 60,000°. What a "heated season" they must have in Rockland! Or is it due to the great elasticity of the atmosphere?

The Academy Trio has an interesting article on "The Effects of Learning on the Countenance." In the past we have noticed "effects" on other things, especially at examination time;—viz: on cuffs, nails and fingers, on the inside of watch cases, and on scraps of paper with strange characters upon them, etc.

All school and college papers assert that they are of practical value to the students of the institutions they represent. Perhaps this may be said with greatest force of the Deaf Mute, for, we understand, the type is set and the presswork is performed by the students, and so, when they go out into the world, they have had an industrial education in at least one phase of business life.

There is a very interesting article in the last Haverfordian on south-eastern Massachusetts. We suppose the printer is responsible for the Latin in the Shakesperian article.

We pity the printer of the Hamilton College Monthly. Just think of being beset by a line of fair maids "just from school", all pointing with finger of scorn to that unfortunate *Hamilton* on the cover!

The teacher of history in the Racine high school has our deepest sympathy, if the examination published in the Dial were not given voluntarily. Only a hundred questions and one of these calls for a two-page answer!

No. 8 of the Lowell High School is by far the best number received. To be sure, three of the longer articles are very suggestive of our school readers and the Atlantic Monthly; but, nevertheless, we enjoyed reading them.

We suggest to the Corona that it tries the "Composition" as a place for lying, instead of the *desk*. The field is much broader, and the lie cannot be refuted at once, and may escape the watchful eye of the teacher. We commend the Corona for its newsy account of the school happenings.

The Academy Journal says:—
"The percentage of studies is found by adding half the imperfect exercises and recitations to all the perfect ones and dividing the sum by the whole number of such exercises and recitations."

If we understand this rather peculiar method, we think we might get at least 50 per cent.

The Phi-Rhonian and an other exchange remind us of the remark of the little girl who was saying her prayers to her mother. It seems that the l. g. had been *naughty* during the day, and her mother suggested that she tell God of her naughtiness and ask his forgiveness. The n. g. replied: "O no, mother, we must't let such things go out of the family." We are sorry that they felt obliged so publicly to reprimand their fellows.

Lack of space prevents us from speaking of those exchanges below individually, but we commend them one and all: Clonian Messenger, Academician, Wolfe Hall Banner, H. S. Atom, Belvidere Herald, Willistonian, University Mirror, Classical, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Torch, Reporter, Amateur Journal, Academic, Academy Echo, Tidings from Nature, Enterprise, Stray Shot, Multum in Parvo, Critic, Hillsdale Herald, Collegiate, Portland Eagle, Bridgeport Eagle, Enterprise, Foster Academy Review.

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"Active shears gather no rust."

Mirabeau was once asked what was the best way of teaching popular liberty. He answered: "Begin with the infant in the cradle, and let the first name it lisps be Washington."

"Posterity will talk of Washington with reverence, as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolution," exclaimed Napoleon Bonaparte.

At Washington's death the school children throughout the country wore medals bearing his likeness with this inscription: "He is in Glory, the World is in Tears."

"'Tis well," these were the last words of Washington on that Saturday night, Dec. 14, 1799, when, after an illness of only three days, at the age of sixty-eight years the Father of his Country breathed his last.

Gen. Lee of Virginia, in his oration at the death of Washington, pronounced these remarkable words of eulogy, so often quoted: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Although Washington was exceedingly fond of children, no childish lips ever called him father; but, as someone has beautifully said: "God made him childless that the nation might call him Father."

Napoleon, then first consul, so honored the name of Washington, that, at his death, he ordered the banners and standards of France to be draped with crape, and directed that a funeral oration be pronounced before himself.

"The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! The first love of Young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was *his* name. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life! Yes, when the storm of battle blows darkest and rage's highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm and cheer every American heart" —[Rufus Choate.

In a savage forest of Pennsylvania a young Virginian officer fired a shot and waked up a war which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country, and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever England's from her, and to create the great Western Republic, to rage over the Old World, when extinguished in the new, and of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest, to leave the prize of the greatest fame with him who struck the first blow.—[Thackeray.

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. II.

MILFORD, MASS., MARCH, 1886.

No. 7

Trust. A Legend.

For the O. L. and I.

[Minerva, in later times saddled with the attributes of the Greek *Pallas Athene*, was originally an agricultural deity.]

Far away back in the past, in the land of the fig-tree and olive,

Where all the bright summer's day sweeps the breeze from the blue Adriatic,

Italy, home of the golden age and the kingdom of Saturn,

Quiet, apart from the busy din and the tumult of cities,

Lived there a man in an humble cot, an old peasant farmer.

Poverty long had he known, and want was not always a stranger:

Yet his trust was in Heaven, and unto the goddess Minerva

Daily he raised his prayers, and offerings brought her of first-fruits,

Such as the goddess delights to receive from the hands of her vassals.

Still were his prayers in vain; the goddess, implacable, never,

Roaming the moon lit hills, to her worshiper's vision was present.

Hot and dry was the season; the flaming wind from the southward

Parched with its torrid breath the grass and grain of the farmers.

Famine, with darkling front and death-dripping pinion, was flying

Up from his home in the South, the great, gaunt Libyan desert.

Sadly then the farmer his crop of rye and barley

Gathered into his chamber, a pitiful store for his labor.

Sadly beside stood his wife, and sorrowful too were his children.

For already they saw, through the dusky arch of the Future,

Hunger and Death stalking side by side on their pitiless pathway.

But, as they stood and gazed at their scanty treasure of harvest,

(Wonderful then to relate!) at first with a slow gliding motion,

Saw they the grains roll apart, while the spaces between them were filling;

Saw the bin slowly fill, and then on the floor of the chamber

Dropped the precious grains, until the chamber was heavy,

Rich with the wealth of the fields, yet never in fields grown or gathered.

Thanks then unto the goddess the farmer, his wife, and his children

Gave, and his trusting heart with joy was filled to o'erflowing.

With him rejoiced the wandering man whom his bounty befriended;

Others, too, hearing the tale, grew reverent, with awe and wonder

Touched; and in after years, when famine abroad was flying,

Long they remembered the holy man and the miracle wrought him.

A Geological Story.

Forget nineteen centuries with all their trials and triumphs; forget all history, both sacred and profane; turn your thoughts backward millions of years, to the time when Greenland was covered with a luxurious growth, and the heated currents of the ocean furnished it with warmth and verdure. Then the earth's axis swerved from its polar star, and the southern currents no longer mingled with Arctic waters. But the cold currents began to flow, and the cold winds to blow. All animate nature changed her appearance. The animals migrated toward the south, the trees and grasses withered away, and all nature seemed to cry:—

"O the long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted,
Through the forest.—"

Then it was that my parents, the blue waters, gave me birth. I remember no childhood sports, for our family was very large, and we were obliged to enter upon our life work at once. Like the animals, we, too, journeyed southward, and although our speed was slow, yet, because of our great mass, our momentum was tremendous, and nothing could bar our progress. Descending into the depths of the valleys, and climbing the highest hills, on we glided by Hudson's Bay and over Labrador. The crest-line of the Laurentides, the valley of the St. Lawrence, were left

behind, and then Mt. Washington's lofty summit came in view. But what to us were six thousand feet? Up, up we climbed, crushing, grinding and grooving its rocks, and to this day the summer traveler can read our records on the ledges. To the south, our road was very difficult, on account of its winding valleys and steep hills. Some of our number, wearied by the hardships of the journey, glided off into the ocean, but we went onward, over Monadnock and Wachusett, to Long Island, the goal of our desires. We took good care that men should never forget us, for we left autographs behind that can never be effaced. Even now, in Milford, are traces of our writing.

We became Nature's great stone-crusher, as farmers of this vicinity will testify, to their sorrow. Pass over your northern woods, and you will see how well we distributed the fragments. Two monuments still remain to mark the record of our travels, now known as Indian Rock and Bear Hill Boulder. Several pieces of soap stone, torn from their native ledges in southern New Hampshire, we deposited on Milford's mountain, to delude man in later days with hopes of a bonanza. But alas! all hopes soon vanished, for they were only wanderers in a strange land.

By the hard crystalline boulders at our base, we grooved the granite ledges from north to south, and today you can read our handwriting by the side of one of your schoolhouses. When your sewer and water pipes are laid, the sand, the gravel and the rounded stones, thrown out sometimes from the depth of fifteen feet, are evidences of our work. So also are your gravel pits, which furnish you with material for your highways; so too are your sand beds, of which you make your roofings and concrete walks. Look to your water-sheds; see the

gentle northern slopes and sharp southern declivities of the hills,—another lasting witness of our energy.

I have only outlined a work that covered thousands of years, and required a long lapse of time to accomplish. My story is but a leaflet of that great book of nature whose cover was thrown open when the earth broke away from the sun, and will be closed when it returns whence it came.

F. A. M., '83.

Ourselves.

We boast of no Smith, though so common a name,
But we have a fair Jones, which is almost the same.
We're not honored with Dickens but have Dickinson—
Beg your pardon, his daughter we mean, is the one
We see on the records: so too Craige and Snell,
But we can't make a pun upon them very well.
There's a Field of Badberries which Grow to good size,
And a Cook who will stew them and make berry pies.
There's a boy we call Barnyard to Madden a bit,
No matter, we've Demmet, but now we have quit.
There's a girl, Mary P. Cox, though not over proud,
And a boy who is Blunt, although not over-loud;
Although two are so Frank they are really called Franks.
They are never enough so to brand them as eranks.
There is one who is Ernest, not sullen Norcross,
Who comes over from Mendon with "father's old hoss."
(Horses come from their Holmes at a very slow pace,
But go Hay-ward I notice with very good Grace.)
We have a musician whose fame Will increase,
Till the day, as we hope, of his timely decease.
The extent of our world is exceedingly small,
But we've more than one Florence, though that's about all.
But a Tilden have we, tho' he Fales to be Sam.
Yet we call him that often as sort of a sham.
We claim also Napoleon, Tou-gas-y they say—
But that's in a name and in only one way.
Here's Miss Eagan and Luby, O'Neil and two Joes.
Whose names could be written much better in prose.
Ma(y)bel-ls and may trumpets call old '86,
When we're ready to see the Fair-banks of the Styx,
Where we'll gather Sweet Williams, which Grow on the shore,
While waiting for Charon to Carry us o'er.

W. L. F., '86.

Revised Version.

Veni ad—I know not where;
Vidi, tui—a damsel fair;
Vici et—'twas just for fun—
Basiavi!—story's done.

F. L. W.

EXCHANGES.

FROM THE NIAGARA INDEX, SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y.

The Oak, the Lily and the Ivy. That's a nice name, isn't it? It is the name of a little paper that comes here from the High School of Milford, Mass. We like the name. It is so poetic, you know. By the way, would it not be a good title for a Spring poem? Now, we fear the editresses will be highly displeased for those honest reflections, but really we are speaking *bona fide*. In fact, we are completely carried away with the name. We think it is about the best thing in the paper, for there is nothing else in it. We would like to give a lengthy description of this famous publication, but you should all send for a copy in order to appreciate it. Now, if the writers on this little sheet will take our advice, they will leave out such a make-up as they had in the last issue except the heading. *The Oak, the Lily and the Ivy*, and write a good spring poem on that subject, and they will find it to be a vast improvement to their paper. Come again by all means.

We commend the Messenger, of Richmond, for its great number of interesting facts connected with educational matters.

We are glad to learn from the Enterprise that Latin is so well appreciated in Dover. We think it *the* study of any high school.

The most conscientious could not object to the St. Viateur's College Journal for Sunday reading. We hope that the students live up to their paper.

Ah, here is the Stylus! We always look at our hands before picking it up, for fear we may soil it. It is an edition *de luxe* and its contents are worthy of its paper and press work.

We are sorry to learn from one of our exchanges that the "fat girl of St. Agnes (a young ladies' school) fell down the other day." We hope the street did not receive so much damage as was at first reported.

"None but the brave deserve the fair." We hope that Linus of the Trinity School Record, who so manfully takes up the cudgels in behalf of (against?) the *carissimae puellae*, may soon find his Lina—if he has not already done so.

Have we read, or have we dreamed it, that, after a recent hotly-contested Presidential election, the successful candidate was presented by Vassar College girls with a cake made by "their own fair hands"? Yet he is alive and vigorous. Moral. We would suggest that the writer of "Beneath a Senior's Window," in the Eclipse, ought to take the cake. Perhaps on him it might have the effect he indicates himself.

We must beg to differ with the exchange editor of the Randolph Macon monthly, who writes in favor of long editorials. To our mind, several short editorials on live topics are better than one long editorial essay. Kind Monthly, please do not attempt to square our theory with our practice.

It is no fault of the editors of the English High School Record, if they fail to furnish variety enough to satisfy the most morbid sensationalist. In their last issue, we notice "signed editorials" by the Beacon, Detroit Free Press (2), Paper Trade Journal, Philadelphia Item, Lowell Citizen, Merchant Traveler, and Longman's Magazine.

We notice one good feature about the Park College Monthly: the "contributed" articles are not all written by the editors, unless some very misleading noms de plume have been adopted. This indicates a greater degree of interest, among the Park College students, than is shown by students of some institutions from which we receive exchanges.

Has anyone besides ourselves observed the remarkable similarity between the article in the Hillsdale College Herald, on "The Perpetuity of Thought and Deed," and that in the Advocate of New Brunswick, N. J., entitled "Personal Influence"? Singularly enough, each is the synopsis of an address delivered on Feb. 8. Can it be that Prof. Jacobs and F. P. Stevens are simply allotropic forms of the same substance? Such a change reminds one of the transformation scenes of the "Thousand and One Nights," or the fast traveling of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Next, within ourselves we queried, "To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?" and, behold, the cover was the cover of the Shattuck Cadet. "Are the contents thus symbolized?" we thought. We looked within, but found nothing enigmatical. On the contrary, the meaning was easily grasped, even by our "limited understanding." We read with much interest the short article on "Essays in the High School World," and we wondered—please forgive us—which of the styles the essayist, whose production next followed, intended to adopt. Was it magnificent, sarcastic, humorous, or—that other? We give it up, but, barring the misuse of one word, the essay is an interesting and well written one. The paper is, as a whole, very well edited and printed, though we agree with one of our exchanges, disliking to see the first page of the cover given up to advertisements.

L I L Y .

Be firm. One constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
—[Holmes.]

We help many of our students to
good situations.—[Eastman's College,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.]

Easter will come on April 25. This
has not occurred before since 1734,
and will not occur again until 1943.

Before you begin to peruse a book,
know something about the author.
Read the preface carefully. Take a
comprehensive survey of the table of
contents. Give your whole attention
to what you read. Be sure to note
the most valuable passages as you
read. Write out, in your own lan-
guage, a summary of the facts you
have noted. Apply the results of
your reading to your every-day duties.
—[David Pryde.]

Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Bryn
Mawr are the only colleges giving in-
struction to ladies alone, but there are
in the United States over one hundred
and fifty colleges for young men which
also admit them. The great English
universities, Oxford and Cambridge,
have made arrangements by which
ladies can attend a large number of
lectures. Italy, too, has opened its
seventeen universities to women, and
Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have
also allowed them to enter.

Energy is acquainted with nothing
but success; voices of discouragement
are strangers to it; it never yields one
iota in its determination; though it
may perish under an avalanche of dif-
ficulties; yet as its lamp goes out it is
still contending for its ideal.—[Chris-
tian Union.]

M. E. B. in the Boston 'Journal, af-
ter a visit to the Evening School, says
of literature and modern languages:—

I am not sure but these studies, articles
de luxe as it were, since they were under-
taken more for mental discipline than for
practical aid in life, were not the most im-
portant of all. We so sadly need resources
of the imagination and the more abstract
powers of the mind to sustain and elevate
life that I am always rejoiced to see evidence
of study undertaken for the pleasure and
warmth it brings of itself, without any mer-
cenary or mere practical thought behind it.
Can any pecuniary reward be richer than
the consciousness of greater strength, of
deeper insight, of nobler understanding
within that fair and hidden realm over which
each rules for himself—that kingdom of
which he and he alone is or ever can be king.
Empires may change and circumstance,
prosperity may come or adversity, the mirage
of fame may fade as we journey on and the
bubble fortune burst as we touch it, but
treasure of mind and wealth of spirit who
shall touch or snatch from us?

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THE OAK, LILY and IVY.

MARCH, 1886.

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BY
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Editorial.

Our school numbers nearly 160 pupils; yet during the past two terms only one of the parents of these scholars has visited the school. Who has represented the guardians of the 159? Parents do not realize to what an extent they can influence the welfare of a pupil. A little interest shown by them in the school work is an incentive to greater zeal. The teacher is also stimulated to better results with the knowledge that his efforts will be appreciated and not indifferently passed over. The *best* way parents can show their interest is to visit the school, learn the method of conducting the recitations, and note the advancement of the classes in the different studies. They surely cannot show their interest by staying away and gaining their ideas of the school's progress from the exaggerated reports of a fertile-minded school boy or girl. Come and see us; you will not be asked a single question.

Our principal was summoned to Ashland this month to award the prizes in the speaking contest by the pupils of the high school. Ashland has followed the example set her by Holliston with profit to the scholars, both by increasing the interest in rhetorical exercises, and also by enabling them to add to their library and to their physical apparatus. Can we not do something in this line another year?

What word is equivalent to a sentence?

Guilty.

Through the kindness of Principal W. H. Small we have received a copy of the Hudson Enterprise, containing an account of the High School's Industrial Exhibition. It was a great success, netted the school library fund \$75, and, if we may judge by the report of the crowded condition of their exhibition rooms, was much appreciated by the public. There were needle, kitchen, pen and pencil, floral, confectionery and mechanical departments. There was also a supper room, where the tables were supplied by the scholars. The Enterprise further adds: "Hudson is the second town in Massachusetts, so far as is known, to attempt anything of this nature—Milford being the first."

The question has been raised by several recent deaths, especially by Hancock's, whether or not there is any moral obligation resting on a man, who has received for years a large salary, which should require him to make a provision for the future for himself, his wife, or for his children. We do not grudge his widow any sum, however large, that may be raised for her by patriotic friends; we would not belittle in the least the glorious services of her husband nor the debt due him from the country; yet we think it incumbent on every man to lay by for a rainy day, no matter what his position or his salary, and if fewer eases of this kind were recorded by the daily papers we think it would be a far better lesson for us of the rising generation, and teach us to practise due economy while strength and youth permit.

The delightful treat which lovers of Shakespeare have recently enjoyed, has caused us to wonder whether there is a place in the world where anyone should keep his mouth more tightly closed than at a play of Shakespeare's. A very innocent little question may be, to use a classical expression, a complete give-away. The average theatre-goer is not a competent critic, especially if also totally unacquainted with the history of the times portrayed.

The tattoo which the prompters at the Music Hall play on the speaking tubes, to warn the man who has charge of the curtain, is becoming very noticeable and greatly adds to the interest (?) of a scene when the lovers are dying to slow music.

We cry with Macbeth-like despair:
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this
dirt
Clean from—these piano keys?

LOCALS.

Are you a member of the duodecimo edition?

We now say "sar-din" with accent on the penult.

"Who lived in Acadia?" Scholar—"The Acadians." Teacher—"Thanks."

The seniors are now taking a *red-hot* journey with Phaethon in his wild drive.

Just at present, pickled limes comprise the favorite lunch of the young ladies.

"Say, which is it; an æsthetic or astatic needle in a galvanometer?" (Ec-static applause).

Having finished one of the stories of Ovid, a girl with a cold inquired, "What do you think *Ovid* (of it)?"

Mice have a midnight feast in some of the desks in the back of the room. Menu: pop-corn, crackers, paper bags, etc.

"Last Sabbath the preacher asked us to omit the third and fourth verses of the hymn." How many mistakes here?

Pith-balls are hanging from the gas fixture for experiments in frictional electricity, when a young philosopher exclaims: "O, just see those disinfectants!"

Jerome Walker, M. D., in his physiology, says: "Desks covered with blue or green cloth serve to rest the eye." There are several more young ladies whom our principal expects to hear from.

Young scholar gazing at a picture of St. Cecilia and Peter—"Teacher, what have they got hoops on for?" Teacher—"Hoops?" Y. S.—"Why yes—around their heads."

The young men's wardroom has been refurnished with blacking, brush, box and corn broom, and now we expect the y. m. to shine like the sleek-coated horse when fed on oil meal.

The Ovid class always smile when they reach Dencalion's conversation with his wife Pyrrha after the flood:—"Nos duo turba sumus." They have always thought that it was "*tres*."

The subject of the recitation was "Coining Money." Interested pupil: "Will you please tell me what the letter O, sometimes stamped on silver pieces, stands for?"

Teacher: "Oh!—er—er—"

The Chemistry class are flaunting their colors around, not the national, but a dull orange red, which appears both on the coats of the young gentlemen and the dresses of the young ladies.

PERSONALS.

Ovid. Dencalion exclaims: "O would that I could *repair* the people by my father's skill."

Beware of that new scarf-pin! One end is blunt and harmless enough, but the other extends into the pocket, and when the hand is there—look out!

At the last meeting of the class of '86, a motion was made and passed that a vote of thanks be extended to Florence V. Clark for her interest and energy in preparing the entertainments for the evening meetings held every three weeks. Napoleon Tougas was appointed a committee of *one* to draw up and present the same.

"Come and dance with me," cried the sparkling damsel of the third class. "O! you will have to excuse me," was the reply. "Squeeze you? I won't; you are too fat," and thereupon she wiped two tears from her Blood-eyes.

Five young ladies ventured out the other day with their hair powdered and arranged a la Madame Washington. They were very indignant when they discovered that some thought they were advertising a new brand of flour sold by one of our local dealers.

The singing class is learning "Integer Vitae" and "Good-bye," two songs which are sung at the annual reunions of the graduates of this school. The alumni at their next reunion in June may expect to hear some new voices join in the songs, which, though old, are not familiar to the graduates of recent years.

There is a movement on foot to establish an elocution class under a teacher from the Monroe School of Oratory in Boston. It would certainly be of great profit to the school if such a class could be formed. The teacher is vouched for by the principal of the school, C. W. Emerson, M. D.

Miss Nellie A. Brown, '88, has shown considerable skill in the construction of a model of Caesar's bridge. To make the effect more realistic she has placed it in a pan of water and sand representing the bed of the river Rhine.

"Ou habite les castors?" "Where are the lug hats?"

One day it is the strong scent of turpentine which fills the air; the next, the passing breeze brings us the pungent odor of ammonia, but either of these is preferable to the choking gases which so often ascend in volumes from the laboratory.

We acknowledge the receipt of 66 exchanges for the last month. From New England, 29; from the states west of the Mississippi, and Canada, 14; from the remaining states 23. If our space allowed all might be commended.

Silas W. Hale, our eleventh principal, is receiving the congratulations of his Milford friends because of the happy arrival of "*number three*."

Frank A. Hill, the tenth principal of this school, and at present at the head of the high school in Chelsea, has been appointed master of the English high school, Cambridge, at a salary of \$2,800 per annum.

State Senator Scott, who strongly opposed the division bill in the Senate, and whose speech was so highly praised, was once a pupil of this school in the fifties. His home is now in Lexington.

Charles H. Morrill, '82, who left Harvard to take the principalship of the Wilton, N. H., high school, has declined another term's service, and will enter Dartmouth to complete his college course.

Kittie H. Donovan, once of '88, is receiving instruction in instrumental music at Framingham.

Clara Fisher, '75, is clerking at E. McKay's dry goods store.

Martin J. Kelley, '80, has been re-elected librarian of the public library.

John F. Toomey, '77, is now employed by clothiers in Boston, Mass.

Annie G. Burke, Theresa A. McCarten, Lizzie A. Madden, John McLaughlin and Hugh Bradley, all graduates of this school, took prominent parts in the play, entitled "Colleen Bawn," at the Music Hall, St. Patrick's night.

Jennie L. Tufts, '82, is advertising for music scholars.

Edmund Murphy, once of '81, died at his home in West street, Sunday morning after an illness of three weeks.

Frank L. Young, '70, and wife, Minnie E. Jones (Young), '75, of Boston, recently participated in the entertainment at the Universalist fair.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Anna M. Walker, '85, has been obliged to leave the Normal school at Framingham on account of ill health.

The Lowell high school paper is proud of its battalion, and in the last issue says: "A great part of the good discipline displayed in the ranks is due to Mr. Sherburne, who understands his business perfectly." When the present senior class has graduated, there will be no one in school who sat under the instruction of our former sub-master.

Effie E. Adams (Worthen), '77, is teaching in Bellingham, and Nellie A. Dale, '80, at Wellesley Hills.

Mary E. Traversee, '84, who is attending Wellesley College, has had the misfortune to sprain her ankle. She has our sympathy.

Jessie E. Grow, '86, a very successful teacher of the Terpsichorean art, has a class at Hopedale.

Horace A. Brown, '85, has left his position at the Hopedale Machine Co's shop, and is now employed at George W. Lane's dry goods store.

Ellen M. Patrick, a former assistant, is now teaching in the Young Ladies' High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rev. Charles J. White of Woonsocket, our seventh principal, recently delivered, at the First Universalist church of this town, a very entertaining and instructive lecture on the Roman Catacombs.

Wallace I. Stimpson, '81, is about to go West, even to the other shore, in search of spoil. May he charm the natives with his voice and gather in the products of the earth, especially gold, with his hands.

William F. Sherborne, English, '84, has left his position as assistant station agent at Hyde Park and is now station agent at Dorchester.

Ernest L. Cook, '82 English, is employed in the locomotive works at Providence, R. I.

Henry Edgar Littlefield, a former pupil, is employed in Jones & Bowens' provision store at Jacksonville, Fla.

Bernard Kelley, '76, is travelling in New Jersey and Pennsylvania for Chase & Sanborn, coffee and tea merchants.

A problem which many students of algebra at times attempt to solve is: Given the example and the answer, to find the work. It is said that many students consider this a problem whose solution is impossible.—[H. S. Review.

Is this the case with any of our dear A's and B's? Oh, no indeed!

Some of our teachers have received invitations to attend the commencement exercises of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, to witness the graduation of Miss Alice T. Hall, one of our recent assistants.

The Greek Professor tells us that the Greeks called the parts of the eyes now known as "pupils," "girls," because those are the images most in people's eyes.—[Ex.

Story of a Library Book.

I had been living in the very atmosphere of books for several months. So, as I sat in the fading twilight on the floor of the old deserted library, with the musty, dilapidated volumes piled about me, I scarcely started, or even felt surprised, when I heard a voice by my side say in a weak but exultant tone, "At last! At last! The time has come for the book to speak and break this long, long silence." I soon ascertained whence the sound came, and stooping, lifted a heavy volume of Shakespeare, which rested on another much smaller book. The latter gave a sigh of relief and said, "You are in sympathy with me, and so I can speak. It does not often happen."

"It was when I was new and my pages pure and unstained, that I enjoyed life most. Now that I am too old and worn for use, my only pleasure is in thinking of those happy days." (Here the book gave vent to a heart-rending sob, which all the others echoed; then, after a pause, it resumed:) "How much I enjoyed my travels! I went up among the clouds on Mt. Washington; I sailed down the Connecticut on a pleasure excursion; and one gala day I went up in a balloon. Very soon my adventures came to bear more directly upon myself. I came into the possession of a young lady who ate sweetmeats over my open pages. You can easily find traces of them even now. That was not the worst, however. She possessed that nuisance of nuisances—a little brother. He captured me, scratched his name in pencil over the margin, filled up the o's in a chapter, drew pictures in red ink on the blank pages, and finished by dropping me into a bucket of water."

Suddenly the book burst into a laugh which made its poor weak binding crack, and its leaves shake. "I was with a queer old lady once. She took snuff; (of course I had my share too) and just before retiring, she used to place me under her arm, and, candle in hand, walk through all the rooms of her house, looking under sofas, behind doors and in closets. For what do you suppose she could have been searching? Well, I don't know, because she never found it."

"I once knew a girl who disliked to practise." (I really think the book meant to be personal then, it spoke in such a sly way.) "She used to take me to the piano with her, place me on the rack, strike a note semi-occasionally, and read, while her mother, at work in the kitchen, thought she was dutifully practising her music lesson. Another read me in church during the sermon, which she did not appreciate."

"By this time, I had entirely lost my pride. Some of my leaves were gone, the others badly torn. My frontispiece (of which I had been so proud) was spattered with ink. If there is any class of literature that is to be pitied more than all others, it is the poor, wandering library book. Yet I do not regret my existence, nor the part I have played in so many human lives. I have been a source of temporary enjoyment, at least, to many a heart heavily laden with worldly cares. What mortal is not sometimes thankful for a little respite and oblivion? Very few are grateful to the library book, however. They do not treat it as they would their own property, but seem to delight in its mutilation and destruction."

"Not long since, I came into the possession of an old bachelor. I know he was a bachelor, because there was no sign or token to suggest that a woman had ever entered his sanctum. He chewed that vilest of all vile weeds, tobacco. He did not think how loathsome and disgusting I should be to the next person I visited, and, worse still, I fear he did not even care. Is it any wonder that I dreaded to be touched by clean hands again?"

"It happened that I came into the possession of a young lady, next. I never liked any one so well. I knew I was very disgusting to her, for after reading me a short time, she laid me carefully away, and had she not been very much interested in my pages, I am positive that she would never have touched me again. I knew she must have very little reading matter, because I never saw any other books or papers about. After I had been there a few days, I noticed that she never left her room, and guessed that she had in some way displeased her father (a very ignorant, tyrannical man) and was shut up in it for a punishment. He often came to her door and spoke in angry, threatening tones, but she was always calm and firm. I know he would have been very angry if he had found me there, and if he had, I might have been treated even worse than before. I don't think he could read or write. I tell you that it is an education that you human beings need," declared the book emphatically. Then in its former mournful tone it murmured, "I shall never see her again, for I am too old to go out into the world any more." Then with a final sob the book ceased speaking, after slowly and sadly repeating these words:—

"How weak and poor is the romancer's art! There is no tongue or pen that can portray The story of the simplest human heart. Once I could read and wonder; now, in sooth, I know there's naught so bitter strange as truth." "

L. A. J., '86.

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Some Observations.

Among the various cases of impoliteness which we notice in our everyday life, few are the result of deliberate intention. A greater number are due to thoughtlessness, or a sort of mild selfishness.

School girls are often seen congregated in little groups, laughing boisterously, interrupting one another, three or four talking at once in their shrillest tones, their combined efforts in this direction producing a result which is very discordant to sensitive ears. These girls with the best of intentions are violating the rules of politeness. They are seemingly forgetful of the saying, "A soft voice is a beautiful thing in woman." Again these same girls, during school hours and in their recitations, go to the other extreme, mumbling so faintly that they are repeatedly requested to speak louder.

How annoying to a congregation to have a man rise and divest himself of his overcoat at some fine passage of music or during the sermon! Yet we frequently see it done. Nor is this the only case of impoliteness that happens in the church. Man is as thoughtless and selfish here as at other public places. The premature shutting of hymn-books, the turning and rustling of the leaves of the Bible, whispered remarks upon the preacher, the sermon, or a lady's bonnet, are of frequent occurrence.

Still greater thoughtlessness is displayed at places of public amusement, especially at theatres. The purchaser of a ticket feels himself entitled to enjoy himself even at another's expense. He talks during the acts, criticising the actors and the acting in a voice which is perfectly audible to many. If he be at all musical and the entertainment consists of singing, he hums or attempts to hum the air which is being played.

When men and boys stand talking on the street corners, do they realize that they are obstructing the way and hindering other persons from passing? When they quietly puff the smoke from their cigars into a passing lady's face, are they aware that they are making themselves obnoxious? Disrespectful conduct of the young towards the old, loud laughter and rude behavior, would be banished if all thought how their actions appeared to others. We can still say with Burns:—

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

G. P. F., '86.

Activity is the lever of Archimedes.
—[Bulwer.

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✻SCISSORS.✻

"Active shears gather no rust."

Student—"Rex fngit—the king flees." Professor—"In what other tense can that form be made?" Perfect." "Yes, and how would you then translate?" Painful silence, professor suggests "has." Student—"The king has fleas."—[Ex.

Law of Gravity.—"Say, Professor," said a freshman to the lecturer, "what makes a fellow's heart sink when he's in trouble?" "The gravity of the situation, of course," was the eloquent rejoinder.

When one gives a boy a lift in the world he cannot tell what the consequences will be. Sir Humphrey Davy was once asked to give a list of the greatest discoveries which he had made. He replied that his greatest discovery was Michael Faraday. He found him a poor boy washing bottles in his laboratory, and aided him until he became one of the world's greatest men. If Michael had been at play instead of washing bottles, however, Sir Humphrey probably would not have become interested in him, and if he had not been faithful in his humblest duties he would have failed when given greater work. It is the boy who washes a bottle honestly who is most likely to have large success as a man.

The boys of today who are going to rule in the next generation are those who get to the bottom of things, those who don't take things for granted, and who keep their answers inside the truth. The boy who steals his examination papers will steal his employer's money some day. The man is generally certain to end where the boy begins.—[The School Journal.

Prof. in Latin—Mr. G., what case does *nubere* (to marry) govern? Mr. G.—"Dative." Prof.—"What dative?" Mr. G.—"Dative of disadvantage."

A "Prep." whose frequent blunders had nearly exhausted the patience of his instructor, capped the climax by pronouncing "similis" "see-me-less." "Hope I may," earnestly ejaculated the Professor.

"John Blair," asked his room-mate, "what kind of a bear is a consecrated cross-eyed bear?" The latter replied that he had never heard of such an animal. John insisted that they sang about it at Sunday school. "No," said his room-mate, "it is 'a consecrated cross I bear.'"

Society senior to store clerk: "Have you any blue neckties to match my eyes?" Clerk: "No, but we have some soft hats that I think will match your head."

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STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. II.

MILFORD, MASS., APRIL, 1886.

No. 8

Easter Hymn.

Prof. F. H. Hedge, (H. U.)

ANGELS.

Christ hath arisen!
Joy to our buried Head!
Whom the unmerited,
Trailing inherited
Woes, did imprison.

WOMEN.

Costly devices
We had prepared—
Shrouds and sweet spices,
Linen and nard;
Woe the disaster!
Whom we here laid,
Gone is the Master,
Empty his bed.

ANGELS.

Christ hath arisen!
Loving and glorious,
Out of laborious
Conflict victorious,
Christ hath arisen.

DISCIPLES.

Hath the inhumated
Upward aspiring,
Hath he consummated
All his desiring?
Is He in being's bliss
Near to creative joy?
Wearily we in this
Earthly house sigh;
Empty and hollow, us
Left He unblest.
Master! Thy followers
Envy Thy rest.

ANGELS.

Christ hath arisen
Out of corruption's womb.
Burst every prison!
Vanish death's gloom!
Active in charity,
Praise Him in verity!
His feast prepare it ye!
His message bear it ye!
His joy declare it ye!
Then is the Master near,
Then is He here.

Hope nothing from luck and the probability is that you will be so prepared, forewarned and forearmed that all shallow observers will call you lucky.—[Bulwer Lytton.]

A Reverie.

One afternoon, wishing for seclusion, I went to a favorite nook of mine in the woods. It was a beautiful place, carpeted with soft green turf, upon which the sunbeams flickered and danced as they shone through the foliage overhead. A little, murmuring brooklet wandered through the place, its banks bordered with ferns and flowers; and its tinkling waters tumbling over mossy stones made continuous music.

Sitting down in a shady place, I became wholly absorbed in my book, when gradually, owing to the quiet, my eyes began to grow heavy, my book slipped gently from my hands, and after a time I seemed to become conscious of an unusual commotion among the trees and grass. I noticed it first in those nearest me, then all showed the same agitation. Every leaf and blade quivered and shook, and seemed to be whispering in an excited manner. In a moment, a sound of music was heard, which gradually grew louder and more distinct. This caused more excitement than ever, and on glancing in the direction whence it came, I saw in the distance an odd looking group approaching. As it advanced, the trees noiselessly moved backward on either side, leaving a broad, clear avenue for its approach.

A cloud of sheeny, shimmering green attracted my attention, which on a nearer view, proved to be the lovely, graceful form of Flora, goddess of flowers, attired in her holiday dress. Preceding her was a strange figure which I instantly recognized from its tall horns, ruddy face and crooked nose, as Pan, god of all nature, who with his flute had caused the greater part of the commotion. Flora was accompanied by Titania, queen of the fairies, and a troop of charming wood-nymphs and graceful

water-sprites escorted them to a moss covered throne, which until this time had remained concealed by a network of intervening branches. Titania sat in a half-opened rose bud by Flora's side.

From the preparations that were made, I knew that Flora was to hold her annual review. Screened by the foliage, I remained a delighted witness of the scene which followed.

Again the sound of joyous music was heard, announcing the approach of the flowers. They appeared at the farther end of the long avenue, and noiselessly, without a movement on their part, were rapidly impelled forward by some unseen power, until they arrived before their queen. Leading the van were Grammoidæ, the grass family, at whose head were the Reeds, who with their pipes of various sizes had made the sweet harmony which I heard. Titania, who was not much acquainted with the family, was anxious to know about them, and Flora told her of what great use they had been to man, how they had furnished him his first arrow, his first pen, and his first instrument of music.

Others of the grass family were present, the Rye, Wheat, Barley and Indian Corn, calling forth more praise from Flora concerning the entire family, who supply a large portion of food both for man and beast. The Sedges now passed, sighing mournfully, as is their custom, whether the occasion be sad or joyous. A few steps behind were the Gamopetalæ. Beside the graceful, creeping Partridge-berry walked the awkward Tomato, and the timid Bluets, who were so unfortunate as to be near the deadly Nightshade, shrank away in terror from his smile. "Oh!" cried Titania, when she beheld the fair Mountain Laurel, "how very beautiful!" But the sweet Trailing Arbutus, coming gracefully forward

just then, received a larger share of praise.

A dazzling blaze of yellow now appeared, which was caused by the stately Sunflower, the bright flashing Golden-rod, the coquettish Dandelion, and the patient Ox-eye Daisy. A striking contrast to this last group were the sweet blue-eyed Forget-me-not, the fragrant Heliotrope, and the innocent little Daisy, who with downcast eyes walked modestly by the throne of their queen.

The third division, Apetalæ, now appeared. The sympathetic Balm of Gilead was trying to sooth the Weeping Willow, whom the Nettle had stung so cruelly.

Of Polypetalæ, the Buttercup and Cowslip were the first, and behind them the awkward pumpkin was playing the agreeable to his cousin, the quiet little Anemone. The Sweetbriar Rose had succeeded in gaining the attention of the clumsy Squash, who was very devoted to her. The modest blue Violet and the sweet white one remained side by side, too timid to speak to any one.

"Why," asked Titania, as the Dogwood and Poison Ivy approached, "does every one seem to shun them?" "Because they are the wicked, poisonous ones of my realm, and are to be feared," answered Flora. But look! here is the lovely white Water Lily, drooping and fainting for want of water, and there is the pretty twining Woodbine, clinging with its tiny tendrils to the Wild Grape vine.

Spadiceifloræ was represented only by Jack-in-the-pulpit, who was so busily engaged with his Sunday text that he took no notice of any one, even rudely passing Flora by without one look.

Now followed Equisitaceæ. The delicate Maiden-hair and the other ferns were withered by the warm sun to which they had been so long exposed, and sighed for their cool shady homes.

At the appearance of the Floridæ, who brought up the rear, a tinkling of the tiny bells of the Lily of the Valley and the nodding Bellwort was heard. They too passed out of sight, followed by Flora and her attendants. As the chiming grew fainter and fainter, a terrific peal of thunder warned me that a heavy shower was near at hand. Hastily picking up my book, I hurried to reach home before the storm burst, just escaping the great raindrops that were beginning to fall.

A. L. H., '83.

Teaching is the noblest of professions and the sorriest of trades.—[A Proverb.]

❖EXCHANGES.❖

Perhaps it is not becoming on our part to find any fault with the "Aenigma" which graces the first column of the first page of the last number of the Lowell High School; but there is just a little matter, a sin of omission, so to speak, which we hope the editors will pardon us for mentioning; merely the omission of "Copied from the O. L. and I."

Milford, dear Portland Eagle, not Millford.

This month we have received 52 exchanges: 26 from the New England states, 14 from the states west of the Mississippi, 12 from the other states.

We expect to double our subscription list by calling attention to the following puff from the Hamptonia:—

"THE MIND is the ruling power of man. By this faculty all, the others are guided; therefore that which acts upon the mind is apparent in the character, and as the literature we read acts most directly, we plainly see the importance of confining ourselves to reading the *best authors*."

The Foster Academy Review of St. Louis receives more exchanges from Massachusetts than from any other state, even its own. This speaks well for the little "Bay State," way off in the north-eastern part of our "great and mighty land."

A model "High School Student" can be found at Westborough. Her dress is all that can be desired, and though she "cannot learn" Psychology, yet she shows that she can tell us what she has learned in an enterprising manner.

"Don't try to put on a horse collar the way it is to stay," is a sample of "Horse Sense" from the Lawrence High School Bulletin. We move to amend by saying, "Don't try to put on a horse collar at all." Make the boy do it. You will thus save yourself a great many hard feelings towards the horse.

We do not think that such a paper as the St. James Reveille for March will have a strong tendency to recommend to outsiders the academy which it represents. The contents are made up chiefly of slang and nick-names, very amusing, no doubt, to the writers, but hardly calculated to inspire great interest in others. It is true that a school paper is for the school which publishes it, but as all depend more or less on outsiders for support, it is fair that the tastes of these be consulted a little.

How foolish of The Academy to ask if the goose that saved Rome was a Michigander! Does not The Academy know that a goose is not a gander? This reminds us of the Democratic rooster touchingly alluded to as "she" by an esteemed contemporary.

"Small, but choice" is the phrase we would apply to the Wolfe Hall Banner. We especially commend its column of "Queries," which contains many interesting questions and answers.

Are conundrums allowed? If so, please do not knock us down and drag us out until we have propounded the following: Why must the Medway High School be a very pleasant place? Hold your breaths to hear the answer:—Because they have good "Times" there.

An interesting feature of the Normal Monitor is the letters from graduates and former members of the school. Why will not our graduates write to us more frequently than they do?

The "Prison Press," one of our exchanges, acquaints us with the doings of our alumni in the West.—[Academe, Worcester.]

Poor Academe, we pity you. Could not your alumni find exercise for their talents nearer home? Now that Milford has been divided, let us ask the General Court to provide a prison in Worcester for the sole benefit of the Academe.

In the Park College Literary Monthly we noticed the statement that the "Leyden jar was accidentally discovered by Leyden." By reference to Vol. VI., Appleton's encyclopædia, under Electricity, we find that the Leyden jar was invented by Cincius, a pupil of Musschenbroek of Leyden.

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Milford High School.—Spring Term.

S. A. M. to 1 P. M.

General Exercises and Music.

Mr. Lull,	Mr. Hodges,	Miss Parkhurst,	Miss Jones,	Miss Hayward.
8.30 Greek 1	Study Room	Literature 3	Botany 1	B'k Keep. 4
9.10 Philos'y 3	Polit. Econ. 1	Literature 2	Latin 4	B'k Keep. 4
9.50 Latin 1	Latin 2	Study Room	Greek 3	Drawing 4
10.30		— R E C E S S —		
10.55 Study Room	Algebra 4	Review 1-3	Greek 2	Drawing 1-2-3
11.35 Latin 3	Algebra 4	French 2	Coll. Rev.	Study Room
12.15 Chemistry 2	U. S. Const. 4	French 1	Study Room	History 3

Worth of Education.

Carefully conducted investigations, instituted in 1870 and carried on by the bureau of education at Washington, established these strikingly interesting and important facts:

1. That an average free common school education, such as is now provided in the common schools of the country, adds 50 per cent. to the productive power of the laborer, considered as a mere productive machine.

2. That the average academical education adds 100 per cent.

3. That the average collegiate or university education adds from 200 to 300 per cent. to his average annual producing capacity, to say nothing of the immense addition to his elevation.

Now, assuming that the labor of the 4,204,352 illiterates in the United States would reach only the minimum value of \$100 each, the annual loss to themselves and to the country for the lack of simple common school education, at \$50 each, would reach the immense sum of \$210,000,000. Regarded from this lower standpoint, economy towards education is extravagant wastefulness in material benefits.—[Senator Howell E. Jackson, Tenn.]

Ten per cent. of the present freshman class at Cornell are girls, and the average scholarship of the young women is superior to that of the young men.

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THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

APRIL, 1886.

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BY

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LOCAL EDITORS.
LILLA F. HAYWARD and W. G. CLIFFORD.

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CORA L. SNELL and N. E. TOUGAS.

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Editorial.

As spring advances, the weather grows warmer and warmer. The chilling winds of winter are followed by the balmy airs of spring. This change is welcome to the many who have been confined to the house during the dismal winter months through dislike of braving the snow and cold, and now the scholar enjoys every moment spent in the open air. We would suggest that instead of wandering aimlessly through the well known streets, he take longer walks into the less thickly settled parts of the town. His observant eyes will discover many objects of interest.

Milford has several pretty strolls. If one desires scenery and romance combined, visit Cleveland's farm. This is the highest point in Milford, and the outline of lofty Wachusett, as well as the Blue Hills of Milton, can be distinctly seen from it in clear weather. Lover's Lane, through which you pass, is a delightful little path leading directly through the wood. Here occasionally you will chance upon a couple entirely unconscious of everybody and everything except themselves.

Perhaps you wish to develop your muscles; if so, by all means climb Bear hill. From the huge boulder at the top of the hill a very fine view of the town can be had.

A visit to a cemetery does not offer very much pleasure; yet an examination of the inscriptions on some of the ancient graves-tones in Vernon Grove would repay you for your

trouble. Here is an inscription copied from a stone now there:—

"Death is a debt
To Nature due,
I have paid mine
So must you."

Despite the division of Milford, we advise you to visit Hopedale and enjoy the pleasant saunter through the fields past the so-called Indian Fort. Then there is the walk to the water works, to Claflin's farm and to the North Purchase gold mines.

For one who is an active and strong walker, Mother Mendon (why not Grandmother Mendon now and Granddaughter Hopedale?) holds many and varied attractions. There is the beautiful Nipmuck, there the odorous arbutus may be found, and *other* charms more potent perhaps than either. A pleasant afternoon and an agreeable companion will make the most commonplace walk charming, and the scholar will return to his studies with a mind better prepared for its work.

How many of the history scholars realize that he who reads only one book upon any historical subject, has generally learned only *one* man's opinion of the times? Therefore do not be satisfied with the text book, but make use of the town and school libraries. Abbot's Life of Napoleon well illustrates this fact. What a surprise it would be to the scholar who has based his opinion of Napoleon on that work, to read the works of other biographers!

If you see a stout hearted young miss (it is the boys who are weak just now) with an anxious face and a heavy sigh draw a note-book from her pocket, jot down a brilliant idea before it escapes, slip the note-book back in place, then hear a sigh of relief coming from her troubled heart, don't think she is a juvenile reporter, oh, no, she is only an innocent school-girl preparing her essay for graduation.

Rev. H. A. Spencer has generously presented to the school some valuable specimens for the geological cabinet; several fossils, including the root of a calamite, and a number of pieces of polished granite from Maine and New Brunswick. There are, also, a bunch of sea corn, so called by the fishermen; a string of Job's tears; a slough and a piece of the keel of a ship showing the eating power of sea worms. He has our thanks not only for the specimens, but also for the kindly feeling for our welfare which prompted the giving.

The young ladies have contributed \$3.93 and the young men \$2.85 to the paper fund this term.

"In dress, simplicity is the first step to elegance." This is for the benefit of the young ladies on June 25.

The public have been kindly informed that the large, double, east doors of Memorial Hall are the "Side Door."

Thomas Emerson, superintendent of the Newton schools, gave us a brief call last week. He was our principal's high school teacher in Woburn in '70. We understand that he has an eye on one of our teachers of the grammar grade.

The first ten in scholarship *and* deportment for the last term were as follows:—

First class: Field, Fales, Godfrey, Snell, Craige, Westcott, Reed, Leonard and Blunt, Dennett and Jones. Second class: Hill, Eldridge, Hancock, Barns, Williams, Gould, Gorman, Whitney, Eastman, Donnelly. Third class: Tirrell, Brown N., Coburn, Arnold and Hancock, Thompson, Toohey, Hale and Roberts, Fales. Fourth class: Leonard, Goldsmith, Nichols, Blake, Toomey, Andrews, Connolly, Haskins, Barrett, Holmes.

It was certainly no credit to Milford that the governor's request to observe an Arbor day was so generally ignored. Where were the Business association; the Society for Town Improvement; the Chatanqua Circle; the societies of all kinds, secular and religious; in fine, the schools? Echo answers, Where? Score one for the M. H. S.

One of the seniors who has just finished the reading of Picciola, answers her teacher's questions regarding her enjoyment of the book as follows: "I have enjoyed very much the interesting story of "La Povera Picciola," which shows how great an influence a very small thing may have upon one's life; but the neglect that led to the death of the flower which had given life, faith, love, liberty, friends, happiness, shows how in our prosperity we are apt to forget those who have stood by us in adversity and misfortune. It has seemed to me more like a person than a flower."

The class of '86 observed Arbor day by setting out a class tree. They met in the school yard in the early evening and all, in turn, assisted in excavating the necessary hole in which they set a maple as emblematical of the class—not because of the greenness of the leaf; but on account of the sweetness and strength of its sap. Long may it wave its branches in honor of '86! After the ceremony the class, with the teachers as invited guests, repaired to the school building where cake, cream and song refreshed the wearied arbor-atores.

❖LOCALS.❖

Who has seen Mis(s) Nomer?

School hours from 8 to 1 o'clock this term.

Two of our editors have been on the sick list.

Some of the graduation parts have been assigned.

"Where is Old Brunswick?" Scholar: "I think in the *old* world."

At present, dancing is the favorite amusement of the young ladies.

Wanted: The handkerchief with which the teakettle wipes its nose.

We are told by a botany scholar that the flora of a town is its population.

We have returned to our old method of one recess, for the rest of the year.

The young men have been challenged by the Dean Academy nine to play on April 24.

A third class boy beats the record having received 104 per cent. in philosophy last term.

After playing a while, a little Milfordite exclaimed: "I am all tired out, I wish I could get tired in again."

The physics class are now wrestling with *beats*. We refrain from punning, yet there is a large field for such productions.

Some of the botany class are anxiously turning over the leaves in the woods to see who first shall find those beautiful flowers "that bloom in the spring," by name—"Tra-la."

Did you see the line of disconsolate husbands before the windows of the "millinery openings" last week, singing in sad refrain: "O bother the bonnets that come with the spring."

A senior was talking about going to a salad supper, when her little brother said: "I should like a good *solid* supper, I haven't had one for a good while."

The third Latin class have just begun to "Sing of the hero and his arms." To an outsider the key would seem somewhat minor, and the expression, lachrymose.

Political economy and botany are the new studies of the last term for the seniors. The senior who lives in the suburbs can pursue both studies in a practical way; for he will find that even the wild flowers have an *exchangeable* value among those who lack his opportunities, or his energy.

What is a paradox? Scholar: "A church dinner on *Fast* day."

Teacher: "What is the literal translation of 'An Revoir'?" Senior: "I'll see you later."

Now the senior provideth himself with an autograph album and becometh a peripatetic, omnipresent?

There are 21 scholars from other towns in school this term. First class, three; second, three; third, six; fourth, nine.

Woman, however anxious for suffrage, is still dependent on man; for *she* must borrow *his* hat to take up a collection.

Class colors, mottoes, badges, pictures and excuses from graduation exercises are the subjects of general conversation just now.

From Supt. Hatch's report, just received, we find that Haverhill has one scholar in its high school to every 139 of its population. Milford has one to every 57.

What next? The teachers of Wakefield have struck against the reduced scale of salaries. The new scale, however, is still higher than that of our high school.

College graduates are $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent. of the young men of the country yet they fill 58 per cent. of its offices. The higher the offices, the greater the relative percentage filled by them.

This week the "up and coming" aroma of skunk cabbage has tested the ability of the botanists to repress their feelings. The nasal passages are gracefully compressed with the left hand, while the right dissects the interesting specimen.

A Boston paper claims that skating rinks are finally blessings; for now that the skating mania is waning, they are being remodeled into cheap tenements or public halls, etc. We await the metamorphosis of Milford's.

The following were the subjects for our last compositions: Two Aprils in U. S. History. Two Books Which Every Scholar in School Ought to Read. Our Debt to Two Great Inventors. The G. A. R. For What Will Men Die? The Knights of Labor. Spring, Gentle Spring.

If all the members of the present senior class are so fortunate as to receive diplomas in June, 33 will be presented, including 11 English, French and Latin; 1 English and French; 5 Classical. The rest are partial diplomas due to a change of course or to a failure to carry the three studies required by the school law.

❖PERSONALS.❖

Florence I. Goodspeed, '79, is teaching in Laconia, N. H.

Ella T. Chilson, valedictorian of the class of '82, is teaching in Bellingham.

William W. Tirrell, once of '81, is employed in the ticket agent's office of the Boston & Lowell railroad.

The violin playing of Florence E. Hale, '88, at a recent concert held in Upton, was very highly spoken of.

Hugh Bradley, '75, has been engaged by our new postmaster as assistant. Aggie M. Burke, '85, is to be second assistant.

Eugene W. Stoddard, '78, and sister, Edith J. Stoddard, '76, are expecting to go to Japan in the coming fall, where Mr. Stoddard will begin his missionary work.

Our efficient clerk of the school board refuses to be made a Hopedalian by changing his "bed and board" to Milford, and so the scholars will still have the pleasure of being informed of their delinquencies by L. E. Fales, '78.

The Lilhatansu quartette, which gave a concert in Upton a short time ago, is composed of three of the former pupils of this school, Mrs. J. I. Whitney (Thwing), once of '65, Mrs. E. G. Bell (Adams), '69, and Mrs. J. H. Wood (Woodbury), '77; the fourth member, Mrs. H. W. Lull, is the wife of our present principal.

The Worcester County Teachers' Association holds its next meeting here on Saturday, May 29, and, among other speakers, we scholars shall be very much pleased to hear and see Miss Alice Freeman, president of Wellesley college, who has, in spite of many engagements, acceded to the request of our principal and will read a paper upon some phase of the education of young ladies. Principals W. H. Small of Hudson and H. B. Hayden of Sterling will also present papers on current topics.

Dr. Samuel N. Nelson, '73, is now at home (in Milford) recruiting from his over-exertion while abroad. After graduating here he spent a short time at Phillips' Exeter; he then entered Harvard, taking degrees in the college and the medical department. After a short term of practising, he went to Germany, where he made a special study of bacteria. We are pleased to hear of his success in this line of study and hope to see him and hear from him within the walls of the old school-house which, we have no doubt, will seem very unfamiliar to him after the extensive repairs of five years ago.

The Boston Clearing House.

Just before 10 o'clock a. m. of any week day upper State street may be seen lined with men heading with great rapidity toward No. 66, the Boston Clearing House. Some have large sheets of rolled paper in their hands, others are carrying hand-bags. These men are the representatives of 52 Boston banks and are going to the Clearing House to transact the business for their respective banks. Each bank sends two men, a messenger to carry the checks and a settling clerk to do the figuring. While they are on their way let us see what was done before these officers left the banks. We will suppose that every reader of this paper understands what that form of business paper is that we call a check or voucher.

Each bank receives more or less vouchers during the day, coming in both by mail and by individuals. It is here necessary to explain that every bank in this C. H. system is numbered, and we know one another more by number than by name. To continue, all Boston checks are gathered together, (with the exception of those on the bank itself) and assorted into 51 "pigeon holes," each hole representing a bank. They are listed into a book, called the Clearing House book, made for the purpose, each bank's checks by themselves. As soon as the first clerk has listed them, another lists them on slips of paper (called exchange slips). Each bank's checks are on one slip with name and number of the bank at the top. Each slip is adjusted to its package and the totals must agree with the totals on the book before described. If they agree they are considered correct, for two different persons handle the same checks and it would rarely occur that both would make the same error, though bad figures sometimes cause a great deal of trouble.

Advice is cheap, but I say to every one making out a check: Be sure and make it plain and intelligible in every respect, so that there may be no doubt whatever as to the amount. A large sheet of paper with four columns extending from top to bottom is produced. The two outer columns are occupied by the names of the banks in the order of their numbers. The two inner columns are headed Debit and Credit. In the debit or left hand column by the side of each bank is inserted the amount of that bank's package of checks. The credit column is not used till we go to the C. H. When all of the totals have been placed beside their respective banks the column is added and this total of the totals must agree with the amount

of the C. H. book. This sum is the amount of money we want from the rest of the banks, i. e., what we draw on them.

The messenger takes the packages, placed in regular order, to the C. H. and is accompanied by the settling clerk, who has the sheet. They are supposed to be in their place at 10 o'clock and if they fail to arrive at that time, a fine of two dollars is levied on the bank they represent.

The C. H. is a large hall, around which extends a long desk four or five feet wide. It is so made that the settling clerk can sit and write on the inside and the messenger can write standing at the outside. This desk is separated into 54 compartments by brass work so that each bank has a desk by itself. The desks are numbered in regular order and each bank clerk goes to his own number. Let us go to some special number; for example, No. 1. Here the messenger has his bundle of checks on his arm in regular order, commencing with No. 2 and ending with No. 52, ready for distribution. The gong strikes and the messengers move in procession around the room delivering each package to the proper bank. The settling clerk takes the packages from the different clerks and puts the amounts in the credit column of his sheet beside the given bank. This tells how much the rest of the banks want from this bank. After the credit column is added the difference is found between the two columns. If the amount brought in, or debit column, exceeds the amount drawn on us, or credit column, then that difference must be given to us in cash. If vice versa, we must pay cash. All the settling clerks must give their two totals to the manager before 10.30 or they are fined \$2. The manager then proves the entire work by taking the total amount of the debit columns of all the banks and making them agree with the total of the credit columns of all the banks. They should be equal if all is correct, for no more checks are carried away than are brought in. If there is a mistake a fine of \$2 is levied on the man making such error, for every 15 minutes he keeps them waiting. The fine money amounts to \$750 a year.

In the foregoing manner \$12,000,000 of checks are cleared up each day in the space of thirty minutes, making comparatively little work. It is much easier to understand the Clearing House by seeing the place itself and looking into all parts. F. A. M., '83.

The girls in the public schools of Brooklyn are compelled to commit to memory the constitution of the United States.

A Ride in an "Old One Hoss Shay."

It was on a Fourth of July morning, some few years ago, that my sister and I were left alone for the day. The air was hot and stifling, even the cool atmosphere of the darkened rooms was mwendurable. Everywhere arose sounds of celebration. Battery B thundered on a neighboring ridge; fire crackers and torpedoes were popping and cracking; fish horns and conch shells were tooting until we cried in our agony:—

"Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

As the din increased so did our desperation and we hastily decided to take Nebuchadnezzar, a staid old horse, and the one horse shay, a relic of my grandfather's day, and ride into the country for a picnic in the woods. Our preparations were short and we were soon on our way. We slowly passed from the broad, dusty streets to the narrow roads with green fields stretching on either side. As we penetrated farther and farther into the suburbs, all sounds of festivity died away, except the occasional tooting of a horn from some distant hill.

We had a delightful ride. The birds twittered and chirped in the great, green trees, whose branches arched over our heads. Here and there was a little brook, babbling, gurgling and dripping into a pool over which nodded tall ferns and grasses. Grasshoppers whirled in the clover, butterflies danced about in the sunshine, lighting now on a daisy, again on a buttercup. The frogs in the swamps mingled their shrill pipings with the sharp chirps of the crickets.

Nebuchadnezzar had been jogging along with his head on one side, seemingly unmindful of the beauties of nature. Occasionally he came to a standstill in the middle of the road, and looking around would seem to say: "Don't you think you have gone about far enough?" But being persuaded by the whip that we meant "go long," he continued at the same moderate pace. We had passed but two or three suburban villas and these seemed to be closed, as if the residents were from home. We came to a bend in the road overshadowed by a huge boulder surmounted by a small boy, whose open countenance expressed a cordial greeting. He had evidently noted our approach from this elevated position and was prepared to do the national honors of the day by firing a salute. His intentions were commendable, but the result was disastrous. Nebuchadnezzar had become accustomed to the drowsy stillness of the atmosphere; so, when there came a poy, pop, pop, bang and a shower of fire works directly upon his head, he

LILY.

gave a sudden snort and jump landing the one horse shay against the wall with broken thills and crippled wheel. Then Nebuchadnezzar started for home at a little faster jog than before, leaving my sister and myself sitting in the middle of the road.

Wraps and the lunch basket with its contents were scattered about promiscuously. Surveying the ruins, my first impulse was to wreak vengeance on the small boy and change his expression by making the smile on his face wander to the other side of his mouth; but as he politely offered to catch the horse, we prudently made no attack. The old shay could not possibly be of any further use to us; so, having collected our wraps, we wended our way home leading the horse by the bridle and wondering if our parents would consider the loss of the old shay too great a price to pay for a Fourth of July celebration.

G. P. F., '86.

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"Active shears gather no rust."

Prof. of Latin (to student boarder):
"Will you have some jam?" Boarder:
"Jam satis." Prof.: "Are you sick?"
Boarder: "Sic sum." Professor faints.

"There, that will do. For you to
continue your translation would be
cruelty to animals." Class resents the
implied compliment.

Senior (asks Prof. a very profound
question): Prof.: "Mr. W., a fool
can ask a question that ten wise men
could not answer." Senior: "Then, I
suppose that's why so many of us
flunk."

Prof. Marsh has brought forward
the fact that the survival of any par-
ticular group of animals depends on
the size of their brain. The dude
ought soon to be extinct, if this be
true.

The Latin professor tells us of
"extremo spiritu," ("with his last
breath"), in a sublime passage in
Cicero being translated "at the end of
his liquor."

Student, after examination, to pro-
fessor: "What rank do you give me,
Professor?" Professor: "I have put
you down as a captain of cavalry;
you seem to ride a horse better than
the others."

Every student who applies for a
scholarship at Dartmouth must sign a
pledge not to use tobacco in any form
while receiving aid from the college.

Prof. in Chemistry: "Give a practi-
cal illustration of the incombustibility
of carbon dioxide." Bright Student:
"If you light your breath, it won't
burn."

Science—Astronomy class. Profes-
sor to Junior: "What time does Mars
get full?" Junior: "Don't know, sir;
never associate with such company."
Decided applause.—[Bates.

Professor in Physics to D.: "Have
you ever electrified a body by squeez-
ing?" Mr. D. blushes and sits down.

Senior to Roommate: "Gay chum,
do you know what an aching void is?"
Roommate: "No." Senior: "Well,
then, you have never had the head-
ache?"

On second base or third base though
we may roam, be it ever so dusty,
there's no place like home.

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mon sense school for the times.
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a successful start in life, and teaches
its pupils how to get a living,
make money, and become enterpris-
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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. II.

MILFORD, MASS., MAY, 1886.

No. 9

Memorial Day.

"All o'er the tranquil land,
On this Memorial Day,
Coming from near and far,
Men gather in the mimic guise of war.
They bear no polished steel,
Yet by the elbow's touch they march, they wheel,
Or side by side they stand.
They now are peaceful men, fair Order's sons;
But as they halt in motionless array,
Or bow their heads to pray,
Into their dream intrudes
The swift sharp crack of rifle-shots in woods;
Into their memory sweels
The trumpet's call, the screaming of the shells;
And ever and anon they seem to hear
The far-off thunder of besieging guns,
All sounds of bygone war, all memories of the ear."

—[T. W. Higginson.]

Some Reasons Why Men are Willing to Die.

I see spread out before me the countless army of Persian Xerxes. To the eastward, between the waters of a gulf and precipitous mountains, is a narrow strip of land, the pass of Thermopylæ. Here stand a mere handful of Greeks ready for the coming slaughter.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

Now the conflict begins and soon it ends with the death of Spartan Leonidas and his brave three hundred. A stone lion marks the spot where perished the sons of Greece, and for long centuries were read these lines thereon:—

"Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,
Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot;
Their tomb an altar: men from tears refrain,
To honor them; and praise, but mourn them not.
Such sepulchre nor drear decay
Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.
Within their grave the home-bred glory
Of Greece was laid; this witness gives
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives."

Why did these die? For glory it was not, but for the very existence of home and country, and to prevent foreign tyranny over all that was dear to them.

Around Jerusalem's walls I see the besieging crusaders. A month ago they first caught sight of the holy city; now victory crowns their efforts and the rejoicing survivors tread the sacred soil. Their object is gained; their difficulties overcome; the holy sepulchre is won, though many thousands of the original band have been swept away by sieges, famine and pestilence. For their religion, what will men not suffer? Let the catacombs of ancient Rome, let that "noble army of martyrs" be my witnesses.

Near Brussels is a large grassy mound, on whose summit lies a Belgic lion. How little can we see that indicates the deeds done here in that world-renowned contest of a summer's day! Turn back seventy years. How changed is everything! The armies of Europe are massed against one. Why do the French face the battle's storm? For one man's selfish ambition. There sits on his horse, Napoleon, physically qualified for the battlefield, endeared to it. Behind him gather the legions of France, fired with his spirit, ready to die that *his* ambition may live. You all know the rest.

Behold, a steamship is fast in a sea of ice, her frame is almost crushed by the pressure upon it. Frost and snow encase her rigging; mountains of ice tower above; everywhere is silence and desolation; not a sign of life is visible. But where are the crew? Wearily traveling in the intense cold, proceeding through blinding snow-storms, living on scanty rations, striving to find a place of relief. Death daily relieves the sufferings of some, till their party is reduced to only the

strongest. Such was the fate of many in the Arctic expeditions. What was the great prize for which their lives were surrendered? To increase our knowledge of those ice-bound regions. It was for science.

Within a stone's throw of this very platform stands a building erected to the memory of those who died for another purpose. What devotion and true patriotism Memorial Hall, its tablets, and steps commemorate! No structure raised by man is too grand to remind us of men who fell to forbid the rupture of the young republic and to wipe away the stain of slavery which polluted our nation's purity. For union and freedom they perished. Was not the cause of these soldiers as noble as any which history records? Was it not for fellow-men? Although others have died for high, noble and glorious causes, was not theirs higher, nobler and more glorious still?

C. H. M., '85.

Our Memorial Hall.

For some time past, it has been thought best by the people of Milford to erect a memorial to those from our town who lost their lives for their country. Over a thousand men (more than were demanded) were sent out, and the total loss from this number was three hundred and six, a large proportion of the small population; yet the loss was cheerfully borne.

In biblical times memorials were put up, which for centuries greatly influenced the people, who regarded them as sacred. In Greece, Rome and Egypt, tombs, pyramids and large stone monuments were erected to commemorate important events. But after long discussion this people decided to build something which should be of practical use to their descendants, as well as an ornament to the town.

At present the events of the war

are fresh in the minds of those who took part, and also of those who had friends in the army; but as the years go by, and these people pass away, others, their descendants, will not take it amiss that a memorial is left of the deeds of their fathers. In the vestibule of the building are marble tablets placed against the wall, with the names of the dead inscribed; and these will always remain, as long as the building stands, a reminder how patriotic their ancestors, and how brave this little town.

In one part are situated the rooms of the G. A. R., which has a great influence for good in the community, helping the destitute relatives of those who perished. The G. A. R. was organized to commemorate the services of our soldiers who preserved the Union, and it nobly does this. Every May it decorates the soldiers' graves, and holds services in their honor. Those who belong to Post 22 are an encouragement to one another, and have a common topic of thought and conversation; they are mutually drawn together and kept in sympathy with each other by the remembrance of days of suffering and hours of victory, which Memorial Hall will always bring to mind in years to come.

The influence of the building on others cannot go back far into the past, but begins, as it were, with yesterday; yet it mentions names on the tablets and on the dedicatory tablet of the fireplace, of those whose character is worthy of emulation, and it suggests incidents, the recital of which should awaken an interest in the heart of every one of Milford's sons and daughters. We trust it will ever be of service, to direct the minds of the young to the many deeds most worthy of record that were accomplished by our fathers and brothers, and may stir them up to an equal patriotism, if not a greater, should ever the country again send a cry for aid.

In one side of this handsome edifice is the room of the superintendent of schools, and anyone who visits him and sees how busy he is, will know that education is of great account in Milford. Since it is so, it is very appropriate that one of the people's first cares, the education and intellectual advancement of their children, be represented in this town ornament.

The public library, which will be a means of great good to the future citizens, as well as the present, occupies another side of the building. It contains many good books, useful both for reference and for the entertainment and amusement of those who take advantage of them.

In closing, it may not be out of

place to say that the inhabitants of Milford, both now and in the future, will best show their appreciation of the trouble, forethought, and expense bestowed upon the building of Memorial Hall, by wisely using every advantage thus offered.

H. E., '87.

Our Wild Flowers.

For the O. L. and I.

From the delicate Hepatica, the harbinger of spring, to the Witch Hazel, that spangles November's snows with its yellow stars, we have a succession of beautiful flowers, clothing our fields and meadows, and crowning our hills and forests with their loveliness.

Very early in March, long before the hardy crocus and snow-drop appear in our gardens, out in the swamps and bogs, comes up a flower with the disagreeable name, with which we are all familiar—the Skunk's Cabbage. The fact of its name, however, does not prevent its being a very interesting plant. It is very courageous, and long before the snows are all gone, pushes up its blossoms, which are covered with a protecting hood called a spathe, which does not hinder the busy bees from finding their way into its blossoms, and gathering therefrom their honey—the first of the season.

Other members of the same family are the well-known Jack-in-the-Pulpit, also called Indian Turnip, blossoming in the woods in May, and later still, in June, the Sweet Flag, with whose root and spadix the boys love to fill their pockets.

The root of the Indian Turnip has a very hot, peppery taste, and is used in some medicines. The Indians used to roast or boil the root, which destroyed its acidity, and then, as it contains much starchy matter, it formed a good article of food.

Very early in the spring, too, many of our trees are covered with inconspicuous flowers, called catkins.

Many of these trees seem to exhibit the forethought found lacking in some of us: that of providing, in one year, for the wants of the next.

Thus we find that the Willow and Poplar have, during the previous summer, made for themselves silken beds, something as the caterpillar spins his cocoon, and then laid up a supply of nourishment, sufficient for the winter and enough to give them a good start the coming spring.

The Balm of Gilead and Poplar have taken, too, the further precaution of smearing their buds with a resinous substance to help protect them from the inclemency of the winter weather. Hence, when the spring opens, we find them well prepared to begin the sum-

mer campaign and fling out their pennons to the breeze, much in advance of the less provident ones.

"The coy Anemone, that ne'er uncloses Her lips until they're blown on by the wind," is widely distributed, being found from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Hudson's Bay to Georgia, and also in Europe and Siberia.

About the first of May, we begin to find their softly tinted, bended heads nodding in the wind under the shelter of bushes or fences, or beside old, gray stone walls.

Much earlier than this, the Trailing Arbutus, the far-famed May-flower of our New England woods, is found hiding its pure fragrant clusters under the fallen leaves, reminding us that

"Underneath the withered leaves,
The fairest flowers are growing."

In May and early June the blossoms begin to come in good earnest, the garden flowers and orchards adding their color and fragrance to the paleness and sweet breath of their fairer and more delicate wild relatives; and now the country children fill their little hands to overflowing with the daisies and buttercups which cover the fields.

Thus throughout the summer and autumn follows one beautiful flower after another, till the brilliant Cardinal Flower by the brook-side, and later the Golden-rod and Asters by the walls and roadsides give notice of winter's near approach; but even his blighting frosts cannot conquer all, for we find last of all, the bare, naked branches of the Witch Hazel covered still later with queer yellow blossoms, their color bringing back pleasant memories of the Dandelions and Cowslips of the early springtime.

Industrial Exhibitions.

The schools of New York city and the Oak street grammar of Springfield have just had industrial exhibitions. Of the latter we quote the following: "The chief idea was to bring home by a practical illustration to the minds of parents the thought: If your children have so much industrial taste and skill as to produce of their own option, unaided, and without instruction, such an exhibition of their handiwork as this, what might they not do if regular instruction were provided as a part of the educational scheme? So regarded, the exhibition was indeed a striking one, and a more powerful argument than could have been put into any words for a wiser system of training than one which cultivates one side of the nature at the expense of all the active powers."

"The busy world shoves angrily
The man who stands with arms akimbo set."

L I L Y.

The Mouse of the M. H. S.

For the O. L. and I.

A mouse in our school-room lingers;
In the long, still afternoons,
Forth from his hiding-place he comes
And searches the silent rooms.

He many crumbs of comfort finds,
Tho' scraps of wisdom are few;
Those were gleaned by the youth, you
know,
Who toiled there the morning through.

I sit at my desk and watch him
As he travels to and fro.
He brings to my mind a mousie,
Who lived here long years ago.

A far less cautious rodent, he
Delayed not for room to still,
But boldly out before us all,
Ventured, and roamed at will.

When lo! what mighty upheaval!
The girls 'neath skirts tucked their
feet,
And e'en the boys felt the tremor,
Slyly glancing under their seat.

In vain the master mildly spoke,
And talked of the harmless mouse,
Till his patience had ceased to be at last,
And "Cheek, cheek," rang thro' the
house.

Still one maid persisting in fear,
Her feet refuses to lower,
And meets the master's demands with
"Heart and soul are on that floor!"

She is now a wife and mother,
And we think that she may tell
Her little ones gathered round her,
What that day a mouse befell.

How he journeyed in her pocket,
Home with one much frightened miss,
Proving thus to all who'd doubt it,
Surely that mouse can't be this.

Dr. A. Potter says: "It is nearly an
axiom that people will not be better
than the books they read." Let the
scholar whose taste tends toward the
endless editions of trashy books think
of this statement for a moment and
consider where he may be drifting.

The Worcester County Teachers' Convention will hold its spring meeting in our Town Hall, Saturday, May 29. The following papers will be presented: An Industrial Exhibition; Its Aims and End, by W. H. Small, principal of the high school, Hudson; Elocution in the Public Schools; Its Limitations and Possibilities, by S. L. Brown, principal of the high school, Lancaster; Language Teaching in Intermediate Grades, by Sara J. Barber, South street grammar school, Fitchburg; Alcohol; Its Relation to Teachers, by H. B. Hayden, principal of the high school, Sterling; Language and Grammar, by R. C. Metcalf, supervisor of schools, Boston; Why Girls Should go to College, by Alice E. Freeman, Ph. D., president Wellesley college. The teachers and citizens of Milford have engaged Caterer Mathewson to furnish the dinner for the visiting teachers and schoolmen.

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.

MAY, 1886.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY
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class matter.

Editorial.

The school yard is now looking its best. The trees have leafened out rapidly during the past few weeks. The crab-apple tree is gay with its snowy blossoms. As we smell their fragrance we only wish the little acid fruit which comes later were as pleasing. The question arises in our mind how it happens so much loveliness can be changed into anything so sour and unsatisfactory. The solver of this puzzle perhaps can explain the same change so often illustrated in the human character. The shining green leaves of the horse-chestnut trees on the other side of the yard form a pleasing background for the cone-shaped clusters of flowers.

If some of the earlier graduates of this school should visit us now they would not recognize in the tall maples and elms the little trees they planted so long ago. A few of these trees have died or been cut down. On Arbor day the class of '86 filled one vacancy, caused by the removal of a pine tree, by planting a maple, which is thriving and growing vigorously, evidently determined to bear its full share of Japanese lanterns at the coming reunion of the alumni in June.

Faint traces may still be seen of two long flower beds which ran parallel to the walk on both sides. Occasionally a blue lily ventures to lift its head through the grass; but for the most part all the flowers planted so long ago by young and willing hands have died out. The dandelion (dent de lion) with its yellow flower is scattered all over the

lawn. Truly we can boast as fine a school yard as any high school in our vicinity.

The yard is not perfect, by any means. A little fertilizer sprinkled over the lawn would improve the growth of the grass, and a lawn hose, now that we have the town water, would keep everything fresh; then we might add a little boy to trundle a lawn mower. But we will not be selfish, we are quite content with the yard as it is.

We suggest that the Botany class cut out and paste upon the first page of their herbaria the following as an appropriate inscription and dedication:—

Think, listener, that I had the luck to stand,
A while ago within a flowery land,
Fair beyond words; that thence I brought
away

Some blossoms that before my footsteps lay,
Not plucked by me, not over-fresh or bright;
Yet, since they minded me of that delight,
Within the pages of this book I laid
Their tender petals, there in peace to fade.
Dry are they now, and void of all their scent
And lovely colour, yet what once was meant
By these dull stains, some men may yet
descrie

As dead upon the quivering leaves they lie.
Behold them here, and mock me if you will,
But yet believe no scorn of men can kill
My love of that fair land wherefrom they
came,
Where midst the grass their petals once did
flame.

—[William Morris.]

Thus quotes one of the Botany class:

"Rhodora, if the sages ask thee why
This charm is "waisted" on the earth and
sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for
seeing
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

French 1 is reading a play, and that the stage directions may be understood, a diagram of the stage has been drawn on the blackboard with the necessary properties in proper position.

"The circus this year will *not* be located on the back door-steps of this schoolhouse." Chorus of teachers: "Amen and amen." Chorus of scholars: "A-lack-a-day! A-lack-a-day!"

The Political Economy class recently had a discussion on the question: "Would it be a blessing to the laborer if work were restricted to eight hours a day?" The unanimous decision of the class was that it would be.

By vote of the Board of Education an exhibition of school and hand-work will be held in New Haven in June, to awaken a more intelligent interest in the subject of manual training.

LOCALS.

"Un petit salon." A little saloon.

"A paddle is a thing with scoops on both ends."

When scanning, if you lose your head, you will also lose your feet.

The cost of the school papers for this term is \$6.60.

Wail of a senior in French I.: "Oh! my poor heart!"

Our piano now boasts several vases well filled with spring flowers.

Philosophy 3 have handed in several sonometers, whistles and reed pipes.

The Botany class have begun their second set of 25 flower-analyses.

We understand that the class of '85 are making preparations for a reunion in July.

Homer's Iliad, book II., line 468: "Numberless as the flowers of spring, tra-la."

The tenth beatitude: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." See Vergil 3.

H. Bronson Alcott was once invited to join the Hopedale community, but refused.—[Harper's Monthly, June, '75.]

We have had a phenomenal number of visitors the past month, including *one* parent, and friends from Lowell, Leominster and Blackstone.

As our principal is president of the convention which meets here this week, we are naturally desirous that it should be a success.

Preparations for the alumni reunion, June 25, are well under way, and the usual crowded house is expected.

Volume II. of Blaine's book and also of Grant's autobiography have been received and placed on our library shelves.

"May I squeak to Piggie?" was the rather startling request of an '88-er recently. Consonants play funny tricks sometimes.

Young lady of Botany class—"Shall you press any tulips?" Second young lady—"No, I think tulips are too fleshy to press." Why the smiles from the other young ladies?

Teacher to senior—Give some instances where occupations are injurious to the health of the laborer?

Senior—Studying between meals sometimes injures the health.

Teacher—I don't think the members of this class will hurt themselves in this way.

❖EXCHANGES.❖

The Spartan, from Spata, Wis., is also a new visitor. If we have not forgotten the Greek history we learned "second year," the Spartans were an excessively frugal people, and the Wisconsin Spartans seem to wish to continue the tradition, if we may judge from the pathetic statement regarding the small amount spent on the high school. Judging from the quality of the paper, however, the school seems to be well taken care of.

We have enjoyed reading the Oak Leaf, which although only in its second volume, is superior to many long established papers. Perhaps its excellence is caused by its youth. Hm! We are in our second volume.

We are grateful, and would say that one of the neatest covers we have ever seen on a school paper adorns the Academy Bell. But why should all articles from page first to page last be separated by huge black dashes, as if the Bell were tolling for one perpetual funeral? It is trying to eyes lachrymously inclined,—at least, we judge it would be.

The Stray Shot makes a hit by firing an article on Capital and Labor. It is an encouraging sign to see school papers giving attention to the great problems of the day.

We are sorry if the E. H. S. Record is displeased with our criticism of its February issue. We willingly take back the words "most morbid sensationalist," but we surely think we were justified in noticing the fact that nearly three fourths of that number consisted of clippings. No such objection can be made to the April number.

"I love upon a calm, still eve," is the way a contributor to Youth begins his poem. No doubt of it, sir? Most of them do. But when the old man puts in an appearance, and the "calm, still eve" has become decidedly tempestuous, how then? We will be charitable, and not press the question.

Well, the Young Idea has an idea this time. In its eagerness to cause its readers the least possible amount of brain work, it gives the answer to its enigma as a heading to the enigma itself. We would suggest that in the future an answer be published one month and the enigma the next.

The Res Academicæ from Harry Hillman Academy comes to us for the first time this month. We welcome the new comer, and if the succeeding numbers maintain the standard of excellence of the present, we shall be exceedingly glad that we have it on our list.

And lo, just now, as we were wiping our lead pencil, having as we thought brought this exchange column to a close, to us in cometh the editor-in-chief. "How are you, old boy?" says he. "These exchange notes that you have just handed in are the best you have ever written. Three or four of them are first rate, especially those where you sail into the — and the —. By the way, we are nine columns short this month. Can't you grind out some more copy before tomorrow morning?" From his choice of words, it is evident that the editor-in-chief has read the grindstone-and-hatchet story, and thinks we have not. We stand aghast. "And with our three exams coming tomorrow?" we say. "Dence take the exams. What are they?" "Botany, Pol. Econ., and French." "Oh, is that all? I thought it might be Greek, Latin and Mathematics. You just explain the circumstances, and the Botany teacher will let you off, and as for Pol. Econ., why, you talk around it a little and you can get ninety-two and a half per cent. without even winking; and that ought to satisfy any one who is not ambitious." "Yes, but the French. We have seven hundred and eighty-three irregular verbs to learn, and there are eleven separate parts to each individual verb. We began week before last to study them up and have now got only sixteen." "Well, that is rather bad," said he, "but let—me—think. I'll tell you what to do. You will have the examination upstairs, and I shall be down stairs at that time. At thirteen minutes past eleven, you ask to go down to the laboratory for a drink, and I'll ask to go and wash my hands, and we'll fix that all right." Exit ed-in-c.

Which accounts for the spinning out of this department. Oh, well! This is a weary world. We've been trying to screw our courage up to the point of proposing to the Botany teacher that she make the class some morning analyze the Oak, Lily and Ivy. We will guarantee that the universal verdict will be, "Unclassifiable."

Next month (provided we are not ashamed of them) we will tell our examination marks.

[N. B. The laboratory door was locked.]

Although The Torch is bright and sparkling, we trust no one ever uses it as a fire-kindler.

We observe that "Arithmetic" and "Analysis" are prescribed studies at the Arms Academy, but spelling is not included in the curriculum of the school. We expect next month they will say, "We is to old for spelin."

The Scholars' Monthly from New Glasgow, N. S., is filled with interesting matter from beginning to end. We welcome you, and hope to see you regularly.

We look forward with much pleasure to the reception of the May issue of the High School World. We hope the experiment of illustrating will be a success.

One of our brightest exchanges is the Speculum from St. John's school, Sing Sing, N. Y. Its descriptive articles "hold the mirror up to nature" in a very pleasing way. The "Ascent of Mount Washington" is particularly good.

The editors of the Lowell High School have by letter acknowledged a "misunderstanding" and have "relinquished all claims" to the "Ænigma" published in their last number, which this paper considered its own property. We trust that the pleasant relations previously existing between the two papers may still continue. If we, in our 16 numbers, have been so unfortunate as to fail to give credit where credit is due, we are ready to make the *amende honorable* at any time.

Graduation Items.

Willis is class photographer.

Graduation day is Thursday, June 24.

Class colors: Rose pink and Nile green.

Class motto: Acti labores jucundi. Finished labors are pleasant.

The diplomas are being filled out by H. C. Kendall of Boston.

"Graduation in the Town Hall." "Graduation in the Town Hall?" "Graduation in the Town Hall!" Some different renderings of the same phrase. Let the class of '86 be heard!

The class badges are made of light pink ribbon (5x2½ inches), fringed, and crossed by two narrow pieces of Nile green, on which are printed the motto and the year of graduation.

All the 24 parts have been assigned; five are ready and one has been rehearsed. There are eight single parts and three combinations of four, five and seven scholars. Two of these last arrangements are to illustrate our studies.

Misses Godfrey, Jones and Madden have been appointed a committee to get the consent of the school board to allow the class to graduate at the Opera House if the expense to the town shall be no greater than at the Town Hall.

The Value of Truth.*

Once upon a time, dear children, there lived on the borders of an immense forest, a little girl whose name was not Little Red Ridinghood. She was almost always a very good little girl, but sometimes she was a very naughty little girl. She did not on all occasions have a proper regard for truth. I hope, my children, that no one will ever be able to say that of any of you.

"Mother," said this little girl, one bright morning in early spring, "may I go to see Grandmother Muehlengeber, who lives in the wood, beside the dark pool? And may I carry her some honey from the hive, and a pat of fresh butter from our good cow, Daisy? I should so like to go to see Grandmother Muehlengeber."

"You may," replied her mother, "and you may carry her also this loaf of bread and this pie, which I have just baked. You may take some potatoes and cabbages, and a squash, for I fear the frost has destroyed all her vegetables. Tell her that I send her this nice warm shawl for herself, and this suit of Tommy's old clothes for her little son, Hans. Give her these things, with my compliments, and be sure you ask her about her rheumatism this cold weather."

"Yes, mother," said the little girl.

"And you had better start at once," continued the mother, "so as to be back before dark. Mind you do not stop on the way, nor wander from the path, for the forest is full of wild beasts, which would be only too glad to meet with a little girl like you. So be very, very careful, and do as I tell you."

"I promise, my mother dear," replied the little girl whose name was not Little Red Ridinghood, "and I will be back before you know I am gone—almost."

Children, a promise is a sacred thing. Let us see how this one was kept.

Placing the things which she was to carry in her little basket, she found there was still some room to spare. So, filling it with some magazines for Grandmother Muehlengeber's grown-up daughter, and some snuff for grandmother herself, she started on her way, singing and whistling as she went.

She had not gone far, when she spied some of the nicest strawberries that ever were seen, close by the path. "Oh! how good they would taste," she thought, "with some of Grandmother Muehlengeber's maple sugar! I don't think there could be any harm for me to pick just a few. Surely mamma would not mind."

Having quieted her conscience in this manner (if you do not know the

meaning of the word conscience, my dears, look in the unabridged dictionary) she proceeded to fill her apron with the berries. She strayed away farther and farther, until her apron was full, when she started to return to the path. But nowhere could she see the path. She began to run, but the long briars caused her to stumble and fall, crushing the berries, and making an ugly, red stain on the front of her pretty white frock. Just at this instant the SUN SET.

Stop a moment, children, and imagine the situation.

About this time, a wolf, returning from a matinee, came along, and caught sight of the little girl. "Aha!" thought he, "here's a dainty meal." And without more ado he ate up the little girl.

Having recovered herself as best she might, she waited anxiously for the next appearance. Presently, a she-bear, who had been out observing the spring styles, came up, and for her the little girl made but a single mouthful.

Next, a lion appeared on the scene, and again the little girl suffered agonies of terror at the teeth of the fierce king of the forest.

So all the long, long night they came, those horrid beasts, one after another, until the little girl was almost ready to weep with vexation.

At last, the morning began to dawn. Faint streaks of red and green lit up the horizon, and the birds were caroling their anthems in the ear of Aurora. The fearful sounds and thoughts of the night had fled away. The little girl washed her face and hands at a brook close by, (one should always wash in the morning,) and sat down to rest. Far, far away in the distance, so far away it seemed almost hopeless to attempt to reach it, she saw a tree. "If I only could reach that tree," she thought, "I should be safe." She was a little girl of action, so grasping more tightly her basket, which all the time, remembering the gifts intended for Grandmother Muehlengeber, she had kept closely in her hand, she took her way towards the tree.

Soon she reached it (for the mirage had made it appear farther than it really was) and in less time than it takes me to tell it, she was perched upon the topmost branch, three hundred feet from the ground.

"Now," she thought, "no harm can reach me here." But she was mistaken, for at this time Nimrod, her father, who was on his way to his work, happened to come by. Seeing on the tree something all white, except a large red spot in front, he thought it a

huge bird; and taking his bow from his shoulder and an arrow from his quiver, he fired. The arrow pierced the little girl right through the heart, and the shock caused the bough on which she sat to break. She fell immediately to the ground, and, striking on her head, broke her neck, when, rolling into a deep pool of water close by, before her father could reach the spot, she was drowned.

She never forgot the experiences of that terrible night. Though she lived for many years, and told the story to children, and children's children, and children's children's children and children's children's children's children, she never broke another promise.

Dear boys and girls, learn from her sad fate. Though you may never be called upon to undergo the same dreadful sufferings as was the little girl whose name was not Little Red Ridinghood, yet, depend upon it, it is always safest "tell the truth."

*Never published before to the best of our knowledge.--[E18s.]

❖PERSONALS❖

We are sorry to learn that Mabel Cummings, '89, is very sick with scarlet fever.

Gertie Knowlton, once of '83 English, was married last week to William Ide.

Misses Hale and Roberts, and Masters Eldredge and Clifford favored us with excellent music at our last rhetorical.

Harry Tilden, '86, has a collection of seven kinds of violets all found within the limits of Milford. Among these is the exceedingly rare yellow violets.

By the kindness of Miss Hattie Wight, once of '85, we have received a specimen of the white marble of which the Washington monument is made.

Mary A. Bigelow (Starkey), '66, whose home could not be ascertained a year ago when we published the names of the alumni, is now living in Buffalo, N. Y.

"In the report of the Board of Education for 1884-85, Frank A. Hill, principal of the Chelsea high school, discusses A Course of Studies for High Schools. This is a genuine treatise, within very narrow limits, on secondary pedagogy. We know of nothing, produced by an American high school teacher, more worthy to represent our secondary education in the general literature of this subject." Mr. Hill was the eleventh principal of this school.

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From the Critic.

This drop of ink chance leaves upon my pen,
What might it write in Milton's mighty pen!
What might it speak at Shakespeare's high
command!

What words to thrill the throbbing hearts of
men!

Or from Beethoven's soul a grand amen.

All life and death in one full compass
spanned!

Who could its power at Goethe's touch with-
stand?

What words of truth it holds beyond our
ken,—

What blessed promise we would fain be told,
And cannot,—what grim sentence dread as
death,—

What venomous lie, that never shall un-
fold,—

What law, undoing science at a breath!

But—mockery of life's quick-wasted lot,—
Dropped on a virgin sheet, 'tis but a blot!

—[ERNEST WHITNEY.

America has 333 colleges. Of these
155 pronounce Latin by the Roman
method; 144 by the English and 34
by the continental.

"Some idiot's put my pen where I
can't find it," growled a fourth-year
man the other day at lecture. "Ah,
um, yes," he continued in a lower key,
as he hauled the article from behind
his ear, "I thought so."

Says Anna to her sister Dido in the
fourth book of the Aeneid:—

"Do you suppose your husband's bone-dust
cares

A Bungtown copper who his trousers wears?"
—[Vaill's Trans.

Massachusetts will receive \$1,152,-
116 of \$77,000,000 appropriated by
Congress when the Blair bill passes.
The question is raised, "What will she
do with it?" Good as her schools now
are, there are many sections of the
state where it could be appropriated
to advantage. There are ways in
which it could be applied to rural dis-
tricts for purposes of supervision, or
increasing the pay of teachers who
now suffer from too slight a remunera-
tion.—[Journal of Education.

The American dies from overwork
and anxiety. When he is five years
old he begins school with a deter-
mination to be at the head of
the class. He will outrun, outjump
and lick any boy of his size. He en-
ters upon a condition of strain that is
perpetual. As he goes on it gets
worse. He must be in politics at
twenty, rich at thirty, great at forty,
and if he measurably succeeds he is
decaying at fifty and dead at sixty.
He ought to be dead. It is a fitting
punishment for his audacity and his
steady violation of the laws of nature.
—[Ex.

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STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. II.

MILFORD, MASS., JUNE, 1886.

No. 10

Class Ode of '86.

Days of school life fast have fled,
Passing by us like a dream;
Opportunities neglected,
We, alas! can not redeem.
Yet those days we shall remember,
When the joys of youth have flown,
And the seeds of truth then planted,
Into richer fruit have grown.

Shall the time thus spent be fruitless
When we leave our teachers' rule?
Shall we lose the joys we've tasted
As we enter life's great school?
Though we leave these scenes forever,
Deeper lessons we shall find
In the busy world around us—
Discipline for hand and mind.

Let us strive to do our duty,
Always battling for the right;
By our knowledge, love, and kindness,
Make the hearts around us light.
Though we ne'er again may gather
In our schoolrooms grown so dear,
Sweet to us will be their mem'ry,
Fresh through ev'ry coming year.

Launched upon life's boundless ocean,
Separated far and wide,
Ever let us keep before us
Heaven, the port beyond the tide.
Take this life, so short, in earnest;
Each one striving to prepare
For the mansions of our Master,
And the grand reunion there.

F. V. C., '86.

Extracts From the Diary of a High School Girl of '86.

SEPT. 6, 1882. I've been at the high school just two days, and oh! it's dreadful, so many girls staring at me and laughing at my slightest mistake! There are seventy-eight scholars in my class, half of whom I've never seen before, and I don't believe I ever can learn their names. It is even harder than the mensa, mensae, mensae, which I had this morning in my Latin lesson. Latin is one of my three new studies. The other two are Algebra and Physiology. I can't say yet whether I like them or not. Everything is so very different from what it was in the grammar school. It seems so funny to be called "Miss," but the strangest thing happened this

morning, when I asked a first class girl who was going to be my Latin teacher, and she said, "Why, Sherburne, I suppose." That couldn't have been proper. This Mr. Sherburne wears glasses, and if it were not for his twinkling eyes, would look fearfully stern. I think I shall like him, though I didn't thank him this morning for calling me a Jack-in-a-box.

JUNE 25, 1883. Today school closed, so of course we had no regular lessons; yet we were very busy having our averages for the past term made out. It's lots of fun being ranged around the room according to our rank in the class. Something happened to me this year that never happened before. I haven't had a single check. Come to think of it, I did get two checks, but had them taken off, after shedding lots of tears and making many promises. The first check I really didn't deserve, but for the second I can't say as much. Teacher gave it to me for laughing at S. E. in the Algebra class. (I find it very easy to laugh at *nothing* in school.) I have hardly smiled once during school hours since then. Now that I am to have a vacation I can smile and laugh all I want to. Just think of it, ten whole weeks! Now, dear Diary, I'll leave you and go and pack all my books, my Algebra, Latin Grammar, Physiology, Caesar, all on the topmost shelf in the attic closet.

SEPT. 3, 1883. Back again to school, but oh! everything is changed. Mr. Sherburne has left, and we girls are disconsolate. Miss Hall has gone, too. I suppose Mr. Lull will fly away next. I told mother, if he did, I wouldn't go to school any longer, and she said, "Oh! yes, you will," and I suppose I should. A Mr. Gordon and a Miss Jones take their places. The class is smaller now, owing to some of the scholars having left. You have no idea how frightened the new class

that entered this year look when we laugh at them. I wonder if our class looked the way they do. I don't believe they did. Two new studies this term, Philosophy and Ancient History. My lesson in History today was about Egypt and the Ptolomies, a subject almost as dry as the desert of Sahara.

FEB. 23, 1884. Yesterday was a gala day for us scholars of the high school. The long worked for and expected industrial exhibition was held in the upper high school room. Each class had a table for its work, with the number of its year suspended above it, and truly the class of '86 carried off the palm. I was proud of my class. Among the specimens of the boys' work on our table were a boat and an electric machine. There was so much to see, I can't remember anything else. The girls exhibited everything, from loaves of brown-bread to oil paintings. Crowds came and went all the afternoon and through the evening as late as ten o'clock. This morning the exhibition was open for a while. An admission fee of ten cents was charged at the door, and we think we have made over a hundred dollars. I wonder what we shall do with so much money.

SEPT. 17, 1884. I find that school life is not made up wholly of fun. This term, I've buckled down to good solid work, as the boys say. I have begun French. We are studying it in a new way. We are *obliged* to talk French (or something that sounds like it) during the recitation hour. No English is allowed. I have learned to say "Oui" and "Non," "Je ne sais pas," and "Je ne peux pas," and that is all. Je ne peux pas say anything else. The town furnishes our school books free now. There is only one objection to this, which is that, when we leave school, we also leave our books, which are often very convenient

for reference. Drawing has been introduced into the school. In fact, I find every year brings some change; but the most welcome innovation is the removal from the town park of the stone-crusher with its everlasting crush, crush, crush. Oh! blessed, blessed rest.

APR. 10, 1885. It's nearly eleven o'clock at night, and I'm so tired I can hardly crawl. But I've had such a glorious time, I must write all about it before I forget anything. Last year, you know, we had an industrial exhibition, which was considered very good indeed, but this year the exhibition far surpassed the first one. The number and variety of articles exhibited greatly exceeded those of last year. And then the decorations! The upper rooms have lately received a beautiful coating of calcimine of several tints, and, with the flags and pictures, and curtains hung at the windows, presented a very pretty appearance. But the prettiest feature of all was the booth where candy and flowers were sold. The canopy of the booth was made of pink, green, yellow and white paper cut up and crimped. Lace draperies were hung at the sides, and the table was covered with flowers and tempting candies. Fifteen dollars were made from the flowers alone. The prizes awarded for good work were all books, lovely ones too, as I know. In the lower rooms was an exhibit of the work of grammar and primary school scholars. It is really astonishing what fine work the little ones have done. Quite a number of strangers from out of town visited the exhibition, having heard of the one held last year. Oh, hum! a quarter past eleven and I haven't written half; but I'm going to save copies of the local papers, so if I ever forget anything about this wonderful exhibition (I know I shall not) I shall have something for reference.

MAY 4, 1886. I have just come in from my usual afternoon "constitutional." These long walks I take are doubly interesting, now that I am studying Botany. I had the good fortune to find several rare botanical specimens this afternoon, which I mean to press and mount for my herbarium. I find it requires considerable patience and work to press and mount thirty specimens. H. T. has eight different kinds of violets, gathered within the limits of Milford. To-day we commenced our French college plays, having finished Picciola. We are becoming very proficient in French conversation. Mademoiselle Parkhurst will tell you so, if you doubt it. No Frenchman would ever recognize his native tongue in some of

our French and English mixtures. Ovid increases in interest every day. Such fearful "fish stories," or, in more classical language, metamorphoses!

JUNE 22, 1886. This will probably be my last entry in my Diary, and then I shall put it away out of sight, along with other pleasant reminders of my school days. Perhaps in years to come, as I read through its time stained pages, I shall recall to mind many of the bright faced boys and girls—enough! avant! to think of ever being old and reading out of a time stained diary makes me shiver. Why can't I always be a schoolgirl, eating pickled-limes at recess, conning French and Latin conjugation, and learning multitudes of things which are soon forgotten? But if I were able to lead such an existence, should I be happy? I confess that, pleasant as school life has ever been to me, and as much as I shall miss it, I have sometimes longed to free myself from its rules and join the ranks of the many who are pushing and struggling for pre-eminence. I am sorry to leave the dear old school. Four years spent within its walls, with many pleasant classmates, 33 of whom have remained to graduate, have endeared it to me. Many of the pleasant incidents occurring during these years will ever remain in my memory, and many will be forgotten; but you, O diary, will be the *book of reference* more precious to me than encyclopædias or commentaries.

Statistics of '86.

September, 1882, found 78 of us, 42 boys and 36 girls, promptly on hand to begin our high school life. We soon learned from our seniors that our class had the "thickest" Physical Geography class that had ever been seen. We could score one for that; but it has since been learned that the "fourth physical geography" is a standing example of stupidity. Future classes, however, are spared that distinction; as that study now comes later in the course.

We have now reduced our number from 78 cunning little children to 33 dignified young ladies and gentlemen, 18 of the former and 15 of the latter, and, as this is the largest four-year class ever graduated from this school, our friends are so numerous that they *cannot* be comfortably seated in Town Hall.

Eleven of our number graduated two years ago, taking a shorter course, which is no longer rewarded with a diploma.

We have been so unfortunate as to lose two of our number by death, one being a graduate of the two-year class.

Of our present class, eleven receive diplomas in the English, French and Latin course; one, in the English and French; five, in the classical. Twelve (on account of an incomplete course) will receive partial English, French and Latin, and four, partial classical diplomas.

We have been kindly allowed the use of the scales in the Adams Express Company's office, and hope that we (this *we* refers to the class and is *not* editorial) have injured them in no way. We have found our weight to be over two tons (these are short tons, but we are not *sold* by this weight, although, in one case, some are wicked enough to suggest that we are), with an average of 125 pounds.

Despite individual big girls and small boys, the boys average ten pounds more than the girls. Our lightest member weighs a modest 96, which, doubled, gives just two pounds more than the other extreme.

The girls claim the lightest and also the—shortest, who succeeded in stretching one half an inch over her first measurement, but could not get above 5ft. 1½ in. to save the reputation of the girls. The shortest boy is just an inch taller. [Note. I have found that in measuring young ladies who wear their (?) hair on the top of their heads I do not get their *net* stature.] The boys claim the tallest, who measures just 6 ft.

These are all the dimensions I have. Circumference measure (especially second-hand) would be of little importance to the public, and I have been unable to obtain the size of shoe worn in every case; but, I can assure you, we wear some very large hats. If you wish to see this remarkable collection of mortals, you can have the opportunity June 24,—if you can get in.

Our youngest is a boy, but he is only twelve days younger than the youngest girl. The young ladies have the oldest, she being 20 yrs. 2mo., which is 11 months older than the oldest boy. Our total average is 17 yrs. 8 mo.; girls 18 yrs., boys 17 yrs. 4 mo.

Perhaps the last figures account for the fact that of the first ten in scholarship and deportment, but two are boys.

In attendance, three, two of whom are young ladies, have been perfect for the four years, and in deportment (if "figures don't lie") the same numbers hold. In only one case is the same scholar perfect in both.

In scholarship and deportment, there are 1 boy and 8 girls above ninety; and in scholarship alone, 1 boy and 1 girl. There are 7 who hope to con-

LILY.

time their studies at commercial schools, normal schools or colleges.

Although we feel that the school will meet with a great loss when '86 goes out, yet we hope that '87 will "brace up" and try to fill our places; but we'll wager 23 to 33 they don't do it.

Vacation.

The long vacation is near at hand, and the question, "How can I get the most fun out of it?" is occupying the scholars' minds.

There are so many ways of enjoying one'sself that it may be difficult to decide which is the best; but to my mind the farm is far ahead of the seashore or the mountains. Perhaps you have some relatives on a farm who will want a boy during July and August. Let yourself to them. At first it will seem like very hard work to rake hay all day in the hot sun, but after a few days it will become easier. Then there are the half-holidays for fishing or hunting, the exciting rides on the loads of hay and the still more exciting overturns; the berry pickings, or if you want real pleasure, you may get it in picking potato bugs into an old pan, in a drizzling nor'easter, and in the following cremation.

If your employer be an easy going man, he will not probably get you up before half past three to wake and milk the cows: and then what a jolly time you have, carrying out the milk before breakfast, with the solemn old horse harnessed into the rickety, old covered express-wagon! What an appetite is yours when you get back! You can almost clean off the table.

You will be apt to remember your first day at mowing, especially if you turn up your sleeves well, leaving your bare arms exposed to the sun.

Do not let visions of a boy wearily bending over, pulling turnips in the hot sun, deter you, but by all means go into the country. Pure air and sunshine are good for all boys and girls.

In the fall you will come back browned and sunburnt, feeling better satisfied with yourself and the world than had you idled away the summer. You can show your companions a big bunch of muscle on each arm, and when wages are mentioned, you can tell them how rich you got at ten dollars a month and board. And you no doubt will agree with the philosophic J. Billings, who must have been a farmer's boy, for he sung:—

"He who bi farmin would git rich,
Must plow and sow and dig and ditch;
Work hard al da, sleep hard al nite,
Save evry cent an not git tite.

W. J. C., '86.

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THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

JUNE, 1886.

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BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School.
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LILLA F. HAYWARD and W. G. CLIFFORD.

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—o—
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class matter.

Editorial.

On going to press, a review of our copy with its notices of graduation exercises and reunion of the alumni reminds us that this is our last editorial. It is not without regret that we sever our relations with this paper; but we can point with pride to the record of the O. L. and I. Its circulation has increased, its size doubled, we owe no man and no man owes us, and finally, we have a little fund for the benefit of the school. It has required a great amount of labor, yet it has not been without its compensation. In its way, it has been a means of education.

We wish to thank our patrons who have so kindly contributed towards its support and also those scholars of the lower classes of the school who have always had an active interest in its welfare. We earnestly hope the class of '87 will continue the paper next year, and we wish it the most complete success.

"If only I were rich," we heard an '86 girl say the other day, "I would—" and then she went on to tell of the improvements that would be made in the H. S. under her munificent hands. We only wish she were rich, and that we might be allowed the pleasure of advising her just what to do with her wealth.

In the first place, the girls' ward-rooms, two little 11x6 affairs for a hundred girls, would be enlarged. Now occasionally some of our wraps find themselves hung upon the floor. Next, the rooms would be furnished

with all the necessities of such rooms, chief among which are a good-sized mirror and a bang comb. The ward-rooms done, we would proceed to have an addition to the schoolhouse, large and airy enough for a gymnasium. Other schools have them, why not ours? Then the two rear recitation rooms would be enlarged, so that at the end of an hour the air in them would not be completely vitiated. Comfort and health attended to, knowledge is next in order. In place of the two well-filled book-cases which we have, would be an apartment nicely fitted up as a library, containing many valuable books of reference; while down stairs there should be a room filled with apparatus.

Perhaps, after all, it would be better to build an entirely new school-house.

Many of the former classes have chosen particular colors, and a few have had distinctive badges made. Thinking that it may be of assistance to succeeding classes, we print below a list of all those of which we could get any information: '74, green; '75, blue; '76, red, white and blue; '77, pale blue; '79, blue; '80, white; '81, pink and white; '82, blue and white; '83, blue and cream; '84, pink and grey; '85, blue and gold; '86, pink and Nile green.

Photographs!!

Before the scenes. "Eyes front; chin up; just a little higher, please; don't look so glum; think of something [body] pleasant; steady; that will do." Pluto retires to his realms of darkness, but soon returns with the negative in hand. "It's O. K.; come in next Tuesday for proof."

Behind the scenes. "Now, for a regular spring cleaning. Out with that scar! vanish blotches! straighten the wall eye! put that nose into line! thicken her bangs! blacken his upper lip! scour and polish the cheeks! 'Neow she'll dew.'"

Tuesday. Proof presented. "Whose picture? Mine? O-er-why, of course! Didn't know I was so good looking. Quite distinguished, you know. Perfect likeness. Friends delighted. How much?"

The tables are turned now, for we have had a circus on a small scale "on the back doorsteps" of the schoolhouse for three days, since our last number. Chorus of teachers: "A-lack-a-day! A-lack-a-day!" Chorus of scholars: "Amen and amen."

Although the total number of diplomas given this year is smaller than for the past four years, yet the class of '86 outnumbers all previous classes.

LOCALS.

Advice to '86.

"Study yourselves; and, most of all, note well
Wherein kind nature meant you to excel."
—[Longfellow.]

One graduate this year to every 300 of the population of Milford.

A metamorphosis at 11.15 a. m., Thursday, June 24. A Senior, for whom the day was made, will then fall from his dizzy height to the plebeian level of a common citizen of Milford and "will be lost to sight and [not] to mem'ry dear."

At the recent convention here, one of the teachers told of a scholar who startled the reading class with "The Leg-end of Benzine."

We have our opinion of a teacher who will say, while conducting a recitation, "and you see it is turned by a big crank." If he thinks so, what must be the opinion of others?

Although in this state the number of women far exceeds that of men, yet in our own town there are at least five marrying men—and all ministers. Call at the parsonage for terms.

Have you ever noticed a *quite* common misuse of *quite*? When limiting adjectives, it is often used as if it meant somewhat, tolerably, to a moderate degree; but its true meaning is to a great degree, etc.

Scene, up-town shoe store. Young lady senior exhibiting her proofs to young gentleman ditto. She.—Which do you prefer? He.—I like them both, but I prefer the original.

Teacher (to the class driver): "What is the plural of hair?" Boy Driver: "Whiskers."

The political economy class have been considering the subjects of protection and free trade, much to the detriment of free-traders.

Senior murdering a passage in Ovid: "Nor will you go farther, he said." Principal: "That's a fact." Boy suddenly drops.

One of the young men asserts openly "that she took her hands for warming me."

A little boy who liked to use big words said to his companion: "You are quite confectionery this evening."

"Subject of 'gessit' (guess it), please. But *you* needn't do it. Tell us what you *know*."

Boy (to teacher in Political Economy): "I don't know anything about it." Teacher: "You are Frank to say so."

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Frank P. Dillon,
Lilla H. Dennett,
Martha M. Egan,
Irving H. Fairbanks,
Graee P. Field,
Lottie A. Jones,
Abbie I. Madden,
S. Ellen Reed,
Cora Lee Snell,
Carrie L. Tobin.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH.
Napoleon Eli Tougas.

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Maude Dickinson,
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Mabel L. Godfrey,
Florence E. Leonard.

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(Given for an incomplete course.)

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Florence V. Clark,
William J. Cook,
Mary Perley Cox,
Joseph D. Cronan,
Joseph M. Gilfoyle,
Jessie E. Grow,
Lilla F. Hayward,
Abbie Eunice Holmes,
Jerry O'Neil,
Harry C. Tilden.

CLASSICAL.
William G. Clifford,
William R. Luby,
Ernest F. Norcross,
Frank T. Westcott.

First Ten in Scholarship and Deportment.

FOUR YEARS.

*Fales, *Field, Craige, Reed, Godfrey, Snell, Dennett, Jones, *Blunt, Dickinson.

*Excused from graduation parts.

THE SENIOR YEAR.

Fales, Field, Godfrey, Snell, Craige, Reed, Jones, *Leonard, Dennett, Blunt.

*Entered the class the senior year.

GRADUATING EXERCISES

OF THE

Class of '86,
HIGH SCHOOL,

MILFORD TOWN HALL,

Thursday, June 24,

9 o'clock A. M.

Motto—*Acti Labores Jucundi.*

Colors—*Pink and Nile Green.*

PROGRAMME.

Chorus by the School—In Countless Songs Abounding,
Rochlich

Massachusetts's Boast, . . . Lilla H. Dennett

The Shorter Poems of "The Princess,"*
Maude Dickinson

A Synopsis of Vergil's Aeneid (First Six Books),
Florence V. Clark, Mary Perley Cox,
Martha M. Egan, Jessie E. Grow,
Carrie L. Tobin.

The Character of Miles Standish,*
Florence E. Leonard

Joe, The Crossing Sweep,* . . . Mabel L. Godfrey

Song by the School—Our Hearts are Brave, . *Camille*

A Recitation upon Carbon, . . .
William G. Clifford, Joseph D. Cronan,
Frank P. Dillon, Irving H. Fairbanks,
William R. Luby, Ernest F. Norcross,
Napoleon Eli Tougas.

Man's Debt to the Ocean, . . . Cora Lee Snell

Signs of Civilization, . . . S. Ellen Reed

Chorus by the School—The Bells, . . . *Seward*

"But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:"—*Jean Ingelow.*
Mary B. Bradbury, Lilla F. Hayward,
Abbie Eunice Holmes, Abbie I. Madden.

Only a Woman, . . . Lottie A. Jones

Olympic Games, . . . Effie J. Craige

Presentation of Diplomas, . Supt. W. T. Leonard

Song by the School—Class Ode,† . *Florence V. Clark*

All accompaniments by W. G. Clifford.

*Written to satisfy college requirements.
†See first page.

Here We are Again in Poetry!

In *Mabel* see my chosen wife!
—[Whittier.

Little *Effie* shall go with me tomorrow to
the green. —[Tennyson.

It is my darling *Mary's* brow,
It is my darling's hair. —[Whittier.

Maude, the delight of the village,
The ringing joy of the Hall.
—[Tennyson.

Well, you shall have that song which *Leonard*
wrote. —[Tennyson.

She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little *Lilian*. —[Tennyson.

"And where was she
Whose proudest title was *Napoleon's* wife?"

"When *William* was our king declared."
Werther had a love for *Charlotte*.
—[Thackeray.

The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are *Joe* and *Bill*.
—[Holmes.

Little *Ellie* in her smile
Chooses "I will have a lover."
—[Browning.

"I say to him sometimes, 'My dearest *Harry*,
We haven't money enough to marry.' "

"Ah, sly little *Kate*, she steals my roses."
Lovely *Jessie* be thy name.
—[Burns.

"And love in a cottage for *May* and me."
"Who says ye're faint hearted,
My brave *Charlie* man?"

"King *Francis* was a hearty king and loved a
royal sport."

"The bold was Peter, the gentle was *John*."
In happy *Ho(l)mes* he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright.
—[Longfellow.

"The master thundered, 'Hither, *Will*! "
"The schoolhouse is no more, *John*,
Beneath our locust trees."

What is the Class of '85 Doing?

The class of '85 have no reason to be ashamed of their record for the last year. They have certainly failed to give the opponents of the higher grades of schools any new examples of the sad results of a high school education unfitting the young graduates for the hard work of life. If our information is correct, all but two of the 40 are engaged in regular work, and these two are only waiting for an opening in the particular line of work which they wish to enter. Below we give a tabular view of the two parts of the class.

Young Men.	4 yrs.	2 yrs.	Young Ladies.	4 yrs.	2 yrs.
Printing office,	1	1	Post-office,	1	—
Moulding mill,	1	—	Temple shop,	1	—
Straw shop,	1	—	Box shop,	2	—
Electric light,	1	—	Straw shop,	1	1
Stores,	2	1	Shoe shop,	1	1
Lathing,	1	1	Home,	4	3
Bottling,	1	—	School,	5	—
School,	1	—	College,	2	—
College,	2	—			
Home,	2	2			
Engineer,	1	—			
	10	8		17	5

Class Statistics of the Four Year Classes.

'82.	'83.	'84.	'85.	'86.
Tallest . . . 6 ft.	5 ft. 10½ in.	—	6 ft.	6 ft.
Shortest . . . 5 "	5 " 1½ "	—	3 " 8 in.	5 " 1½ in.
Average . . . 5 " 5 in.	5 " 5½ "	—	5 " 4 "	5 " 5 "
Heaviest . . . 150 lbs.	158 lbs.	—	142 lbs.	190 lbs.
Lightest . . . 90 "	97 "	—	47 "	96 "
Average . . . 117½ "	121 "	—	110½ "	125 "
Oldest . . . 20 yrs. 5 mos.	20 yrs. 6 mos.	19 yrs. 7 mos.	19 yrs. 5 mos.	20 yrs. 2 mos.
Youngest . . . 16 " 7 "	15 " 6 "	15 " 9 "	15 " 10 "	16 " 2 "
Average . . . 18 " 7 "	17 " 5 "	18 " 3 "	17 " 5 "	17 " 8 "
Admitted . . . 71	57	55	71	78
Graduates, 2 yrs. . . 6	5	7	12	11
Graduates, 4 yrs. . . 28	28	30	27	33

❖EXCHANGES.❖

Both sides of the question of Communism are discussed in the Academy Trio. Communism is defined as an equal distribution of wealth and property. The writer of one article thinks that communism would cure all the ills now afflicting our country, but the other, we think, strikes the key-note, when he says: "It would rob man of that power and energy which he obtains from ambition. If man cannot raise himself above the common level, why should he struggle to do so? The carrying out of such doctrines would smother all ambition, and consequently, in adopting its principles, civilization would take a step backwards." Communism may be practicable in the millennium, but is not now.

As graduation is approaching, the question of choosing a life work is agitating the minds of the editors of school papers. Some rather strange notions in regard to success are put forth by the Willistonian:—

"No man, not a genius, ever was, or will be, successful. Whatever is the standard of success, genius is necessary to secure it. Since this genius is so important a thing, we should know what it is. A very common definition is, the power to work hard and keep at it. What we consider a better one is this: special ability in one particular line of human, not bodily action. * * * A man of genius is apt to be one-sided and unevenly developed in his character."

Is it true, then, that genius is indispensably necessary to success? We prefer to believe the words of another of our exchanges: "The gracious, all-wise Father, who rules this universe, has endowed his children with certain talents which will enable them, if rightly used, to achieve success." Successful men are not all one-sided. Was Washington, the liberator of America, one-sided? Is Gladstone, the scholar, the athlete, the statesman, the future liberator of Ireland, one-sided? Say rather that true success consists in the harmonious development of all that is best and noblest in the nature, and in the right use of whatever powers we have received.

We dislike to criticize a paper so excellent as The Critic, but evidently the writer of "A Scene at Harvard College" has never visited the place which he describes, unless by proxy, or, if he has, he has got a little mixed in his observations. The principal recitation halls are *not* in University Hall. College House is *not* an attractive dormitory. We know, for we

visited Harvard once on a time. The writer's petty prejudices against Harvard, which continually crop out, are very amusing.

The exchange editor of the Delaware College Review asserts that "to edit the exchange column of a college paper is a work of importance and requires a man of some brains to take charge of it." If it is true that "exceptions prove the rule," the reader of the column of exchanges in the Review will agree to the above statement. Here is a sample (the College Rambler is undergoing castigation):—

"We have a sworn circulation of 1,000, which we can prove. Such mistakes as this is common to every form of journalism and this occurred only once, and then in the absence of the exchange editor. Let the ex-man of the Rambler take some pyrrhocalic acid, and go to bed. A new editor would be of benefit to the Rambler."

It is not often that our sanctum is brightened by such a pleasing vision as that of the Academy Belle from Richmond, Me. We gladly welcomed her in all her youthful beauty. Her conversation proved very entertaining, though she persisted in talking "shop" most of the time. Evidently she is fitting herself to be a teacher in the Richmond schools. Our best wishes for her success now and hereafter.

The literary criticisms of the Portfolio are very good.

We are glad to welcome among our exchanges the Academy Echo. May it long continue to reverberate, yet not, as is the fashion of echoes, repeating itself.

The Latin School Register is superior to many of our exchanges in one respect: it can be read through (if one cares to take the trouble) in a very short time.

It might prove trying to persons of weak nerves to read the story entitled "Dead, yet Living" in the M. B. S. Echo. The writer, however, forgot to put at the top the usual statement: "This is a true story, since I myself have visited the town where the events took place."

We read in the Baylor-Waco Guardian that "the first dirt for the University will soon be broken," and we looked along carefully to see whose soap was to be advertised at the end of the article. It is well known that dirt and soap are antipodically opposed to each other. Break the dirt as much as you can, Guardian, let the new University be a power for good, and surely "cleanliness is next to godliness."

The Enterprise of Dover credited us with an article in its last number

which we had taken from a speech of Senator Jackson of Tenn., and to which we had added his name. It is not ours.

The M. B. S. Echo will flourish like the green bay tree, if it continues to publish articles as good as "How the Cliff Was Clad," which appeared in its last issue. Rather strangely, Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson, in his "Arne," makes use of the same ideas and, more strangely still, expresses them in the same language.

Reunion of the Alumni, June 25.

The school grounds will be illuminated by electric lights in place of the usual lanterns, and the Milford band will furnish music for those who wish to promenade or to sit under the trees. Indoors the following program will be offered: Piano duet, Mrs. Walter R. Nash and Mrs. Wm. Chapell; song, Mrs. J. B. Phipps; piano and violin duet, E. E. Smith and J. I. Harris; song, Sara V. Lowther; harmonica solo, Oscar F. Eldredge; reading, Oreanna Cheney; whistling solo, Mary E. Knight; piano solo, Wm. G. Clifford. The usual refreshments will be served, and a large attendance is assured.

❖PERSONALS.❖

John Sullivan, '85, who has been attending Harvard College, has been obliged to leave on account of continued ill health.

Maud L. Johnson, '84, after two years' absence, is again a resident of Milford.

Mary A. J. Gorman, '83, has been giving lessons in painting.

Ida Bradley, '84 (English), is now assistant book-keeper at Tucker & Co's boot factory.

Alice T. Hall, M. D., is resident physician at the New England Hospital for Women. Miss Hall was assistant here in '82 and '83.

James Slattery, '80, is at H. E. Morgan's drug store.

Alice M. Ames, '83, graduates from the State Normal School, South Framingham, Wednesday, June 30.

Phipps, '87, and Fisher, '88, have gone into the ice cream business and will furnish the cream for the Alumni reunion.

Long live the good school! giving out year
by year
Recruits to true manhood and womanhood
dear;
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty sent
forth,
The living epistles and proof of its worth!
—[Whittier.

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"Active shears gather no rust."

A bicycle, a boy;
Great pleasure, great joy;
A stone in the street—
Stone and wheel meet.

A bicycle—no boy;
No pleasure, no joy;
A funeral—sad tale!
A bicycle for sale.

—"Non paratus" dixit Freshie
Cum a sad, a doleful look;
"Omne rectum," prof. respondit,
Et "nihil" scripsit in his book.

Samson was the first actor who
brought down the house.—[Ex.

Professor: "What animal did Pyrrhus use in battle?" Student: "Elephants." Professor: "And what is a Pyrrhic victory?" Student: "An elephant victory."

Every ship of war that floats costs more than a well endowed college; every sloop of war that floats costs more than the largest public library in our country.—[Charles Sumner.

Greek Recitation.—Benevolent Prof. (prompting). "Now, then Eipas—" Somnolent Soph.(remembering last night's studies).—"I make it next." (He goes it alone before the faculty).

No more the "female smile," which "more than balanced the professor's frown," will beam upon the student of Delaware College; for this year ends the experiment of co-education in that institution.

Logical sequence—a comfortable reflection for the indisposed—a lazy boy is better than nothing. Nothing is better than a studious boy. Therefore a lazy boy is better than a studious one.—[Ex.

Teacher: "Johnny, you are such a bad boy that you are not fit to sit by the side of good boys on the bench. Come up here and sit by me, sir."

Prof.: "Archimedes, you say, discovered specific gravity on getting into his bath—why had the principle never before occurred to him?" Student: "Probably this was the first time he ever took a bath."—[Athenium.

A man named Timothy² Dwight has just been elected president of Yale college. He is said to be a man of considerable ability, but is entirely unknown in sporting circles.—Chicago Times.

Teacher: "If a cow is tied to a stake by a rope sixteen feet long, over what area might she graze?" Ruminant: "It seems to me that depends upon to which end of the rope the cow is tied."

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. III.

MILFORD, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1886.

No. 1

The High School Bell.

That high school bell, that high school bell,
How many a tale its pealings tell
Of nimble feet and faces prime,
Of lessons learned but just in time.

Those happy hours have passed away;
And we who yet are blithe and gay
Must still go on from day to day,
To find it is not always May.

And so 't will be when we are gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
And other maids will rush pell-mell
When rings out clear that dear old bell.

A. E. H., '86.

Only a Woman.

Women are useful. They can knit, darn, and cook; they can build a fire on a cold morning; sew on a button when it pops off, without pricking their fingers or knotting the thread; and they can do a multitude of other things just as important, but as for their really knowing anything,—that's another question. Useful, of course, but they have no judgment (except in household matters), and ought never to be consulted on subjects of great importance. Such is the opinion of the world in general, and the expression "only a woman" has become proverbial.

It has been said that the glory of woman lies in being unknown. This may very well apply to our homes and firesides, but there are exceptions to all rules. Surely no one will argue that Florence Nightingale, the Crimean heroine, ought never to have left her home and to have entered the scenes of sickness and death just because a woman's place is in the kitchen, and she ought always to remain there. This celebrated nurse exhibited an executive ability seldom surpassed. When she arrived where thousands lay dying for the want of care, she took the burden upon herself, and sustained it nobly, managing everything with a skilful hand and ministering to the wants of the sick

and dying with loving sympathy. Indeed, they regarded her as the dying did Evangeline:—

"Looked up into her face and thought to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as an artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hang by night o'er a city seen at a distance."

We have numerous instances in history of what "only a woman" can do. Some, though little to be admired as women, nevertheless have added much to the estimation of their sex. Isabella of Spain appreciated the plans of Columbus, when they were ridiculed by all the wise men of Europe, and gave him the necessary aid by which he discovered the New World. Hannah More, by her pen, furnished protection for Great Britain more efficient against the dangers of the French revolution than its entire army and navy. In our own country Mrs. Stowe, the novelist of anti-slavery, did more in the same way to wipe out that curse than any ten men by their speeches. Anna E. Carroll during the late civil war planned a campaign which gave victories to the North and helped to save the Union. Mrs. Livermore accomplished invaluable work at the head of the sanitary commission, and is still a power in the cause of woman.

That women sometimes have brains fitted for higher mathematics is shown by Caroline Herschel, who performed vast calculations to aid her brother in his discoveries; by Mrs. Roebling, who continued during her husband's illness the calculations without which the Brooklyn bridge could not have been built. In business life Mrs. Frank Leslie paid off a debt of \$50,000 in six months after assuming control of the great publishing business left by her husband. Charlotte Bronte on one side of the Atlantic, Mrs.

Stowe on the other, while kneading bread in their kitchens at the same time, moulded the characters for immortal novels.

If woman loses her position by becoming famous, why then has she been endowed with gifts which make her so? Must she restrain them by living in a sphere entirely unfitted for her? If she was intended only for the kitchen and nursery, why was such an eloquent and impassioned style bestowed upon Madame de Staël? Why did the Cary sisters come to charm us with their souls overflowing with poetic genius?

If for the majority a home life is best suited, Owen Meredith is right when he thus sings of Lucile:—

"The mission of woman on earth! to give birth
To the mercy of heaven descending on earth.
The mission of woman: permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's register'd curse,
The blessing which mitigates all: born to nurse,
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile—"

and every true woman ought to be a Lucile; yet when she shows herself able to contend with man in the professions, in the various branches of science, music and art, surely her place is there, and for that position was she designed.

L. A. J. '86.

"The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing."

The great eventful Present hides the Past;
but through the din
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the
life behind steal in;
And the lore of home and fireside, and the
legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter which the true
man owes his time.

—[The Garrison of Cape Ann.

Signs of Civilization.

Doubtless that which gave the first impulse to civilization after the struggles of the Dark Ages was Christianity, which, uprooting the different polytheistic beliefs, formed anew the thoughts and faith of the people and changed their life and conduct.

The first thing we notice in this growth of civilization is the establishment and development of towns, uniting the people for the purpose of mutual defence, and encouraging and increasing industries of various kinds. Soon there is a general intellectual awakening, universities arise, observatories for studying the heavens are built, and public libraries are established; mathematical and scientific questions are more thoroughly investigated; literature appears and the arts,—first architecture, then painting and later music.

We see a change in the mode of warfare, caused by the invention of gunpowder; and although the slaughter is as cruel as before, nevertheless we do not find war making such devastations as formerly; towns are not pillaged and burned to such an extent; defenceless women, children and old men are not put to the sword.

Later comes the use of steam as a motive power, revolutionizing the mode of manufacture and introducing railroads and steam-ships, which broaden commerce and give a much more rapid intercommunication, thereby ending the isolation which formerly existed among nations, and giving a unity to civilization. Then think of the wonders of electricity, which man has turned to account as an illuminating power in the voltaic arc, and as a means of giving immediate communication over all the world by the telegraph and telephone, and even as a motor for propelling his machinery.

As we go on, we observe the moral forces becoming greater: crime is looked upon with greater aversion; bloodshed is regarded as something horrible; the contests of gladiators would not be tolerated by the attendants of the theatre in these enlightened days; finally, money and rank have less to do in preventing punishment of the evil-doer.

The gradual abolition of slavery is one mile-stone on the road toward civilization; men enjoy greater liberties, there is less inequality among them, and there are more democratic governments. And now that the slave has been emancipated, may we not hope for labor's emancipation from its bondage to capital? The struggle against intemperance may be called another mile-stone, and although the desired result is not attained, it is hoped, by the exertions put forth by

such workers as Father Matthew, John B. Gough and Frances Willard, and by teaching in our public schools the injurious effects of alcohol, that the next generation will be freed from the evils of intemperance.

Perhaps one of the most hopeful signs of civilization is the evidence of brotherhood shown in our numerous associations and mutual aid societies, binding man to man, in which if one meets with loss it is shared by all; or if death takes away a member, his family is not left destitute. These societies also tend to decrease the frequency of war, because ruin of property resulting from warfare would be a wide-spread loss. Another sign is the sympathetic feeling existing between different places, as shown by the contributions raised by one city or country for another when in distress.

Our benevolent institutions have also been a great means of civilization. There are churches here in the United States for 30,000,000 people, and thousands of men and women as missionaries are doing an immense work. But when we think of the perfection man may yet attain ere he reach the standard set by his divine Creator, we realize that civilization is still in its infancy.

S. E. R., '86.

Peat.

Peat is partially decayed vegetable matter. It forms in swamps or places where it is wet or damp all the time, and is made from leaves, shrubs, branches, and sometimes trunks of trees. It is of different colors, as gray, red, brown, and black, which differ in their weights and stages of decay, and often form to the depth of many feet. It is dug out of the sides of brooks and streams as muck, when it is only in the beginning of its decomposition, and is used by farmers to enrich their soil. Black peat is the best, it being more perfectly decomposed than the others, and contains the most carbon. Frequently, trees and animals, and sometimes even human bodies, are found perfectly preserved in peat, because of the gallic acid and tannin which it contains.

Large quantities of peat are found in Ireland, Scotland and along the shores of the North Sea, and to some extent in Labrador, Newfoundland and New England. It is only formed in cool climates, because heat makes the vegetable matter decay too fast. A great deal of it is found in the Dismal Swamp. In Ireland it has long been used as fuel on account of the high price of wood and coal. Black peat is the best to burn, because it is free from undecomposed vegetable matter.

It is taken from quite a depth below the surface and piled up in cakes to dry, after which it is ready to burn. It has not been used much in the United States, but probably will be when wood and coal become scarce.

Besides being used as a fuel and for fertilizing the land, it has other uses. Charcoal, illuminating gas and coke are made from it. The charcoal is very inflammable, and is a good absorbent and deodorizer. It is used in smelting iron and in working and tempering the finer grades of steel. Illuminating gas made from peat contains no sulphur. As much gas can be obtained from one ton of peat as from one ton of the best gas coal. Ammonia, naphtha, tar and acetic acid have also been obtained from peat.

W. O. P., '87.

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L I L Y.

The colleges of this country contain 18,000 female students.

Egypt has a college that was nine hundred years old when Oxford was founded, and in which 10,000 students are now being educated, who will some day go forth to spread the Moslem faith.

Sunflowers are used in Wyoming Territory for fuel. The stalks, when dry, are as hard as maple wood and make a hot fire, and the seed-heads with the seeds in are said to burn better than the best hard coal. An acre of sunflowers will furnish fuel for one stove a year.—[Scientific American.

Did man possess the natural armor of the brutes, he would no longer work as an artificer, nor protect himself with a breastplate, nor fashion a sword or spear, nor invent a bridle to mount the horse and hunt the lion; neither could he follow the arts of peace, construct the pipe and lyre, erect houses, place altars, inscribe laws, and, through letters, hold communication with antiquity.—[Galen.

The following is a list of some of the college colors: Amherst, white and purple; Bowdoin, white; Brown, brown; Columbia, blue and white; University of California, pink; Cornell, carnelian and white; Dartmouth, green; Hamilton, pink; Harvard, crimson; University of New York, violet; University of Pennsylvania, blue and red; Williams, royal purple; Yale, blue.

Prof.: "What can you say of the rings of Saturn?" Student: "There are three of 'em. Within one is a second, and within the second a third, and--and they are of different sizes, the inside one being the smallest.—[Hamilton Lit.

Prof. in Physics: "Did you ever see gravitation?" "No, sir." "Ever smell it?" "No, sir." "Feel it?" "Yes sir." Prof. (astonished): "When, sir?" "When I fell out of the apple tree." "Well, how did it feel?" "Very attractive, sir."

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THE OAK, LILY and IVY.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School.
PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

GENERAL EDITORS.

AMELIA C. HARRIS and W. PARKHURST.

PERSONAL EDITORS.

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LOCAL EDITORS.

SARAH M. GORMAN and FRANK J. MORIARTY.

BUSINESS EDITORS.

GRACE W. EASTMAN and
MARY E. WHITNEY.

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class matter.

Editorial.

☞ All our subscribers of last year
will receive a copy of Vol. III., No. 1,
and we expect that they will at once
send us their year's subscription of 40
cents.

We desire to thank our patrons for
the interest they have hitherto shown,
both in subscribing for our paper and
advertising in our columns. We hope
that we may make the O. L. and I.
both interesting and beneficial to all
readers this coming year. All our en-
ergies will be exerted that each issue
may show an improvement upon the
former. For a high school paper this
has had a wide circulation, and we are
pleased to say it is constantly increas-
ing. The class of '86 desire us to con-
tinue its publication, believing that it
has been of great value to them. Thanks
are due to that class for leav-
ing the paper in so good a condition.

The Thurber Medical Society have
kindly allowed us the use of a skeleton
as an assistance to the fourth class in
Physiology. All seem to regard it as
a superior personage, and few, as yet,
have ventured within several feet of
it. It is the earnest hope of their
teacher that before very long others
may become better acquainted with
her,—Mlle. Skeleton.

A member of the class of '86 writes
from Wellesley: "We have been
hazed! Last night the sophomores left
a flower at each freshman's door, and
then marched through the halls sing-
ing college songs to us."

In our walks, as we have strolled
out from town, either along the road-
side or through fields and over hills,
we have noticed with more pleasure
than ever before, the beauty of the
golden-rod and asters with which Na-
ture has so freely and richly decked
the earth. On every side is the gold-
en-rod,—of which there are nearly
fifty varieties,—while always at its
side, as if glad to keep it company,
nodding and bending in the breeze,
grow the purple and white asters.
Who of us as a child has not tried to
grasp the sunshine in his hand, and
finding his efforts vain refused to be
comforted? Surely our childhood
dream may be fulfilled, if with our
Quaker poet we sing:—

"Like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod."

Well for us, if with the poet's eye
we can look upon these common things
of life and read the lesson of beauty
contained in them. Yet these flowers
always bring a touch of sadness to us
when we see them for the first time
in the season, for they are signs that
the cold, short days of autumn are
soon to follow; for—

"The golden-rod and asters
Show that summer is no more."

Our sub-master of last year, Mr.
Hodges, is now the principal of the
Somerset high school, and has the
pleasure of hearing ten recitations per
day. If he is so successful as to teach
his scholars the careful use of the En-
glish language that characterizes his
own speech and writing, he will have
reason to be proud of his work.

Our editorial breath was nearly
taken away last week when one of our
enterprising business men approached
us on the street and of his own accord
said that he wished to advertise in the
O. L. and I. The hardened *cheek*
which we had assumed for the trip in
search of "ads" softened like glass be-
fore the blow-pipe.

We have lost a rib from our side,
that is to say, from our number we
miss 16 smiling faces; and, if it is pos-
sible to miss what we never had, but
once expected to possess, we might
say 25 instead of 16. But what has
been our loss, we suppose has been
Hopedale's gain, and we hope that
they find the up-hill road to knowl-
edge no steeper and rougher over in
the valley.

We follow the town teams with
anxious eyes and wonder if 200 *little*
feet must wade through the mud of
Spruce Street crossing another six
months.

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried—"

A carnivorous animal of the genus
Mephitis, often called Mephitis Amer-
icana, met its death from lead poison-
ing near our large gate and at the
entrance to the dram, a short time
since. He was buried beneath a
mound in the public highway; but the
mound builders have disinterred him
and now he is joining that vast and
ever moving circle of atoms which has
existed from the beginning and ever
will exist, we suppose.

How strangely mythology, geogra-
phy and science blend and intertwine!
We are led to this exclamation as we
hear the Physiology class reciting
about the Atlas vertebra, Phys. Geog.
of the Atlas Mountains and the Atlan-
tic Ocean, and later when Ovid sings
of the golden apples, of Atlas and
Hercules.

The Geology class have, in connec-
tion with their daily recitations, made
a special study of mica, quartz, feld-
spar and garnet. Among the quartz
specimens is a piece of rock salt which
resembles its neighbors so closely that
it is often taken for quartz, and it was
probably put there to mislead the in-
nocent. It teaches us by sad experi-
ence that the sense of taste is often a
help to that of sight.

The History class have, as a means
of broadening their views, many books
of reference, among which may be
found the following, purchased this
term for the use of the class in En-
glish History, in addition to those
previously placed upon our library
shelves: Histories of England by
Green, Stone, Berarde, Smith, Ander-
son, Thalheimer, Miss Yonge, and
Dickens; also Dr. Lord's Points of
History.

We suggest that the girls take more
exercise at recess, and thus increase
the circulation, clear the lungs, and
return to the remaining work of the
day with fresher mental powers.

The wire gnards that were in the
schoolyard have been taken down, and
now there is nothing to climb over or
crawl under if a stray ball happens to
fall on the grass at recess; and noth-
ing, alas! for the small boy to twang
as he goes up and down the walk.

Although we feel certain that in
Miss Prince, our new drawing teacher,
we shall have no excuse for failing to
improve in this art, yet we miss our
former friend and teacher, Miss Hay-
ward; but are consoled by the thought
that she is in a city which will appre-
ciate and pay for her faithfulness.

❖LOCALS.❖

The grassy terrace and pretty wire fence between our yard and the residence of Mr. E. C. Claffin, form a very pleasant contrast to the ugly stone wall and board fence of last year.

Several new desk-covers have appeared this term, some of them simple and others quite elaborate in their ornamentation.

The High School Annex opened this year before the High School Proper. There ought to be some law by which those who wish to educate the youth of Milford to the wild life of the plains, could not pitch the white walls of the Annex quite so close to the darker walls of the main building.

The latest illustration of stable equilibrium is a piece of apparatus representing His Satanic Majesty grinning over a "horse-chestnut." What can the old joke be which so amuses him? Ping! Ping!

A problem in very uncertain and indefinite quantities for the new Algebra class would be the amount of fruit consumed by the scholars of the M. H. S. at the daily recess.

The teachers are so few this term and the subjects so many that Greek II. and III. alternate and also Literature II. and Roman History I. Another subject which was on the list was postponed and the scholars who would have taken it joined a lower class; and thus \$1200 are saved.

Notice.—Mlle. Skeleton will receive private scholars directly at the close of the daily session. Terms moderate. Refers by permission to the members of the Thurber Medical Association. Apply at once, before being sent by the principal.

The studies and classes this term are as follows: Latin, 4; Greek, 3; French, History, Drawing and Algebra, 2 each; Literature, English Composition, Geology, Philosophy, Physical Geography, Physiology and Geometry, 1 each; in all 22.

For a mixture we offer the following, which greeted our ears the past summer: "It's a good day this afternoon to go a-fishing tomorrow."

A young relative of this school, who had at one time been inquisitive in regard to death, the grave and angels, when about to entertain some young friends at supper, asked for angel and cemetery cake for the bill of fare.

Many of '86 could not resist the impulse to see once more their Alma Mater, and have already revisited the scenes of their youth. Come again, you are ever welcome.

Our paper fund this term amounts to \$5.08, and we have a balance from last term of \$2.36.

The senior class has organized with William Phipps as president, Elizabeth Barns as vice-president, and Lilian Hill as secretary and treasurer.

The fourth class numbers about thirty-five, which is not much more than half the size of the classes of other years.

We have only three teachers to do the work of the five we had last year, and we greatly miss the two which we have lost.

The Philosophy class has begun to make apparatus. Spaulding, '89, has thus far taken the lead. His work is well done and well illustrates the lesson.

Phys. Geog. III.: "The greater part of the rocks of the earth are ingenious rocks."

Physiology IV.: "There are sixty-four bones between the knee and the ankle."

❖PERSONALS.❖

Just as we are going to press we are pained to learn of the death of two of our graduates, Mrs. Elsie A. Jenks (Jenks), '71, and Lizzie F. Toomey, '84. We remember the latter as a bright, enthusiastic girl a few months ago, full of happy anticipations for the future; and the news of her death comes to us with startling suddenness. The late Mrs. Jenks, we learn, was an honor to her class, and one who gained the affection of teachers and schoolmates. We extend our sincere sympathy to the family and friends of both.

William J. Cook, '86, is now employed in a brass foundry in Chicago, Ill.

William H. Aylward, '82, is now engaged at the cloak manufactory of E. Burt Phillips & Co., Boston.

Miss Kittie Donovan, a former member of the class of '87, is a pupil at the New England Conservatory in Boston, under the celebrated pianist, Carlisle Petersilea.

John J. O'Sullivan, '85, has been compelled to leave Harvard College and has been suffering from the amputation of his right arm. We are happy to say that he is slowly recovering.

Samuel N. Nelson, M. D., '73, is at the Azores in search of health.

Mary B. Bradbury, '86, is at the Bridgewater Normal school.

Mabel L. Godfrey, '86, is attending Wellesley College.

Frank Westcott, '86, is attending Brown University.

Jerry O'Neil, '86, is at Holy Cross College, Worcester.

Clara Hayward (Fales), '63, mother of Harold Fales, '88, died during our summer vacation. She was one of our most conscientious students.

Dr. Herbert Lyons, '74, was in town recently.

Dr. James E. Keating, '74, who has been ill for a number of weeks, is convalescent.

Lilla J. Bancroft, '81, is assistant in the Hopedale high school.

Frank Walker, '81, recently received first prize at the Worcester School of Technology, for progress in civil engineering.

John Toomey, '77, is now employed in the clothing store of B. E. Harris.

Eugene S.oddard, '78, was recently married, and is now settled in Haverhill, N. H.

Alzie Hayward, '76, and until lately one of our high school teachers, is now, to our sorrow, teaching in Quincy.

Lucy Gilfoyle, '84, is teaching in Spencer.

Kate E. Martin, '72, was recently married, and is now Mrs. Mortimer Edwards.

Daniel Devine, '84, is slowly recovering from a serious illness.

Horace E. Whitney, '80, has charge of dental parlors in Fall River.

Eben E. Williams, once of '86, is attending Dartmouth College.

Abbie Madden, '86, is at the Framingham Normal school.

Alice I. Burrell, '85, and William Dinton were recently united in marriage.

The wedding cards of Grace G. Carpenter, '84, and John A. Waterman, once of '83, are out for Oct. 4. The couple will make their home in Franklin.

Miss Florence E. Harvell, '75, is engaged in a millinery store at Provincetown, Mass.

The Friends' School, Providence, R. I., has enticed away two of our former pupils, H. Maude Hapgood, '88, and Edward J. Barns, '89.

Ella T. Chilson, '82, is teaching in Bellingham.

Samuel J. Blunt and Willard L. Fales, '86, are at Harvard College.

Miss Oreanna A. Cheney, '74, is teaching in Braggville.

Ida Bradley, '83 English, is assistant book-keeper at James Tueker & Co's shoe factory.

❖EXCHANGES.❖

Before us lies a pile of 60 exchanges, and we are not ashamed to acknowledge that our courage fails us, even though the cry of "more copy" rings in our ears. No, kind exchanges, we cannot do you justice at this late date, and so simply acknowledge our appreciation of your well filled pages, of your successful graduation exercises, of your joyful "salves" and tearful "vales" in your June numbers, and of your brave promises and good resolutions in the few September numbers which have reached us up to date. We hope and expect that our usual large number of exchanges will come as promptly to hand during this school year as in the past years; and now that we have been elected to preside over the O. L. and I. for '86 and '87, we hope to be able to give you our careful consideration, as the mails come and go, so that in October we can express our hearty approval of all which has been well said and has seemed to us to have promoted the good of the schools.

It was our good fortune to be permitted to examine the exchanges of the previous years, and now, perhaps, without mentioning any individual publication, we might in this general article say that we severely censure the practice of some of our exchanges which print the full names, or even the initials, of present pupils in their local columns (we do not refer to legitimate personals), in connection with those of young ladies of the same school or town; or even those which bring the students into unpleasant notoriety by some unlucky slip of the tongue, or unfortunate mistake as to fact. Let the item be given as a good joke, if you please, but do not indicate to the outside public the victim's name; for a good name is often one's whole stock in trade, and is better than a bird in the bush, or a stalled ox, or some other "proverbial critter."

Of our 60 exchanges before us, Me., N. H. and Ill. claim 4 each; N. Y. and N. J., 3 each; R. I., Penn., Wis., Mo. and Va., 2 each; Vt., Minn., Mich., Iowa, Dakota, Ky., Ohio, N. C., Tenn., Texas, Kansas and Ontario, 1 each; Conn., 6; Mass., 14.

Education has manifestly a double purpose,—to aid the individual in gaining a living, and to make his life worth living.—[George Howland.

Three mountains in California receive their names from members of the Yale faculty,—Mts. Whitney, Dana and Brewer.—[Ex.

CANOEING ON MEMPHREMAGOG.

*With Rambling Remarks.

Breakfast at Milford, Mass., dinner at Plymouth, N. H., a 5 o'clock tea at Newport, Vt., and then time enough left to pitch camp on the shore of Lake Memphremagog, are possibilities, and express the distance better, perhaps, than would the mere words, 233 miles. We, two brothers, did not, however, attempt these possibilities; but made the journey by the night express, thereby saving valuable hours of daylight,—a matter of great economy to him whose vacation was limited to two weeks.

If we were a humorist, a short digression would here be in order, to describe the difficult feat of sleeping in an ordinary passenger car; but we shall simply say that we have tried it, have nicely snuggled down and been pitched to port and starboard and fore and aft (as this is a canoeing story, we must begin to talk shop) by the sudden starting or stopping of the train; have got asleep in right arm and left leg, only to regain the use of them by prolonged rubbing and after suffering the apparent insertion of several papers of needles; have finally suffered that worst of all nuisances, a delightful period of oblivion of some five minutes' duration, interrupted by a vigorous punching in the ribs by a demon in blue and brass with a glaring lantern under his arm, who for the sixth time wishes to see a piece of printed cardboard. When one first comes to, he instinctively looks around for a stone, then, recovering himself, with a sickly smile he offers to shake hands, with the customary "face very familiar, but really your name etc." After another demand, more fully awakened, he grasps the idea and begins to examine himself. Of course the ticket has hidden itself in the very place he put it; but he passes it over in his first hurried search. All this time the conductor has been looking down upon him with scorn in his every look, and when at last the pasteboard is meekly handed up, he hands it back and says: "O, going through;" and then the unfortunate one feels like rising and going through him. Well, as we said before, only a born humorist can do the subject justice, and so we leave it without a word. We freely offer the subject, unpatented and uncopyrighted, to all.

Lake Memphremagog, to use a pleasing geographical phrase, *nestles* among the mountains of Vermont and Canada. The verb suggests the simile of a child and his mother—or better, perhaps, of his father; as these mountains are certainly very masculine in their stern, rugged features. "Like as a child nestles in the bosom of his mother, etc."—a pretty conceit, when the stranger looks off at sunset from Newport's observatory, Prospect Hill, over the peaceful waters spread out in the long, narrow basin between the eastern and western watersheds, their surface dotted here and there with nearly a score of islands; but when the winds rise with the rising sun and pile wave on wave until the surface is marked with lines of white caps, the simile is not so suggestive. The unruly child gathered to the knees of his father is then more appropriate. To drop all solemnities then, we say in the language of the guide book: "Memphremagog is an Indian name and is said to signify "beautiful water," a most happy designation, surely." We take no exceptions to either of these statements and can vouch for the latter. We might also add certain other recorded facts which are common property, viz: that the lake is so divided by the northern boundary line of Vermont that only one third is within its area; that it is long (30 miles) and narrow, suggesting the broad expanse of some great river, rather than a lake; that its head is in the United States and its foot in Canada;—for by the Magog river, which seems to be Memphre-magog beheaded, it pours its waters eternally into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Other statements we leave until our story develops them.

TUESDAY, August 3.

As it was on Monday we left our anxious friends (who were sure we should be drowned *again*, as last year), we should have stepped from the tram into the station at Newport just as Tuesday's morning sun was "gilding the lofty domes etc.;" but as the said sun refused to show himself, and, instead, covered his face with the thick bed-clothes of a dense rain cloud, we sought the "gents" room, where the welcome heat of a vigorous wood fire soon stopped the tattoo of chattering teeth and withdrew hands from the depths of pockets. What is more discouraging than to arrive in a strange place, hungry (chronic), shivering with cold, the rain drizzling down and the white caps breaking on the shore with such a threatening look?

The freight house was our first object of interest; for there we expected to find our canoes—one a Stella Maris model, the other a Birdie Kane, Racine—which had been shipped a week before. Through a broken window

*Canoeing, with Rambling Remarks. It may occur to some unkind reader that it would be well to reverse the order of the title.—He may do so.

they were discovered—so near and yet so far;—for the house would not be open until 7 o'clock. The relative situation of lake and depots could not be improved, and so our first "carry" was hardly more than across the street which skirts the water. To while away the time, we made remarks about the weather, left our addresses with the telegraph operator, in case our friends wished to call us in out of the rain, and took a cursory glance of our end of the town. We say *town*, because it is always safest to do so in Vermont, as we were taught that there are only two cities in this state.

"Ah, the sun! no, it's gone again! Rain!!" Such were the ejaculations for the next two hours. In one of these periods, or rather !'s, we got the canoes out; in another, loaded, then sought refuge in a neighboring storehouse; but finally,—hating to go but hating more to stay,—amid the envious glances of several small boys and three "freemen" of the village, we launched and paddled off in a little heavier shower than the others. We paddled into the wind, head on to the white caps, ran well by the first point of land to the right, turned in a slight lull and made for the cove and sandy shore between Pendar's and Indian Points. Found by practical experience, that if one became a little excited and dipped his paddle at just the right moment, the crests had a familiar way of flowing up one's sleeve and breaking there. We thought at one time, when the wind seemed determined to resist us and a wave broke in the cockpit, that the K. of H. would be \$2000 out of pocket and the court would be obliged to appoint a widow for us. To avoid the wet grass and bushes, we pitched our tent on the shore and thought our name of Sandy Camp well chosen. It was our home for this and the next day; for we found that a weather prophet of Newport, an old salt—or rather, we ought to say, an old fresh—was right when he said such a blow generally lasted two days. Neighboring farmers supplied milk and eggs. Milk, however, was a scarce article; for some of the farmers could get better returns from their land by catering to the wants of the numerous summer visitors in the village than by pasturing cows. One of us made the discovery that new milk and checkerberry leaves do *not* agree,—in fact, produce volcanic movements. As we lounged about camp we could see the trains separate at Newport and hasten on by the eastern shore to Quebec and by the western to Montreal,—for there, be it known, begins the South-eastern Railway. The latter name, on first thought, sounds very strangely to the ears of Bostonians; but we presume that all directions do not radiate from the Hub, and Montreal may possibly claim the naming thereof. There are a number of large saw-mills on the lake shore, and therefore there is no lack of drift wood ready *fitted*, to use a technical expression, for immediate use. A glorious, great camp fire, the pleasantest feature of camping, was a constant source of delight and comfort, without any great exertion on our part or of loss to the owner of the land. Many hard wood railroad ties, which had drifted ashore, piled one on another and braced by stakes, made an excellent back and reflector for the night's fire. Owing to our all night ride of Monday, the shades of evening were as welcome to us as to the small boy who woke with powder and horn, the glorious Fourth at the last stroke of 12, July 3; and so we rolled ourselves away at an early hour.

(To be Continued.)

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SCISSORS.

"Active shears gather no rust."

"Learning by study must be won,
'Twas ne'er entailed from son to son."

In this country every one gets a mouthful of education, but scarcely any one a full meal.

The word *no* is one of the easiest words in the language to spell, but sometimes one of the hardest to pronounce.

Science is a good piece of furniture for a man to have in an upper chamber, provided he has common-sense on the ground floor.

In Germany, it has been strictly forbidden to build schoolrooms with windows on both sides, such illuminations having alway proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils.

"In the sentence, 'John strikes William,'" remarked a school-teacher, "what is the object of *strikes*?" "Higher wages and less work," promptly replied the intelligent youth.

Father, looking over report: "What does this mean, my son—'must pass another examination'?" Son: "Well, you see, several of us are trying for first in that branch, and our papers were so near alike that we have to pass another examination."—[Princetonian.]

One of the school board asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists, and was promptly answered, "Land and water." He varied the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, and asked, "What then do land and water make?" To which came the immediate response, "Mud."

An eminent German said: "Whatever we are in arms, in arts, in commerce, in industry, in political power; whatever may be our strength as an Empire,—we owe to German education." That man who wants to check, or lower, or degrade education,—to crib, cabin, or confine it,—does not understand the destinies of his country.

Scene at Williams College—Junior translating New Testament: "And the—an'—and the Lord said, Lord said unto—unto Moses—" Here he hesitated and looked appealingly at a neighbor, who, being also unprepared, whispered, "Skip it." Junior, going on: "And the Lord said unto Moses, skip it!" Great consternation ensued.

When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the World, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it come off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers.—[O. W. Holmes.]

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. III.

MILFORD, MASS., OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 2

Miles Standish.

Were you to visit Duxbury and ascend Captain's Hill, you would behold a view memorable in history and song. Standing upon that height and looking to the east you would see the sandy peninsula of Cape Cod, with its sickle bend enclosing the harbor in which the Mayflower rode at anchor during the five weeks the Pilgrims were searching for a suitable place for a home. At your feet is the glassy surface of Plymouth Bay, in which Clarke's Island lies, where the Pilgrims passed that ever memorable Sabbath after their first encounter with the Indians. Southward lie Plymouth and Manomet Point, while the Blue Hills of Milton form the northern outline. Below you and around once stood the homes of the Pilgrims.

Such is the outlook from the home of Miles Standish. To his memory is being erected a large, circular monument to be surmounted by a bronze statue of the famous captain. Some one has said: "About the time that all Christendom was in mourning for the murdered Prince of Orange, and deploring in his death the overthrow of the bulwark of the Protestant faith, a little fair-headed child was playing among the hedge-rows of England, who was destined to learn the art of war in the armies of that king's more warlike son, Prince Maurice, and to be a tower of defence to the unsoldierly Pilgrim colony of America."

Of his childhood little is known. Fraudulently deprived of his title and vast estates, he entered the army. In the fierce strife of the Netherlands he learned the temper and art of war; while in the years succeeding the truce in the equally fierce theological disputes, he formed those uncompromising religious opinions which brought him into strange sympathy and connection with the Pilgrim

church in Leyden. "Not originally, and perhaps never," says the historian, "a member of the Pilgrim church, and possessing many traits which might have belonged to the fierce trooper, in an army whose cavalry was the legitimate descendant of Caesar's most formidable enemies, the appearance of the somewhat violent soldier in the saintly company of Parson Robinson's church, is an anomaly."

But it has been proved many a time, from the days of Bannockburn—when the Scottish host sank on its knees to receive the benediction of the Black Abbot of Inchaffray—even to our own times, that the most gallant and soldierly qualities are not inconsistent with the most devoted piety. Cromwell, Havelock, Jackson and Gordon bear witness to the truth of this. The soldierly qualities of Standish were of inestimable value to the colony. "To be the founders of states is the first of glories," says Lord Bacon; and to Standish more than to any one else the success of the settlement was due. "He has been said to represent the true idea of public service, vigorous fidelity, and trained fitness for his place. In his single heroic person he presented the true idea of the army, skilled military force in loyal subordination to the civil authority."

His career is a beautiful illustration of an education fitted to the great mission for which he seemed peculiarly and strangely ordained. Although Standish had such a fiery temper that he could brook no wrong, yet, when not engaged in warlike affairs, he was very kind. In that winter when so many suffered from disease, he tenderly cared for the unfortunate. The character of Standish was so upright, his bravery and wisdom so great, that they are mentioned by all the historians of the time. Though his fame rests upon this solid

foundation, yet it is to poetry that he is indebted for his widest popularity. Alexander said that that man was fortunate who had such a herald of his deeds as Homer. Was not Standish equally fortunate in having that prince of poets, Longfellow, to immortalize his name? In classic hexameter is told the story of his love. How he commissioned his friend, John Alden, to—

"Go to the damsel, Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt, old captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart—the hand and heart of a soldier;
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases;
You, who are a scholar, can say it in elegant language."

Long and eloquently pleaded John Alden for his friend;—

"Spoke of his courage and skill and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How in return for his zeal they had made him Captain of Plymouth."

Priscilla refused the kind offer, and everything Alden said in favor of Standish made her admire the eloquent pleader the more. Standish was at first greatly enraged, but since—

"No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas,"

he soon viewed the affair more philosophically, and afterwards married Barbara, sister of his first wife, Rose.

Just before his second marriage he removed from the Plymouth settlement to his home on Captain's Hill, where he passed the remaining years of his life. His remains together with those of his beloved pastor, Robinson, rest on the brow of that hill. Well may it be said of these:—

"Here rest the great and good;
Here they repose after their generous toil."

F. E. L., '86.

Short Poems in "The Princess."

Among the longer poems of Tennyson there is one called "The Princess," which, on account of the author's celebrity, has attracted considerable notice. The author's idea in composing this poem seems to have been to ridicule the modern doctrine of woman's rights, in which so many people were then—and still are—interested. He may be said to have attained his object, as is fully shown in the conclusion of the work.

The little songs that are interspersed throughout this poem may well be called the true soul that animates the whole and gives it its peculiar and most pleasing charm. In taking them up and considering them in proper course, as found in the poem, the first one that greets us with its sweet, rare music, is this:—

"As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

* * * * *

"For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there, above the little grave
We kiss'd again with tears."

What heart so cold as to resist the sweet, sad pathos contained in these lines? What eye is ever dry when standing at the grave of the dear departed dead? With what feelings of unutterable sorrow the mother stands by the mound containing all that is left of her little darling, the pride of her heart.

Passing from this sad scene we come to one that is more peaceful and soothing, in which the happy time of childhood is pictured, the happiest moments of our lives:—

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon."

With what security does the tired child, grown sleepy with long watching for the good-night kiss at his father's return, pillow his head on his mother's breast, and his weary little body, free from all care, floats quietly away into the land of dreams; while the anxious mother feels her heart grow sad and hopeless with dread forebodings lest the cruel waters may never return the husband and father to his loved ones at home.

In the succeeding song the genius of the poet reaches a more airy height, and soars into realms of more spiritual poetry:—

"The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

"O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle: answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

"O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying."

One sees the stately castle with its shadowy turrets and towers rising majestically amid the snow-capped peaks of the surrounding mountains, while the rich, mellow light of the setting sun casts weird and fitting shadows over the gleaming lake at the base of the castle walls. Faintly in the distance is heard the thunder of the rolling torrent as it dashes over the broken rocks below. Suddenly rising above the roar of the cataract come the clear notes of a bugle, and its echoes, reverberating from peak to peak, die away at length in the dim distance. What a vivid picture is this!

In marked contrast to the preceding poetical strain, follows one no less beautiful; although not of so fanciful a style, it has a mournful and pitiful tone of gloom:—

"Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens watching said
'She must weep or she will die.'

* * * * *

"Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet my child I live for thee.'"

The hall of death with its sable shadows is here represented and all the tokens of mourning. The young wife sitting pale and motionless is stunned by the sudden blow and the silent agony that finds no vent in tears attests the poignancy of her inward grief.

Finally, like the melancholy refrain of a sad song, comes the closing mournful strain of all these sweet and tender lyrics:—

"Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more."

M. D., '86.

Who misses or who wins the prize;
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.
—[Epilogue to Dr. Birch and his pupils.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—[Confucius.

❖EXCHANGES.❖

Many of our exchanges seem to be troubled with "rats;" at least, we find the word with an ! in many. We are sorry for them and advise them to hunt up some Dick Whittington and his penny cat to rid them of their trouble.

Now the gray squirrels and the school editors gather their winter supply of "chestnuts," and often, no doubt, are startled by a sonorous "ping;" the former by the bullet's quick flight, the latter by the "tintinnabulation of the bells."

It is a sad thing to see so many ~~names~~'s in our September exchanges. How many bright, active young scholars have been cut off in the spring of their life just as the doors of the future seemed about to swing open before their eager eyes! We trust that those of us who are spared may devote ourselves with the greater zeal to our tasks, and when the "heavy, dark lines" cast their shadows on our names, may that which separates them be to our credit.

O
Crescent
of
New Haven,
why waste
so much
space
this way?

The Messenger is always welcome. Its good print on good paper, its neat arrangement, its interesting and well written articles, and its large size (50 pages), make it the leader of our college exchanges. We think its department of "College News and Fun" particularly good, and we can always rely upon it for items for our "scissors column."

The School Medium, Vol. I., No. 1, we gladly welcome to our sanctum (that's a good word, but we haven't one). Although we read all our exchanges with pleasure, yet we are, of course, especially interested in the publications of the high schools. Therefore this new paper from North Brookfield is doubly acceptable.

Well done! High School World. You are the best that we receive from the high schools of the West. You say, "We hear now that he has gone to halls more stately, just beyond the limits of St. Paul." Does that mean Minneapolis? We dodge. We imagine that we can see members of the Cicero class anxiously looking in your columns for personal mention and hear them exclaiming "ubinam gentium sumus."

Well, well, so this is the Bulletin! all done up in "laller," as we heard a little child say. If we find a word of fault, Bulletin, it will be a case of "sour grapes" of the *sourest* variety. Your ambition has been and is ours, and perhaps it may be a reality this year. If your "inexperience" can produce so good a number, we shall await with eager anticipation the "Greatest Literary Feast" advertised on your cover.

Pardon us, Latin School Register, for our levity in June. Had the paper then in our hands been your October number, the remarks would have been uncalled for; but we little country schools, away back in the "forest primeval," expect more of the great Latin School of Boston, situated at the very focus of Old Sol's rays, than we received last year.

Some classical phrases from the exchange department of the Niagara Index, Vol. XIX., No. 2: In a horn, cream-fac'd loon, hogwash, lout, ass, hog, cheek, taffy, hash, chuckle-headed, cur, carcass, lunatic. If these are the whispers of "angels," we say, "Good Lord, deliver us."

We are certainly "left:" for here is the "Young Idea" with an outer garment of light chocolate (we do not mean a coating of confectionery although it surely has a very *sweet* appearance.) If the present number is a sample of what its editors intend to do this year, we fear that their present title will be a case of anachronism (that's a good word and we'll look it up as soon as we get this number out) and they will be obliged to invest in this new heading, "The Old Idea." By the way, does Gloucester furnish her high school principal with a bicycle, or a horse and carriage, or an elevated railroad? With a high school quartered, like Ganl, into three halves, a principal must be very numerous to be omnipresent.

❖PERSONALS.❖

Caroline L. Carr, English of '84, is teaching in Dedham.

Otis Holmes, formerly of '89, is employed in the Hopedale machine shop.

Harry Tilden, '86, and Ellsworth Nutter, '88, have entered Eastman's College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Martin J. Kelly, '80, who has until recently been in the public library, has again entered upon his studies at the Boston Law School.

We notice in an advertisement that Jennie S. Tufts, '82, is having marked success in music teaching. We extend to her our hearty congratulations.

Bert Gleason, once of '81, is now a student at the Harvard Law School.

Aaron H. Mayhew, '86, is in the Manufacturers' National Bank, Boston.

Ex-Supt. W. E. Hatch and wife passed last Sunday with friends in town.

Mary T. Kirby, '83, teacher in the West Street school, has been sick for a short time, and Alice M. Aylward, '82, is substituting for her.

Smilax and Orange Blossoms.

The wedding of Mary A. J. Gorman, '83, and John Walpole occurred Thursday, Oct. 14, at the residence of the groom, where they will reside.

A. Trask Woodbury, '80, was married recently to Miss Jennie Hills, a Franklin lady.

Thomas Nelson, formerly of '82, was recently married to Miss Fannie Jones of Boston.

Mande A. Tougas, once of '84, and Jules Bousquet of Roxton Falls, P. Q., were married Oct. 11, Rev. J. T. Canavan tying the knot. They will make their home at the home of the groom.

Amasa L. Smith and Leora S. Fairbanks, English of '84, took up the burden of life together, Tuesday, Oct. 12.

The following letter from our principal to the class of '86 will explain itself:—

Miss S. ELLEN REED:—

Allow me to express to the class of '86, through you, its secretary, my appreciation of the pleasant surprise I received last Thursday, and my hearty thanks for the material expression of your good will. When at home I sit down to my school work and turn your "Danner Revolving Book Case,"—no, not yours, but mine,—memories of other days also revolve before my eyes, and I see in thought the faces of '86 as distinctly as in the past. God grant that such may be your deeds and such your good names that these moments may, in the future, bring nothing of sorrow to me; but rather the satisfaction of knowing that I have sown some little seed which will grow apace and yield its fruit as the years go by.

As this gift comes to me after the excitement of graduation and of the departure from your home of the past four years, I think that I may justly consider it a testimonial of your appreciation of my work for you and of my interest in your welfare, and as such, it will ever be treasured "dum supero et vesco aura." Trusting that our pleasant relations may never be disturbed, I am—
Your former teacher and present friend,

H. W. LULL,
Milford, Mass.

Oct. 16, 1886.

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OCTOBER 1886.

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Editorial.

☞ All our subscribers of last year
will receive a copy of Vol. III., No. 2,
and we expect that they will at once
send us their year's subscription of 40
cents.

We have recently seen a collection
of autographs of distinguished per-
sons, and the average handwriting, if
the work of the scholars of our lower
grade grammar schools, would dis-
grace them. This question seems
pertinent: Has any one in active busi-
ness or political life any right to so
mutilate and *distort* the script alpha-
bet that it requires the skilled eye of
a confidential clerk, some Daniel, to
decipher what has been written? If
vocal sounds which cannot be under-
stood are not articulate speech, ought
"hen tracks" to pass for writing? We
wonder if a board of registration
could so stretch their consciences as
to accept some of these scrawls as an
evidence of an ability to write!

Some one has said: "When any
man has true literary ability, we are
interested in what he says, and read-
ily remember it in association with our
sense of his character." He therefore
concluded that Burke, and Webster,
and Lincoln had this peculiar quality
of mind, and with reason, we think,—
providing this is a correct standard of
judgment,—for where is the school-
boy who cannot quote passages from
these authors which not only interest,
but also are characteristic of the writ-
er?

The manner of teaching at the
present time is strangely different from
that in days gone by. Now, if you
possess yourself with the idea of the
lesson and recite it in your own words,
it is considered a good recitation.
But a score of years ago to vary the
words of the book in a recitation
would call for half the figure eight.
A little incident will illustrate: Some
years ago a good committee man on
his round of duty visited a school and
called for a class in Geography. The
class was soon marshaled to the front
with toes touching a crack in the
floor, arms folded, and heads erect (all
this a part of the expected discipline).
The worthy functionary was notified
that all was ready; he at once
placed the index finger on the first
word of the lesson and told the head
scholar to begin; he went bravely on
for a short time, when a hard word
staggered him, and the next boy took
it without delay and so on through
the class until the lesson was finished.
Meanwhile our school-director had been
carefully keeping his place without
lifting his eyes. At the close of the
exercise his face beamed with satisfac-
tion; his pet theory was a success; a
recitation word for word from the
book without a failure so far as he
knew. But many a delinquent that
day smiled at his own adroit nudge
for the next boy to go on with the les-
son, which was apparently such a suc-
cess.

One of the best ways of remember-
ing dates is to try and associate sever-
al events, and then find among our
well-known authors a verse or stanza,
or rely upon our own invention to
make a jingle or doggerel, to fix the
group in mind. We know of no
better illustration of this practice than
the following lines of Oliver Wendell
Holmes in that familiar old piece, *The
One-Hoss Shay*, which will fix in the
mind, without apparent effort, four
facts—

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year that Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day,
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

We call to mind pictures in the old
geographies, which we used in our
grammar-school days, of magnificent
cathedrals with towering spires which
pierced the azure blue and other places
too numerous to mention. Well, we
used to wonder at the "ten-footers,"
the "lean-to's," the huts, hovels and
the like which surrounded them, and
thought of our own land with pride.
This pride, however, has been a little

shaken during the last year by the
remarks of our friends from other
places when admiring our beautiful
Memorial Hall. The situation and
surroundings always require consider-
able explanation, and we have often
felt that it was not completely satis-
factory to said visitors. We suggest
that the ladies' societies of the differ-
ent churches combine their talents
and "work" a screen for the south-
west corner which is by far the most
objectionable to eye and nose.

Our principal has tried to arouse an
interest in good literature by offering
an additional mark to every one of
the Geology class who will give proof
that he has read Bulwer's *Last Days
of Pompeii*. Our teacher thinks that
we may then have a better realization
of the awfulness of volcanic action
and the change that such action may
cause in the external appearance of
our earth.

We are indebted to Mr. Lemuel
Mellett for a piece of lava for our
geological cabinet, to Mr. George
Crofton for three pieces of polished
marble from Vermont and New York,
and to B. G. Severance, '90, for an
arrow head and pieces of asbestos.
As this is the only way in which our
collection will probably be increased,
we hope that all those interested in
the school will remember us if they
have several specimens of the same
nature.

We are proud to say that there are
at least 50 live business men in this
town. For proof of this statement
read the "ads" in the O. L. and I.
Although the scientists tell us that
paper is a bad conductor of heat, they
well know that it is a most excellent
conductor of business interests, and is
conducive to a surplus on the credit
side of their accounts. To those who
unfortunately (for them) did not ac-
cept our generous offer of space for a
small consideration, we present the
following: "Robert Bonner, who made
a fortune in four years out of the New
York Ledger, attributes his success
entirely to his persistent, repeated and
generous advertising."

In the October Century we noticed
the following in the article on the
Remington Typewriter: "All manu-
factures attract talent, and in this
great workshop are some of the most
skilled and intelligent workmen in the
country. The finishing and alignment
work is performed by young men,
graduates of the high schools, because
the work demands more than trained
hands. It requires a trained mind,
and in this respect the Manufacturing
Company have been wise in securing

LOCALS.

the best talent, on the principle that it is a better business policy to make a first-rate machine than to make a cheap machine." As this article was evidently written for an "ad," we suppose that the above italicized words are true. They certainly are a great compliment to the high schools of the country and give at least one answer to the oft-repeated question, "What is the value of a high school education?"

There has been an "ad" in one of the Boston dailies recently which seemed to us to be perfectly ridiculous. When a firm is reduced to such straits that it is obliged to quote from the "text of the Apostle Paul" ("Hold fast that which is good") to sell its "Old Bourbon and Pure Rye," it's about time to close out the business. We suppose that each bottle is accompanied by an appropriate verse.

Our principal tried a new method on our last composition day. The school is so large for three teachers that he tried to do the "double act" of the old proverb relating to the disastrous effect of one stone and two birds. The composition subjects were based upon a particular study of each class. The subjects, paragraphs and topics were placed upon the board a week before, and on the writing day no notes or books were permitted. This exercise was then marked for the regular composition, and also as an examination in the particular studies. No one could offer the usual excuse,—"Don't know anything to write",—for several reference books were placed at our disposal.

The poet sang, "Nothing but leaves!" Could it have been of autumn that he caroled? How beautiful are the woods when the first frosty nights have touched the maples and oaks with tints of crimson and golden glory. The fields now cast aside their sombre green and are decked with a more radiant garb. Here a clump of wild sumach reaching out its long-leaved branches dyed with yellow and red, and capped with closely clustered berries. Yonder a clumsy wall now made picturesque by the variegated ivy and woodbine. The hoary clematis also lends its beauty. Even the blackberry vine has its charms as the passing season lays its hand upon it. Leaves need not be a joy but for the moment, as the bright branches are free to all to deck the walls of the home and schoolroom. As autumn wanes, how pleasant to a lover of nature are the bright relics of the past.

Some one has pithily said: Gents wear pants; but gentlemen, pantaloons.

We are seven—teen."
Here's to the health of '87.
Read the new Eastman College "ad."

The average age of the new class is 14 1-2 years.

Consult Physiology IV. for their recipe for making *lard*.

"A silver service? why,—er—um, let's see—O, a fork, and knife and spoon."—See Virgil II.

The sentence, "No it is opposition," is a palindrome, reading the same backward and forward.

Average age of the young men, 16 1-6 years; of the young ladies, 17 1-6 years; of the class, 16 1-2 years.

A motto for the box in the boy's coat room: "Intaminatis fulget honoribus." See Horace, Liber III., Ode 2.

We were informed the other day that Hannibal crossed the Alps with a cannon in 212 B. C.

Teacher: "Give me that in which you admire yourself." Young man: "I don't know." *Mirabile dictu*.

A little boy on hearing the passage, "the hairs of your head are all numbered," said: "Mamma, pull out a hair and see what number it is."

The class of '86 are indebted to Mr. D. A. Chapin for procuring the bookcase presented Principal Lull, and wish to express their thanks to him through our columns.

A peculiar fact: Only one young lady's name beyond H in the first class. We cannot say what may be true later. Perhaps they will all be in the unknown letters—X, Y and Z—in other days.

Our electrical apparatus has just been increased by the globe, socket and carbon of an incandescent light, the gift of one of our advertisers, J. D. Crosby.

Physiology IV. have discovered that all wool clothing would be too warm for the coming season; also that light colored clothing would be suitable for winter wear, as it would keep off the heat.

Two books, Dickens' History of England and Anderson's Tales, were offered by our principal as prizes to the scholars who obtained the largest number of subscribers for the O. L. & I. Miss Harris, '87, obtained the larger number and had her choice of the books. Miss Claflin, '87, received the other.

The Republican party is evidently intending to set its Ames high this year.

The third class in Drawing have finished the first book in geometrical figures. Three divisions are to be formed, one in instrumental perspective, a second in free hand and the third will continue the previous work in the second book.

Once again the top of the cabinet blossoms like a June garden (?) and this year, no doubt, the protection offered by the new curtain will give more satisfactory results than the last.

The members of the Physical Geography class recently met in the yard of Mr. Eben Brown in Hollis street, to look at the moon through his telescope. Afterwards they were invited into the house where he gave a vivid description of the phases with the assistance of his well-known orrery. It was of great profit to the class, and Mr. Brown has their hearty thanks.

On Mondays we have our regular rhetorical, when one quarter of the scholars speak. The young ladies have "as much right to be right as any other man," as the G. A. T., Daniel Pratt, used to say when defining woman suffrage, and declaim just like the boys—only a great deal better, generally speaking. The first and second classes spend part of the time studying gesticulation.

There is great excitement among the boys about a ball game which is being played between two picked nines; one from the first and second classes, and one from the third and fourth. The losing nine is to buy a foot-ball for common use later in the term. The game is played at recess time and it is doubtful whether the weather will permit its completion.

How fortunate it was for Solomon, son of David, King of Israel, that there were no "chestnut bells" in his day! Imagine him beginning to repeat some of his favorite proverbs to his numerous family; for example: "For wisdom is better—" ping! "A wise son maketh—" ping! ping! "Better is a dinner of herbs—" ping! ping! ping! Although Solomon had a wide reputation for wisdom, yet he never knew the utter absurdity of this latest freak of man's inventive genius.

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(Continued.)

CANOEING ON MEMPHREMAGOG.

With Rambling Remarks.

WEDNESDAY, August 4.

The day opened like yesterday, but not so cold. Rain, then sun, then rain *and* sun! The verdure of the opposite hills, however, seemed to thrive under it and grow beautiful in all the shades of green, from light to dark. Add farm-houses and thrifty barns, half hidden here and there among trees; add fields of grass, grain and corn on the steep hillsides, and it was a picture to delight the eye of—at least, our amateur photographer. The camera was brought out, and during the periods of sunshine, the bright rays became our servants and printed upon the prepared plates pictures of Sandy Camp and of Newport with the hills beyond—a source of pleasure to us in other days, and the best souvenirs of our outing.

We had a good chance to test the water shedding properties of our tent during the last 24 hours. It is made of unbleached cotton cloth treated to a coat of paraffine dissolved in benzine; it is very light, weighing only a few pounds, and does not allow a drop of water to penetrate its material. One side is always open, thus insuring splendid ventilation. What a tonic for the blood this camping out is! How refreshing our slumbers, be the beds never so hard! With what alacrity do we assemble ourselves for meals, regular and irregular! Then, what freedom from the cares of civilized life, (including "biled" shirts and stiff collars,) from the oppressive laws of fashion and etiquette, from the tyranny of bell and whistle! No cars to lose, no fixed time to rise from bed, a general letting down, so to speak, a complete don't care feeling! We used to read, with feelings of contempt, of "Lo, the poor Indian," who squatted before his tent, enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke, while his beastly squaw (we beg pardon—while his squaw like a beast) "toiled and spun" for her lord's pleasure. But *now* we can sympathize with the noble red man; in fact, we think we might make very fine specimens of Indians. We have already found it an exertion to do anything—especially to do dishes, to tell the truth, even to comb our hair; we cannot say to wash ourselves, for a careless step on a slippery rock often removes all exertion in that direction. In fine, we are ready to bet our last election hat that even the American citizen, proud of his loving protection of wife and children, would soon degenerate under similar conditions.

We voted by a majority of two to await settled weather here. We were somewhat disappointed, as we were anxious to see the "beyond;" but surely a quiet, restful day with a good book is not the worst of evils. The stillness was sometimes broken by the noisy paddle-wheels of a steamer, or the short, sharp puffing of a pigmy craft, pushing before it, or towing behind, a great load of logs for the mills at the head of the lake. Besides a steam yacht or two, there are two large steamers which ply upon the lake; the larger, an iron built boat, "Lady of the Lake" (we presume an Amazon lady, as she carries upon her bowsprit a battle-axe); the smaller, the "Mountain Maid," a young and vigorous maid, that seemed to be a general favorite.

How easy it is for the imagination to make sounds "articulate speaking!" This is particularly true of bells, especially in the night time. Another peculiarity is, that when the sound has once seemed to say a definite thing, then it is so evident to you that it seems very strange that others do not hear the same thing. The cause of this "ramble" was the puffing just mentioned. A spunky little tug, seemingly overloaded, by its energetic puffs seemed to be saying something in a very decided manner; and so we dropped our books to watch it and translate its complaint. All at once an old duet, "Master and Scholar," came to mind, and then it seemed so plain: "I-can't-do-it"—"Only-try-it"—and so on for an hour, until we were heartily tired; but still beyond the point and out of sight, we could hear that garrulous monologue.

From the imagination, let us turn to the sterner realities of life and sew on a button. No "ramble" this time, for either of us can do it, as we were our mother's eldest daughters. That button will *stay* where it can do the most good; for the sewing ceased when the holes had disappeared.

With the sinking sun the waves began to spread out, and we indulged in a paddle to Newport to mail letters. The distance on water is very deceptive, even when you think you appreciate the fact; and what seemed only a mile was a hard pull of forty minutes.

Everything seemed to indicate a fine day for the morrow, and so, leaving a good fire, we turned in for an early start in the morning. Just as we were in the first stages of sleep, the wind shifted and blew the smoke directly into the tent. It drove out all animal life, including ourselves, and we concluded to dispense with a fire for a time.

THURSDAY, August 5.

Today the sun came to stay, and after a hurried breakfast of griddle-cakes, fried eggs, and coffee (milk *sour*), we were off for the Canada line, which we crossed without any concussion—in fact, found it imaginary in more senses than one. We trolled, on the way over and down the western shore, and caught enough fish for a chowder dinner and a fry for supper. It seemed strange to say *down*, as we were paddling towards the north, away from home, but it was down the lake. Passed the first lighthouse on our way down, a rough, four-sided structure. There are upwards of ten of these along shore, but we saw only one, located off the shore. Our dining-place was so well adapted for a camp, and it was so late in the day, that we stopped there for the night. Three large butternut trees stood upon the edge of a low bank, with a grassy plat under their wide-spreading branches for our tent. Near by, a little brook furnished us clear, cool water—little at this time of the year; but a wild, rocky cut in the wooded hill further up its course, was proof of what it could be in time of freshet. Several great logs upon the shore made a good landing place. We spent our first foreign coin today at a farm-house up above our heads. The land in the rear of the camp rises so abruptly that when one has climbed the height and looked off over the lake, our camp is as lost to his eye as the dog at the feet of an alderman to his master's eyes. On a previous trip to Nova Scotia, we had been obliged to discount some of our money, and so this year we took the precaution of carrying with us Canada change; but it was unnecessary, as anything will pass here—except buttons. (Milk five cents per quart, for example.) Our early camping gave us a quiet fishing time just at dusk. Views of camp and flume, one from the brow of the hill, and an instantaneous of the "Lady of the Lake," were added to our collection. With gratitude for the protection of the trees, we christened (with black tea) our camp, Three Trees.

While we were preparing dinner today, two visitors, "to the countryborn" entertained us with thrilling stories of the illegal catching of muskallonge—in their vernacular, "longes"—in the closed season, and of pursuits and escapes when hard pressed by the Dominion officer.

(To be Continued.)

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SCISSORS.

"Active shears gather no rust."

Who's seen my day?
'Tis gone away,
Nor left a trace
In any place.
If I could only find
Its footfall in some mind,—
Some spirit-waters stirred
By wand of deed or word,—
I should not stand at shadowy eve,
And for my day so grieve and grieve.
—[Emma Burt.

Ghent is built on twenty-six islands,
Amsterdam on ninety, and Venice on
eighty.

The number of asteroids has been
increased this month by a recent dis-
covery to 260.

"After my death you will find Calais
written upon my heart," said the hum-
bled English Mary.

Prof. (to Sub-Fresh): "Can you
tell me from what race Napoleon
came?" S. F.: "Of Corsican."

The heraldic device of the Smith
family of Virginia is said to be a club
flush and the motto, "Thus doth
Poker-haunt-us."

If you have a friend that will re-
prove your faults and foibles, consider
you enjoy a blessing which the king
upon his throne cannot have.—[Mann.

Teacher in Mechanical Department:
"How is a stove pipe made, sir?"
Student: "Take a long cylindrical
hole and wrap a piece of sheet iron
around it."

Men are born histories, unopened,
unreadable; nevertheless, every man
born into this life brings down some-
thing of his father and something of
his mother, with a new mixture made
by the mingling of the two.—[Henry
Ward Beecher.

The cost of an express train of eight
cars is:—

Engine and tender, . . .	\$20,500
Baggage car, ...	1,000
Postal car, ...	2,000
Smoker, ...	5,000
2 ordinary passenger cars,	
\$10,000, ...	20,000
3 Palace cars, \$15,000 . .	45,000
Total cost, ...	\$83,000

Our grand system of education is a
twin bulwark with the church, guard-
ing and protecting the interests of
our loved land. So long as we keep
these we need not—

"Heed the skeptic's puny hands
While near the school the church spire
stands;
Nor fear the blinded bigot's rule
While near the church spire stands the
school."
—[Eastman Business College.

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. III.

MILFORD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1886.

No. 3

November.

No sun—no moon!
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dust—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
 No end to any Row—
 No indications where the Crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing 'em—
 No knowing 'em!
 No travelling at all—no locomotion,
 No inking of the way—no notion—
 "No go"—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
 November!

THOMAS HOOD.

Jo, The Crossing-Sweep.

There was an inquest in progress one winter's morning, at the Sol's Arms, an inn in Cook's Court, near Chancery Lane, London. A man had been found dead in his room, and the coroner was called. A poor boy, with whom the dead man was known to have been friendly, was summoned to give his evidence. He was brought in, very ragged, very dirty, very forlorn. But, before he could testify, he must answer a few preliminary questions.

"Name, Jo. Nothing else as he knows on. Don't know that everybody has two names. Never heard of such a think. Don't know that Jo is short for a longer name. Thinks its long enough for *him*. *He* don't find no fault with it. Spell it? *He* can't spell it. No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. What's home? Knows a broom's a broom and knows it's wicked to tell a lie.

Don't recollect who told him about the broom, or about the lie, but knows both. Can't exactly say what'll be done to him arter he's dead if he tells a lie to the gentlemen here, but believes it'll be something very bad, to punish him, and serve him right,—and so he'll tell the truth."

Such was the ignorance of Jo, the crossing-sweep. But that very ignorance helps to make Jo one of the most touching and pathetic of all the numerous characters in the works of Dickens. Placed by fortune in the worst conditions of life, among the wretched poor of a large city, degraded, maltreated, illformed, stunted alike in body and mind, that he was not more ignorant than represented is the wonder. Poor in everything else, Jo was rich in gratitude; the thankfulness with which he received a kind deed was one of the best traits of his character.

How strangely the Fates mingle and hopelessly entangle the threads of life in this great world! Surely they must have been especially inpropitious when they interwove the life of Jo, the poor, ignorant crossing-sweeper, with that of Lady Dedlock, the beautiful queen of society!

In some unfortunate way, Jo becomes possessed of knowledge which threatened the peace and happiness of this proud lady, and thenceforth, he is kept continually "movin' on." Driven from place to place; exposed to every inclemency of wind and weather; homeless, friendless and forlorn; an outcast and beggar; not knowing in the morning where he shall lay his head at night; always haunted by fear of the stern detective, his persecutor; skulking in by-ways and alleys, avoiding even those who would befriend him—what a life he led! What an existence to drag out! Who does not pity him!

How patient and grateful he was

through all his last sickness, contracted by exposure and starvation in his wanderings! How sad the death of such a one, so ignorant of things Divine!

Dean Ramsey once wrote in a letter to a friend: "We have been reading 'Bleak House' aloud. Surely it is one of Dickens' most powerful and successful! What a triumph is Jo! Uncultured nature is there indeed; the intimations of true heart feelings, the glimmerings of higher feeling, all are there; but everything still consistent and in harmony. Wonderful is the genius that can show all this, yet keep it only and really part of the character itself, low or common as it may be, and use no morbid or fictitious coloring. To my mind nothing in the field of fiction is to be found in English Literature surpassing the death of Jo!" Many will probably agree with the dean in this last opinion. There are few more touching scenes than the death of this poor little street-waif.

Just before he dies he asks to be buried beside his unknown friend, to whose inquest he had been summoned.

"Will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed, Jo."

"Thank'ee, sir! Thank'ee! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in; for it's allus locked; and there's a step there, as I used to clean with my broom. It's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a-comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

"Fast. * * * The rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear ye, sir, in the dark; but I'm a-gropin', a-gropin'; let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I know it's good."

"Our Father."

"Our Father!—yes, that's very good sir."

"Which art in Heaven?"

"Art in Heaven. Is the light a-comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. Hallowed be Thy name."

"Hallowed be—Thy—"

"The light is come upon the dark, benighted way. Dead! Dead, your majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."

M. L. G., '86.

Man's Debt to the Ocean.

What does man owe to that vast sheet of water encircling the continents, which the gentlest breeze that fans its cheek, the sunbeam and the microscopic insect may set instantly in motion! And yet, were it solidified, man, aided by all his mechanical contrivances, could not move it an inch in centuries.

For products belonging to all three kingdoms of nature, the animal, vegetable and mineral, is he indebted to the ocean. Chief among the animal products is the fish which is obtained from its waters. Not only does this furnish food for man, but also materials which he can utilize in many ways, as bone, glue, isinglass and oil.

To the ocean are those indebted whose labor requires the use of sponges, and when we consider the difficult and perilous manner in which these articles are obtained, it is surprising that they can be purchased at so low a price.

Among the vegetable products are Irish moss, which is used in cooking, and the seaweed which is left on the shore after the ebbing of the tide. This is sometimes utilized as a fuel, but oftener as a fertilizer; and chlorine, bromine and iodine, which man uses for bleaching and disinfecting purposes, for medicine and in photography, are obtained from it.

Of its mineral products, salt is an extensively used and indispensable article. It is so abundant in the ocean, that, were it all precipitated and spread out equally over the Northern half of this continent, it would cover the ground to the depth of a mile. Let the poet speak of others:—

"Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,

That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,

And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow."

These tiny polyps are capable of constructing whole islands and reefs from the lime dissolved and carried by the rivers into the ocean; in fact, the inhabitants of Florida owe the greater part of the very foundation upon which they are living to these polyps. There is also the precious coral, especially the rose pink, which is highly valued for ornamental purposes.

The ocean is the great reservoir of the waste products of the land, all cities aiming to have their sewage finally reach this body of water, in whose depths it loses all its fatal powers of germinating contagious diseases. The sun's rays evaporate some of the water of the ocean, and the invisible vapor, rising and condensing in the cooler atmosphere of the upper air, becomes a cloud. On the wings of the wind the cloud is wafted over the land, finally falling as rain or snow, promoting vegetation and cleansing the air through which it passes. Thus we may consider the ocean the great purifier of the world.

In the ocean are warm and cold currents flowing in every direction, each one having some special service to perform. By far the most important of these is the Gulf Stream, which means life and sustenance to nations. Think, for instance, of inhabitants of Ireland cultivating the fields, while Labrador, in nearly the same latitude, is clothed with the mantle of snow. Think of the harbors of Newfoundland frozen as late as June, while those of England are kept open by the Gulf Stream even in the dead of winter. To the inhabitants of the torrid zone currents proceeding from the polar seas bring a refreshing coolness, which to some extent offsets the scorching heat of the sun.

We are indebted to the ocean for the facility of establishing relations between the inhabitants of different countries, and the more irregular the country, (Europe, for example,) the more civilized will its inhabitants be, for they have freer access to one another. By enabling exchanges and transportation of all kinds to be carried on, and by aiding interchange of ideas as well as products, it stimulates invention, enlarges the field for industrial genius, and, in fact, it is the soul of commerce, of which civilization is the offspring.

C. L. S., '86.

"Duco, ducere," said the maid,
"I can't go on, and I'm afraid
I never can think what the perfect should be,
But the *supine*, I'm sure, is, *du kiss me*."
—[H. S. Ammal.

❖EXCHANGES.❖

This month we find spread out before us 58 exchanges. This number does not include both the copies sent us from those schools which issue a semi-monthly. These exchanges represent schools from Nova Scotia in the east to the longitude of Western Dakota, Kansas and Texas in the west, and they everywhere tell of the ever increasing interest in all things pertaining to educational matters. It augurs well for the country when its younger sons and daughters are so thoroughly alive to the growth of the school privileges, and seem so thoroughly to appreciate the advantages offered, as is evinced by the expression of opinion in the numerous high school, academy and college publications.

Editing such papers has many discouragements, and therefore the simple fact that any school has sufficient enterprise and perseverance to publish a school journal, is of itself worthy of commendation and should be constantly kept in mind by the editors of the larger and wealthier schools. We are not so egotistic as to think we are at or near the head; nor so "numble" as to think that we are at the foot. We are doing our best, however, and trying to merit the appreciation of our exchanges by our intentions, if not by their fulfilment. The mistakes of those below us are very obvious to us, and we have no doubt that our superiors can say the same of us. To these rambling remarks, then, let us add a little lesson in regard to the exchange column: First, that one copy of a paper is not a proper criterion for judgment; for it frequently happens that one department crowds another, as in a particular issue that there is a dearth of "locals," but an overflow in "personals." Second, that the papers of the country towns must depend largely on "ads" for running expenses and therefore the sacrifice of space, paradoxical as it may seem, means the life of the paper. Third, be careful and not criticize your neighbor for a fault which is more noticeable in yourself. (We have an example before us of such criticism.) Fourth, do not — "enough copy," did you say? Thanks.

Massachusetts leads off this month with 19; Maine follows with 5; New Hampshire and New York with 3; Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Virginia, Missouri, Michigan, Kansas, with 2; New Jersey, Delaware, Rhode Island, Ohio, Texas; North Carolina, Minnesota, Dakota, District of Columbia and Nova Scotia, with 1.

The Normal School.

A high school course is considered by many a sufficient preparation to fit a girl to become a teacher. The inconsistency of those who think thus can be seen at a glance. They would not for a moment consider anyone qualified to be a doctor, because he had received a high school education. No, he must attend a medical school and make a thorough study of his profession before he begins its practice. Why should special training be given in one case and not in the other?

The time is past when it was deemed sufficient for a teacher to know a little grammar and less arithmetic, with a few facts of history and literature added. Teaching is becoming every year to be regarded more and more as a profession, and requires just as careful preparation as the other professions. If this were not a recognized fact by the best educators, normal schools would not exist.

With every new day spent at the normal school, the question is forced upon us: "How can those who never received the training we are receiving, feel competent to teach, or how can they become successful teachers?"

The course of study pursued in a high school as a rule includes very few of the subjects taught in the lower grades. Its graduates may be able to translate Latin fluently, but of what material assistance will that be to him who desires to give a picture lesson to little children, or attempts to make the older pupils understand the reason for dividing into periods of three figures each a number whose cube root is to be extracted?

If one wishes to acquire a knowledge of correct principles and methods of teaching, of the objects and subjects to be taught, and to learn how to apply these principles and this knowledge so that he may control and educate pupils of his own, let him attend a normal school.

All the branches which we may be called upon to teach in our own schools are here taught as they should be to children. Besides receiving the benefit of such instruction, we are required to conduct recitations in many of the lessons. This necessitates thorough preparation of the lesson on the part of the student, for he must know the subject and the logical arrangement of it, as well as how to present and teach it.

When one of the scholars takes charge of the recitation, at its close criticisms on his manner, the subject matter taught and the method pursued are given by the teacher and members of the class, so that he learns wherein

he has done well and in what he needs to improve.

In addition to the practice obtained in this way, each of us spends several weeks during our course in the primary, intermediate and grammar departments, where we have charge of a room or class of pupils, and are expected to do just as we should in our own schools. This part of the work is under the direction of an experienced teacher, who advises us with regard to the method to be used in controlling the children, conducting recitations, and other points in the school work.

To those of this school who desire to become teachers, we would say, Do not, after graduating enter, immediately upon the discharge of duties to which you are wholly unaccustomed and for which you have received no special training. Avail yourselves of the advantages of a normal school, and you will teach with a higher conception of the true principles and ends of education than you can possibly acquire otherwise.

I. L. G., '85.

Thanksgiving.

As Thanksgiving is now close at hand, perhaps it would be well to mention some of the things for which we should be thankful.

We have good, comfortable homes, well heated, and also plenty to eat and drink, quite different from the state of affairs when our forefathers settled in Massachusetts, they having poor shelter and sometimes not knowing where they would obtain their next meal.

Our schools, all in a flourishing condition, enable us to obtain a good education. We have a large number of energetic business men, to whom, no doubt, is largely due the present prosperity of our town. Our water-works furnish us as good water as can be found in the state, and, with our excellent fire department, afford ample protection against fires. We have well laid out streets lighted by electricity and gas, and efficient police who preserve good order.

Our Music Hall, with its handsome theatre, (one of the best in New England outside of the large cities,) and our new Memorial Hall with its well-stocked library, are also among the things for which we should be grateful. We should be especially thankful that we have so few fires and that we live in a section of the country quite free from floods and earthquakes. No epidemics have lessened our ranks, but with health and vigor we have performed our tasks.

W. P., '87.

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NOVEMBER 1886.

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BY
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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY, Lock Box 137.

Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post-Office, as second
class matter.

Either the graduates of this
school must give us their support by
subscribing to the O., L. and I., or the
paper must be given up. We find
that faith is a bad basis to work upon
when we are trying to pay our printer's
bill. We give below the number
in each class, and then the number of
subscribers:—

'62-5-1	'63-8-0	'64-6-0	'65-14-1	'66-21-0
'67-10-0	'68-16-0	'69-13-1	'70-10-0	'71-18-0
'72-18-1	'73-16-0	'74-25-0	'75-19-1	'76-28-0
'77-8-0	'78-11-1	'79-19-1	'80-18-1	'81-10-1
'82-28-0	'83-28-4	'84-29-7	'85-27-11	'86-33-23

This means that out of an alumni of
nearly 450, we have 50 regular sub-
scribers. *Where are the 400?*

Today all positions are in so great
demand that the young man who
would succeed in life must be alive to
every opportunity. It is not sufficient
simply to do the allotted work, but he
must keep his eyes and ears open to
all that surrounds him, and then make
himself so necessary to his employers
by applying this knowledge, that his
advancement will be assured. We
have just heard of an illustration of
this in the case of a recent graduate,
who voluntarily requested a chance to
learn the work of the grade above him
in addition to his own, when there
was no opening in that grade. After
a time, a vacation was granted his su-
perior officer, and he was called upon
to perform the duties of the absent
one, much to his own pleasure, and
much to the disgust of those who had
served for more years, but to less profit.
What this story teaches is true of
life generally.

The class of '86 received cards from
our principal and his wife inviting
them to their home last Monday night,
November 15, when they inspected
the book-case ordered by them last
summer, and passed the evening with
music and refreshments.

Discovery.—That working between
meals retards digestion is an impres-
sion many have labored under. It
has recently been ascertained by scien-
tific investigation that the plea is
false. Experience will justify this
theory, if correct. Let us not totally
ignore the fruitful thoughts of the
scientist.

Perfection is not reached at a single
bound, but step by step we must plod
our weary way along. Yet how often
do we see the castles so fondly built
crushed to the earth with but a single
blow. We may resolve and even
trust that the near future shall reveal
some marvelous results of our daily
toil, but that future will soon be the
past and still we are but creeping
toward the goal. "Wings for angels,
but feet for men." Perhaps fortune
will favor us for a short time and
lend wings to mount to lofty heights;
then we sail on a smooth sea, but all
too soon must come the fatal fall.
Those who have reached the serene
heights are not always to be envied, so
often does position cause prejudice,
dislike and jealousy. Should it be
thus? Is the brotherly love so zeal-
ously advocated by William Penn our
watchword?

Thus far this term we all have de-
claimed once, and a week ago eight
scholars were picked out by their
teachers and schoolmates to speak be-
fore the whole school as the representa-
tives of the different classes, two from
every class. The names of the fortu-
nate speakers are given below, with
their selections. Misses Bicknell and
Green also favored us with a piano
duet and Miss Nellie Brown rendered
a vocal selection, accompanied by Miss
Roberts. As these were all members of
'88, it becomes the class of '87 to wake
up. Let us all make a vigorous effort
to be among the lucky eight who are
expected to entertain us, after we
have spoken a second time, just before
the Christmas vacation; for it certainly
is a thing to be proud of.

Wm. Phipps, '87,	The Necessity of Gov-
	ernment.
Lilian Hill, '87,	The Song of the Sea Wind
Harold Fales, '88,	Address to Young Men
Lydia Roberts, '88,	In the Catacombs
H. B. Spaulding, '89,	Money
Ethelwyn Blake, '89,	The Bartholdi Statue
M. B. Washburn, '90,	Abon Ben Adhem
Essie Wilbur, '90,	Nobody's Child

The girls in the Geology class have
been asked to find the approximate
height of a tree in the school yard.
The method used will not give the
true height, but near enough for all
practical purposes. A stick is driven
into the ground a certain distance
from the tree, the eye is placed on the
ground so that looking over the top
of the stick the top of the tree may be
seen, then we have a direct propor-
tion between the two distances and
the two heights. Stately Miss B. re-
fuses to bend to Mother Earth, and
promises the girl who will kneel for
her a translation of the next day's
Cicero. Many a gay girl is eager to
accept the terms proposed. Down
she goes, ready for work, but she is a
little too far away, now a little too
near, or not in a direct range with the
tree; in fact, she despairs of finding
it, then up she gets and gives the
next her turn. After the height has
been found by the girls, the boys are
to correct their result. It is to be
hoped the girls will be accurate in
their measurements.

On the first day of November, 1886,
Messrs. Pyrite, Calcopryite and the
accompanying ites appeared among us.
Immediately a committee of thirteen
was appointed to make their acquaint-
ance. Very soon calls were made
more from a sense of duty than any
great desire of becoming acquainted
with so dignified and matter-of-fact
personages. At first, as there seemed
to be little in common between us,
the calls were angel like. After a
few questions had been asked as to
their history, ancestry and apparel,
we found that we were yet in the
dark. Then we prolonged our calls,
became more inquisitive, and perhaps
even impertinent. We found them
to be the most conservative people
we had ever had to deal with. The
more we saw of them the less we
seemed to understand them. Finally,
obtaining little information from them,
in despair we fled to the mineralogy
containing their history, and devoured
all that could be found pertaining to
them. A little relieved we again
called, but alack! alas! we had for-
gotten their given names, or confound-
ed the history of one with the other.
Then came the query, "How could
we enjoy those who had caused us so
much trouble?" Many a disheart-
ened and discouraged one would gladly
have resigned his position, if his res-
ignation would have been accepted.
The spirit of Xantippe truly pervaded
that unfortunate thirteen for some
time. As thirteen has always been
regarded as an unlucky number, per-
haps the whole blame should not be
thrown upon the dryness of the ites.

LOCALS.

Thanks-giving!

School begins at 8.30 a. m. and closes at 1.30 p. m.

"A pulse is a thing you put your finger on."—[Physiology IV.

A vigorous young cactus, presented by Miss Smith, '90, adorns the piano.

C_2H_6O is taken daily by the scholars of the M. H. S.—It's a mental dose, not an intestinal.

"Le jour's des actions de grace" was translated by a scholars of French II. as "The ox feeds on grass."

Original illustration of personification by Literature II.: "After many years a plague comes into Philadelphia."

On account of the change in the drawing hours we have again been obliged to change the order of recitations.

"And then you know there are many pipes in the incubator, so that the steam can warm more air and so we are warmer." Great applause by the class.

Miss Prince, the drawing teacher, comes in to give instruction in drawing the last two hours on Thursdays and Fridays, instead of the first hour each day of the week as formerly.

Our teachers begin to complain of the scholars' coming to school too early, (a very unusual thing for teachers to complain about,) and so the door is not opened until 8.15 a. m.

The Scientific American has been of particular interest of late to the members of the Physics class. Its illustrations of physical laws with simple, cheap and novel apparatus are quite wonderful, and we hope that all are following the weekly numbers.

The plants on the cabinet are beginning to show the results of the careful attention that Miss Nellie Brown, '88, gives them, and we expect that they are just stuffing themselves with the CO_2 we daily make.

A little sister of one of the graduates was writing a letter. She wished to use the words "tongue can tell" and not knowing how to spell them, said to her mother, "Mamma, how do you spell *tongue can tell*?—t-n-n-k-e-n-t-e-l?"

Teacher and pupil in Algebra IV.: "You have given the greater number and the difference between that and the smaller number; how do you find the smaller number?" Pupil: "I don't know." Teacher: "A little boy is three years old, and he has a brother a year younger, how old is the brother?" Pupil, promptly: "Six."

The ball and bat have given way to the ball and foot, and the boys come in at the close of recess with rosier cheeks and more "disheveled as to their hair;" but the healthy glow and the lungs cleared from CO_2 more than balance their deshabelle.

On the street the other day we heard a little child ask a commercial traveller a comical question. The l. c. had heard him called a "drummer," and eagerly asked him, as he left the store, if the other band men were going with him.

Boys, attention! A few days ago 400 boys answered an "ad" in a city paper for a clerk's position; but only one, an "ad" for a carpenter's apprenticeship. Here's a chance for some of our boys who evidently have a talent for mechanics, as shown by the apparatus presented in the Physics class.

The review Vergil class turned pale last week when their teacher approached the class with Bible in hand and proceeded to hear the recitation. *He*, however, was no less astonished than they on discovering the cause of their consternation, and the Bible quickly retired to its proper place.

Our principal got a tardy mark last week, but as it is two years and a half since he has been guilty of a similar offence, we "let him off easy," although he did not bring a note from his parents. The attractions of his class supper (Harvard '74) on Saturday, and the services at Cambridge on Sunday the seventh inst. were a sufficient excuse, we think, and would also have warranted him in "hooking Jack" on Monday when such scholars and orators as Lowell and Holmes were to speak.

If Bartholdi's Liberty were given the powers of speech and the disposition of a Mrs. Xantippe or a Mrs. Caudle, wouldn't she give the New Yorkers a piece of her mind, as she looks down from her airy height upon the monument-less tomb of Liberty's greatest and stamchest friend. If we had the powers of a Douglas Jerrold, we would try a hand, or pen, at this subject. Help yourselves to it, ye knights of the pen and fellow-editors.

An effort is being made by the teachers of Milford to hire an elocutionist to give them instruction in that art of arts. As the expense will be rather heavy for them, it is proposed to give six entertainments; (three readings and three lectures,) by the faculty of the Monroe Conservatory of Oratory in Boston. As the tickets to the six are only one dollar, it is hoped that they may be successful, especially as we shall reap the harvest of the seeds sown.

PERSONALS.

Alice M. Ames, '83, is teaching in Spencer.

Anna M. Walker, '85, is assistant in the primary school at Hopedale.

Miss Mary V. L. Moriarty, '83, is now teaching in Hubbard, Neb.

Elbridge Jones, '85, is now employed with Dyer, Taylor and Co., Boston.

Clarence Barbour, once of '88, is at work in Ray's mill at North Bellingham.

Vinton A. Sears, once of '88, has left Milford for his home in Northampton.

Ernest L. Cook, '82, has left his position in Providence, R. I., for one in Hopedale.

Frank Walker, '81, is surveying a branch of the Northern Pacific in Montana.

Miss Jessie L. Grow, '86, has opened a dancing school in the old Grand Army Hall.

John W. Gordon, one of our former sub-masters, is said to be practicing law in Montpelier, Vt.

Miss Mallie F. Gleason, '76, has water-color illustrations of nearly all the wild flowers of Milford.

Edward Fox, once of '88, has resigned his position at Fletcher's, and is now learning the tailor's cutting trade.

Mrs. Josephine (Battles) Woodbury, '66, is said to have a large practice as a Christian Science healer in Boston.

The friends of Clarence A. Sumner, '66, gave him a pleasant surprise at his home, Monday, Oct. 18, on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of his marriage.

N. F. Blake, '65, with the unexpected assistance of friends, also celebrated his nineteenth anniversary last Friday.

The new jewelry firm of J. O. Bailey & Co., at 507 Washington St., Boston, is composed of J. Oscar Bailey, '68, and A. H. Tyler, a former pupil of our school.

Rev. C. J. White, one of our former principals, has resigned his position as superintendent of the Woonsocket schools. The Reporter speaks highly of him.

Sam Blunt, '86, and Harvard, '90; Charles Samders, '85, employed in a Boston foundry; and Horace E. Whitney, '80, now in charge of dental parlors at Fall River, visited town recently.

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AT E. L. WILLIS,.

(Continued.)

CANOEING ON MEMPHREMAGOG.

With Rambling Remarks.

FRIDAY, August 6.

Although the supply of wood was rather limited, and there were signs of a "freeze," yet we passed a very comfortable night. After a swim and a hot breakfast, we, fuller and, we trust, better men, paddled on, skirting the shore, (which is generally heavily wooded down to the water,) leaving Round Island on our right,—the prettiest island in the lake,—until we reached the Mountain House at the foot of Owl's Head, twelve miles from Newport. Owl's Head is a rugged peak 3,500 feet high, and commands from its summit a view of all the lake. As it was then afternoon, we contented ourselves with a short climb for a partial view, and then paddled on until we discovered the permanent camp of three Cambridge young men. They had accidentally stumbled upon the best camping place we ever saw. A bold projection of solid rock, Pawnee by name, slopes down to its junction with the main land, where there is a cove for boats; and at its head pure and cold water trickles down a rocky face, not only furnishing drink but making a refrigerator for milk and butter. Just above is a grassy plot, in a slight depression, for the tent. Fish can be caught from the rocks and tossed to the cook at his fire. In the rear, the land is the eastern slope of Owl's Head, thus preventing all intrusion of stragglers from civilization.

We envied them their location; but after a short chat, in which we discovered mutual acquaintances, we went on to the next point and its cove, where we should have been well pleased if we had not seen the former place. A clear brook, plenty of wood, a bed of brakes, a rocky basin full of logs for a wharf, a hot chowder of fresh fish,—all gave a rosy hue to life; we turned off the gas, blanketed ourselves, and enjoyed an undisturbed sleep in Rocky Bay Camp.

SATURDAY, August 7,

We find that early to bed means early to rise, yet we do not make any effort to anticipate the sun. From the next point a view of both camps and of the lake could be had, and the camera took it. Further down, in a deep winding, we found the "Lady" lying at Perkins' Landing, a thrifty little place of one wharf, a pile of cord wood, and two men,—at least that was what we saw. Here the "Lady" (with a great *bustle*) takes on her daily stock of wood, (ten cords,) which will furnish steam to carry her twenty miles and back, and then a complete trip of the lake. (To avoid any misunderstanding, we ought to explain that the "Lady" is the steamboat, and the "bustle" modifies "takes" and not the "Lady.") This wood is burned without further cutting, being four feet in length, and then the ashes are sold for a fertilizer. We watched the rapid loading with great interest, admiring especially the dexterity (?) of a man whose birth-mark was the leg and paw of a bear, in place of the usual right arm and hand. This malformation seemed to be no impediment, but, instead, almost an advantage, judging by the work done.

Directly across on the eastern shore is Allan's Point, where is the Allan summer residence. Sir Hugh Allan's name is well known, from the line of Transatlantic steamships which bears it. We had a quiet paddle across, under the meridian sun. We skirted the grounds, which seemed very exclusive with their fences next to the water, ran under a private wharf of great logs piled up log-cabin fashion, and then aimed for Jewett Point, about a mile distant; thence, with troll out behind, we began our preparations for dinner by following the good old advice of catching before frying our fish. By the way, there is nothing like trolling to shorten distance. This may seem paradoxical at first, because the troll is a drag, and much time is consumed in answering its demands; but the excitement so occupies one's attention that he gives no thought to distance. This was the case today, for we had learned that the steamer's course was five miles from the landing to Georgeville; but ours was a zigzag, and so we were much surprised to paddle into Georgeville in an hour and a half, including all stops. The village is small, but as it contains several stores (Hexcuse hus—shops, we should say; it's English, you know) it was satisfactory to us; for the commissary department was low. We found store number one closed, number two closed, began to feel alarmed and saluted the first man we met with, "I say, sir, what day is this?" With surprise he answered, "Saturday." We breathed a sigh of relief, for we feared that we had lost a day and cracked our first Canadian Sunday.

Among our purchases, the most appreciated was a loaf of home made bread. We had a feast of bread and butter, and realized more than ever before that they are the staff of life. This place (Georgeville) is the summer home of

many from the north, and as there seems to be considerable sociability between the different families, an abundance of good boats, good fishing and the excitement attending the arrival and departure of two steamers every day, it is an unusually attractive resort.

The gentlemanly captain and the clerk of the "Lady" had kindly offered to carry our mail and also bring it from Newport. This was a great favor, for we could meet them somewhere nearly every day; and it was faithfully carried out. So we awaited the arrival of the steamer and letters, and then sought a camp just beyond the village, in a cove shaded by white birches, which lacked only a spring to make it entirely satisfactory. Spruce browse was so plenty that we gathered it for a "feather bed;" then we started a chowder, but when the time came to add the milk, we found that the steamer's wake had swamped the refrigerator (a pail sunk in the sand under a stone); and, as one quart of milk watered by a thirty-mile lake was a little *too* weak, we omitted it until our next edition. Our cooking was always scrupulously clean (that's the proper adjective, we believe); of course a little charcoal will adhere to it now and then, but that is healthy and a purifier. In front of the tent there was a wild apple tree, and its fruit was sour—very sour. We thought of tapping it for cider vinegar, but we were too sleepy. In spite of our sleepiness, however, the plates must be changed for the camera. It is a very heating and rather dreaded ordeal. The plate holders carry six plates and must be unloaded and reloaded every other night at least. As this is done the last thing at night, under two pairs of woolen blankets, with the aid of two rubber blankets, two coats, and at the back of the tent, the operator generally comes forth in a moist condition. In spite of these precautions, light sometimes will get in and ruin plates.

(To be Continued.)

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actly where the rights of another man
begin.

It is said that 27,000,000 watches
can be run by a one-horse-power en-
gine.

When a thief steals five cents he
does not think half the dime that some
day perhaps, old nickel get him.

The famous horse Virgil has just
died in Kentucky. All classical schol-
ars who are familiar with Virgil will
remember the "pony."

Greece, the oldest of the ancient
classical nations, is about half the
"size of Pennsylvania, and possesses a
mild climate and rich diversity of sur-
face."

"What is it you like about that
girl?" asked one young man of an-
other. "My arm," was the brief re-
ply.

Every young man has a fortune in
the fact of his youth. Well-directed,
educated will power is what a young
man needs.—[President Yates, of Rut-
gers.

"I understand you are a graduate of
Vassar, Miss Lucy. Did you ever
study English literature to any ex-
tent?" "Oh, mercy, yes; we had Hogg
for breakfast, Bacon for dinner, Lamb
for tea, and Lover in the evening."

A silver dollar weighs very nearly
an ounce, hence any letter not heavier
than a dollar can go for a single two-
cent stamp. A five-cent piece added
will give the ounce. If you have not
the silver dollar, five nickels and a
small copper cent will give an ounce.

There are twenty persons whose
gifts to colleges in this country aggre-
gate over \$23,000,000. Three of
these rich men—Stephen Girard, John
Hopkins, Asa Parker—gave over \$14-
000,000.

Will You Sail or Will You Drift?
Every life is either a drift or a voy-
age. The end is determined by the
beginning. You may, if you will,
battling against winds and waves,
against tides and tempests, against
hurricane and iceberg, welcoming
sunny heavens and balm-breathing
breezes, and sailing over sunlit seas,
voyage steadily on toward a chosen,
desired harbor; or you may drift over
the sea and founder, or dash upon the
rocks, and sink beneath the waves of
despair.—[Rev. Wm. Lloyd.

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STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. III.

MILFORD, MASS., DECEMBER, 1886.

No. 4

A Vision.

While dozing over Maro's verses,
Where Ilium's woes the bard rehearses,
Like Palinurus—luckless ghost—
Somnus o'ercame me at my post.
Sleeping, I dreamt a frightful dream,
That all too actual did seem.

A fearful form before me rose
And halted, "hushed in grim repose."
A chain, which in its hand it bore,
Rattled and clanked upon the floor;
Upon its brow a mystic seal
Which the dim light did not reveal.
Shrinking, I shook with sore affright,
Yet in a trembling tone polite,
"Why seek you me, strange form?" I said.
The spirit sighed and raised its head
And gazed upon me. 'Neath its eyes,
I could not speak nor move nor rise.
Then more in sorrow than in rage,
"I am thy 'General Average,'"
The spirit said, "this mark I bear
Upon my brow thou too must wear
In future time; and be it low,
Or be it high, that time shall show.
This heavy chain upon me laid,
Of recitations missed is made;
Each rounded link a zero mark
Adds to the tale so long and dark;
There lack but few to fill the round
By which, thou, helpless, shall be bound
And dragged, whether thou wilt or no
To the sad regions down below.
Enough for now, my time is short;
Adieu until the next 'Report.'
I must away; 'tis thine to see
These warnings be not lost on thee."

* * * * *
I started up—the shade had flown
And I was by myself alone.

—[Bob Short in the Premier.

Our Olympic Games.

'Tis the time of the supremacy of Athens and the celebration of the Olympian festivals. Heralds have long since announced the days for the sports, which have been eagerly awaited for months, during which many preparations have been made. All Hellas is assembled on the sacred grounds near the old temple of Olympian Jupiter in Elis. There is little distinction in rank, for rich and poor are alike participants and witnesses of the games. Before us lies an open space divided into measured tracks

for the foot-races, and a vacant place for the wrestlers and boxers. Even now two wrestlers are entering, one of great renown, the other a stranger. A look of determination rests upon the features of the latter as he faces his opponent, for this contest, if successful, will confer the highest honors upon himself and family, and his name will become a household word. The signal is given, then—

"Raised on his toes each champion stands
And fearless lifts in air his hands;
Their heads thrown back avoid the stroke,
Their mighty arms the fight provoke."

The victory is nearly won; both, exhausted, pause before the final struggle; the eager crowd leans forward, breathless; the pride of the Greeks falls heavily. The struggle is over, the air resounds with shouts as the stranger's victorious name flies from mouth to mouth.

Now comes the chariot race, the most pleasing and celebrated of all the sports, for both men and women were allowed to contend, not only to display their fine bodily skill but also their fine horses and chariots. The horses are impatient to be off, and toss their heads restlessly. At the signal they dash away, and disappear for a time in the clouds of dust raised by so many flying feet. As the dust settles and the air becomes clearer, we see that they have even now passed over more than half the distance, and—

"Eager o'er the tossing manes
The charioteer flings out the reins
And bends him o'er the lash."

Yet, while we look, one chariot gains upon the others, dashes forward, reaches the goal, and receives the reward.

These festivals were attended by people from all parts of the country, and made them better acquainted with one another, besides establishing a mutual bond among them.

Have we no wrestling matches, no

racers, no Olympic games? Surely in our daily life many a wrestling match has been fought unknown to the outside world. These struggles with ourselves are the hardest of all, yet we feel our strength increased with every victory. As the runners after many weary months of practice were strengthened for the public contests, so our minds during these four years of school-life have been strengthened and trained by study for our life work, and today we become contestants in a greater Olympic game. As there are more contestants in our games than in those,—for the professions are crowded, all vocations are crowded,—we must be well prepared to fill our positions in this game of life if we hope successfully to compete with others. To achieve this, every moment must be improved; and those who shirk the preparation will be the losers in the end. Yet we ought not to be discouraged, for "there is plenty of room at the top."

Cicero says in his oration in defence of the poet Archias, "If Roscius by the graceful movements of his body pleases you, how much more ought Archias by the wonderful movements of his mind to delight you? And so, if we admire grace and beauty as the adornments of the body, we ought to admire them in a far greater degree as the adornments of the mind. This is an age when inventive power is valued as it deserves to be, if we may judge from the enthusiastic crowds which all exhibitions attract. Speaking of these, ex-Governor Long calls them "our Olympian games, where the races are of the head and not of the feet, the wrestling matches are not of the human sinews, but of the forces of nature, grappling under the direction of human skill with the fibres of the field, with the inertia of ores, with wood and stone—not to fling them to the earth, but to raise and train them

into a million hand-servants of usefulness and luxury; and the prize is not a fading olive wreath, but that perfection of blessings, that dream of all other lands and lots—a New England home.”
E. J. C. '86.

Massachusetts' Boast.

Surely the world knows my history by heart, for I have Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and they can never be forgotten, yet let me for a moment recall the scenes of former days.

The world remembers my birthday as though it were but yesterday. It was on a cold, dreary day in December that a little band of earnest Puritans landed on Plymouth rock in search of a home in an unknown wilderness, where they could worship God as they pleased. How severely they suffered the first year, losing more than half of their number, yet their courage never failed, but they persevered to the end. I am the eldest of the six children who settled nearest the motherland, and I have worked hard ever since to raise my own family of sons and daughters; so, today, as I look around me and see them all prospering, why should I not be a happy old lady?

During my first one hundred and fifty years many were the wars with the Indians and French in which I engaged, many the hardships I endured, and many were the heroic deeds of which I can boast, and many a romance and thrilling tale have since found their way into story. But all these struggles and contests were training my children for the greater work which was to come. I can see Louisburg, the "Gibraltar of America;" What rejoicing was caused by its capture and what an inspiration the remembrance of it was to the men of Revolutionary days!

At this time, I, with my family, still under control of the mother country, was suffering bitter wrongs, and I wished to be freed. It was then—

"King George the third sent out a decree,
In seventeen hundred and seventy-three,
That three pence on every pound of tea
The very moderate tax should be
For the infant American colony."

How enraged were my children! I can see a band of my daring sons, disguised as Indians, going forth to a deed which the world will remember. Soon after I see messengers hurrying to and fro to alarm the country of the impending danger.

"For borne on the night-wind of the Past
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

In this war for independence I "fired

the shot heard round the world," and after eight years of turmoil and strife, victory came to crown our work.

During my next seventy years, of what great progress I can boast! I established manufactories of iron, cotton and leather; I carried on extensive commerce both at home and abroad; my fishing fleets were found on every sea. To the great delight of all my children I built them a railroad, so that they were no longer compelled to travel in tiresome stage-coaches. My children in Boston commenced lighting their streets with gas. In fact, by industry, frugality and integrity I became the envy of my sister states.

Though my family and I were prospering, yet our peace was disturbed by troubles among my sisters, and my sons went forth to a war of right against wrong. As an honored son of mine has well said, "we have struck the shackles from the feet of the slave and from the soul of his master. We have emancipated the prodigal states themselves, allowing them to justly share, but nevermore to domineer. Massachusetts will never forget the memory of these her martyr sons. Scarce a town is there from Boston to the humblest rural villages in which do not rise monuments to tell how universal was the response of Massachusetts to the call of the patriot's duty."

Among the great men who have figured in history how many I have furnished! I point with pride to Winthrop, the Puritan; Franklin, the philosopher; Otis, Adams and Hancock, the patriots; and among my younger sons, Garrison and Phillips, of anti-slavery fame; Sumner, the statesman; Mann, the educator; and Holmes, and Whittier, and Emerson.

My sons may be said to have had characters like the Pilgrim's rock of granite, so strong and unyielding, and why should they not if they resemble me, for it has been said, "Massachusetts has held her way right onward unshaken, unterrified;" so, in years to come, I hope these, my younger sons and daughters who are now starting in their new life, may have characters as strong and unyielding as the elder.

L. H. D., '86.

We expect to gain some profit from the newly organized teachers' meetings for reading and conversation upon educational matters. It will surely do the teachers good to study the principles underlying the methods of teaching and will give them a better appreciation of their work and the *material* furnished them to work upon, therefore we expect to feel the reaction of the good, so to speak, upon ourselves.

EXCHANGES.

Greetings, Xmas greetings to all our exchanges! May your hosiery be increased from 10's to, at least, 11's by its yearly stuffing. Our hearts are as large as the fists of Hercules, but our pocket-books are only of the pigmy dimensions, and, therefore, Vol. III., No. 4 is the only remembrance that we can send you as an expression of our good will.

Literature II. should read the article on Goldsmith in College Message.

The Trinity School Record contains an interesting article on Vergil. We find its Lounger entertaining.

Among many good things in the High School Bulletin, is The Castle of Indolence, which some of us might read with profit.

Fellow exchanges, let's swear off on "The king-has-fleas" story. The poor king has already suffered in at least fifty exchanges.

Perhaps there is nothing new in the well-written article on Symmetrical Development in the Collegiate, but it certainly contains ideas which we all need to hear often reiterated.

We notice in the "editorial bows" that the great (?) age of some of our exchanges is proudly set forth; we wish to say that we propose to celebrate our *twenty-fifth* anniversary in September, 1909.

We congratulate the Seminary Opinator upon its new cover. Nothing more artistic in design, or more pleasing in the contrast of colors between the paper and the lettering, has come to us this month.

"Bob Short," in the Premier has our sympathy. That fearful spectre, General Average, haunts us too, and clanks his horrible chains in our ears. To show our appreciation, we have borrowed the poem, which we reprint on our first page.

We cannot help wondering how the young ladies of Hamilton College relish having their names published in connection with their blunders. We are free to confess we shouldn't quite like it ourselves. We should prefer that the personal editor might "be to our faults a little blind."

Would it not be a good idea for us to give the names of those exchanges that have "fallen by the way" as we learn of them? We have just received a notice, by the kindness of the local post-master, of the death of the Academy News of Orchard Lake, Mich. We have sent the O., L. and I. regularly, and wondered why we did not receive in return.

After reading some of our exchanges, noticeably some of the amateur papers, and after enduring, with the best grace at our command, their mutilated English, their constant violation of the simplest rules of grammar, and their glaring typographical errors, to say nothing of flimsy paper and smudgy ink, it is a relief, a positive pleasure, to take up the Latin School Register. One can lean back in his chair and peacefully peruse its well-written columns, without being obliged to stop at every half line to mentally correct some error, in order to get at the writer's meaning. The diction is good, the sequence of thought natural, and the language really is what it should be,—a medium for the expression of ideas.

Some of our above-mentioned exchanges could not do better, in our opinion, than to adopt the L. S. R. as a model of clearly written English. Indeed, some of them might improve by studying "Our Little Reporter's" column in the Kentucky Deaf Mute.

"There is a look of fire in the eye of the editor," Shattuck Cadet. Can it possibly be a reflection from the cover of the paper?

With one Rev., one Hon., two Profs., one D. D., and one D. D. LL. D., on its staff as associate and contributing editors, what fine things may we not expect from the Guardian. In the current number, besides the enthusiastic notice of several weddings among the former pupils of the institution which the paper represents, we find articles on the following: "The Man to Marry," "Runaway Matches," "Ministers' Wives," "To Make a Good Wife." Can it be that the reverend gentleman of the editorial staff has an eye to future wedding fees?

Although we are not so fortunate(?) as to have among "Our Boys" any with the somewhat feminine appellations of "Miss Annie" and "Miss Nellie," yet we do echo the cry of the High School Annual: "More teachers! Give us more teachers!"

If you do not believe there is a Prin. Nevins in the high school at Bridgton, Maine, read the Corona for October. If you doubt the fact that Phillips Academy, Andover, has a football team, merely glance at No. 9, Vol. IX. of the Phillipian and you will be convinced. Read the paper and you will agree with us that the Andover boys know how to accept a defeat gracefully. If you have not fully made up your mind in the interests of what institution the Archon is published, read the last two numbers and see if you can find much in them besides "Rah! rah! Harvard!"

Let those who can appreciate a good thing in criticism read the following from the Norm, of Buffalo, N. Y.: Edkins has mastered—or have they mastered him?—so many French and Latin word *felicities* made great by noble *usage* that *appalled* their *sapience*, he uses them to *fortify* what he *writes*, instead of *reserving* them to *clarify* what he *thinks*.

One of the editorials of the Phi-Rhonian brings to our mind a parody on "Excelsior," which says of the youth, "he kept getting upper." Its last eight lines contain the following: "Kept up, "brought up," "keep itself up," "get up," and "give it up." The last is just what we do.

How long is it since Plain Talk became a synonym for slang?

In the High School Review, we find the Art, Literature and Music department very interesting, and we believe such a department in our own paper, would be instructive and beneficial.

From Mass., 14 exchanges; 6 each from Me. and N. Y., 3 each from Mo. and New Jersey, 2 from Kentucky, Illinois, Rhode Island, Minnesota, New Hampshire and Vermont, 1 from Penn., Texas, Indiana, California, Ontario, Dakota, Kansas, Iowa, Ohio, Virginia, Delaware, and Connecticut.

PERSONALS.

Irving H. Fairbanks, '86, is clerking at I. C. Soule's.

Fred Taft, once of '87, is in town again after a long absence in the West.

F. A. Morrill, '83, advertises for private scholars in practical, business book-keeping.

Ellen R. Blood, formerly of '88, is employed at W. F. Knowlton & Sons' straw factory in West Upton.

The social event of this month was the wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Cook. Mrs. Cook was once a member of the class of '82.

Frank A. Hill of Cambridge, our tenth principal, was elected president of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, at the recent session in Boston.

Nellie Nichols, '88, was pleasantly surprised at her home in Church place, Tuesday evening, Nov. 30, by about thirty-five of her friends, mostly members of New Era lodge.

Rev. and Mrs. Elias Nason celebrated their golden wedding Nov. 29th, at Brightside, their home in North Billerica. The joys of the occasion were participated in by many

friends, besides the large and unbroken family circle. The entrance to the beautiful home presented an inviting appearance. The stars and stripes, intertwined with evergreen, were looped over the doorway. Inside a happy company renewed old associations, after they had extended congratulations to the venerable and happy host and hostess.—[M. B. S. Echo.

Mr. Nason was the first principal of our school. He commenced his services here in 1850.

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DECEMBER 1886.

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BY
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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY, Lock Box 137.

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Some of the trials with which teachers have to contend are in many cases due to carelessness on the part of the scholar. Many a valuable moment is taken in speaking of things scholars ought to have done without being asked. Of course as far as personal appearance is concerned nothing need be said in a high school. Certainly no excuse can now be offered for a lack of neatness, as all the requirements for doing again what the rain, snow, wind or mud have undone, have from time to time been added to the school property. Now and then the floor about the desk calls for the suggestion by the teacher that a mat may be found at the door free to all, or that a waste-basket stands on either side of the room. Pleasant manners may be regarded not as an accomplishment merely, but as one of the legitimate ends of a thorough education. If this were always so regarded by the parents, not only would the teachers be saved much unpleasant trouble, but the standard of manhood would be raised; for, "As the twig is bent the tree inclines."

The snow with hail and bleak winds has deeply buried our sidewalks without showing the least regard for the comforts of the wayfarer. It has broken the nearly clear records in attendance for many of us. Could Mark Twain have but given us one of his reliable prophecies, would not that have been sufficient to warrant the pealing of the 7.55 bell.

The senior class have decided that it would be profitable to hold meetings every three weeks, commencing Friday, Dec. 17. Committees have been appointed for the entertainments and to see about obtaining the use of the large school-room.

One of the great triangles of growth is that of Heart, Head and Hands; that is, our development of our moral, intellectual and physical natures, which is the building up of the true manhood within us, the result of a perfect education.

Our principal urges us all to make an effort to hear Dr. C. W. Emerson's lecture January 5, in our large school room. From personal knowledge he considers the president of the Munroe College of Oratory of Boston a remarkable man, and feels sure that we will be both entertained and instructed.

We were recently favored with a visit from Rev. G. L. Demarest, of Manchester, N. H., who has been visiting with friends in Milford. Mr. Demarest was formerly the Universalist minister here, where he had many admirers and friends, and 14 years ago was one of the school committee. He spoke interestingly to the scholars for a few minutes, urging them to be square and honest in all their proceedings. He is a fine scholar, and a man whom any town might be proud to possess.

There are checks *and* checks! Our principal has had some experience in giving checks, but little in receiving them—that is, of late years—and he was somewhat thunderstruck when he received one through the post-office on his birthday last month from a former scholar of this school. It was not one of those X's which he makes on the board in close proximity to the names of some of us, but one which said, "Pay to the bearer \$25." We have greater respect for *checks* than ever before.

We are glad to know that one of the principles advocated by the new labor movement is the necessary rest of the seventh day. Physically speaking, it makes no difference what the day may be; but no person in his right mind can deny the need of this rest on *some* day, and also of a reform in this direction. All animals, man or beast, ought and must have this Sabbatical rest, if they are not to be prematurely aged and worn out. This is true of mental as well as of manual work, and applies to the *scholars* of our schools, as well as to those of the same age in our shops.

Many improvements have been made in our school during the last 30 years. Then a scholar could enter without taking any special examination, study what he liked and leave when he pleased. Of course, as things were then, there could be no special courses. Later on, in 1862, the school was graded and the first class graduated.

And now the young geologist tries to look as if he really believed that once there lived upon this fair earth such wonders in the form of reptiles as are pictured in his geology,—reptiles that once sat down upon their tripod of two legs and a tail, for all the world like the fashionable milking stool of the modern parlor, and feasted upon the highest branches of Mesozoic Cycads.

We have now a library filled with all kinds of reference books—encyclopedias, books of literature, science and mythology. Our walls are calcimined and covered with handsome pictures, our rooms are heated by steam, and are well ventilated. On the lower floor is a good laboratory, with plenty of chemical apparatus. All these things have been obtained within the last six or eight years. The law of the state requires us to fit scholars for college, so that now we have three courses, Classical, English, and Collegiate.

As Xmas draws near, and the store windows are crowded with the beautiful, the practical, the useless and the nonsensical, we are pleased to see one feature that shows an improvement in the tastes and desires of the "small boy," and which also shows, somewhat, the tendency of recent educational growth. We refer to the box of tools, to the models of many of the valuable machines of the day, to illustrations of electrical forces, to the amateur's photographic outfit, and the really inexpensive and wonderful stereopticon, with its beautiful and instructive plates, at a merely nominal cost. There are many others, too, which practically bring the subject of physics and chemistry within the means of those in moderate circumstances. Perhaps the modern watch represents as much *brain*, for the least cost, as any new feature, and *proudly* does the ten-year-old display his Waterbury.

With the advent of Christmas should come the advent of Dickens' Christmas Carol. No matter if it is a re-advent; the story will bear even a re-rereading. Of it some one has said: "I fancy that very many have found it the choicest of Charles Dickens' stories, the most perfect and in-

imitable of his wonderful, inimitable books. It is not a thing to talk of and analyze. There it is, on the familiar pages, and it has a voice for every one of us; a voice which the wisest and noblest might heed, and the hardest or most careless hear." Of it Dickens himself wrote to President Feltton, as if writing of a third person: "Over which Christmas Carol Charles Dickens wept and laughed and wept again; and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner in the composition, and thinking whereof as he walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles, many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed." In this book is well illustrated what Dean Stanley said of Dickens in Westminster Abbey: "He taught the world great lessons of the eternal value of generosity, of purity, of kindness, and of all unselfishness." In conformity with our principal's usual practice of either recommending or providing some valuable book for our general reading, a copy of this Carol has been placed at our disposal, together with J. T. Field's Yesterdays with Authors, which contains many letters of Dickens.

As the days fly rapidly onward, Xmas draws near. It has been the custom to observe the day as the anniversary of the birth of Christ with Xmas trees, games, carols and with hanging of the stocking on Xmas eve. Never does "peace and good will" rule more supremely than during the reign of jolly King Holly and his pale Queen Mistletoe. Santa Claus, the patron saint of the children, whom we have borrowed from the Germans, is invoked for all good things. Xmas eve the tree is reared aloft with all its gleaming tapers, and amid the joy of all the presents are exchanged. With all these pleasures the poor are not forgotten, but many a weary heart is cheered on that glad day. Who can agree with Dickens' Scrooge when he says that "Christmas is a humbug"?

Observation is a talent few possess, although few ever realize the fact. We run our course, getting a general idea of all that we see, yet many times an attempt to give a definite account of it would produce a medley of indefinite ideas, with a final "I do not know." Some, we judge, notice absolutely nothing except what has been placed before them for special attention. Franklin, so the story goes, in crossing the English Channel, would see more than many in crossing the continent. If we could but come to the realizing sense of our deficiency in this respect, we might, in some degree, rectify the defect.

By the sale of our school papers, the dailies and weeklies, at the end of each month, we have \$2 on hand with which to begin the new year.

A recommendation has been submitted that provision be made whereby the school shall close at the customary hour on the following rhetorical days. We suggest that a string ought to be tied around the finger.

The tickets for the lecture course given by the Milford teachers are now ready. A large number have already been sold by the scholars of this school. We are glad to see so great a demand for them, as the teachers will then be enabled to receive a course of instruction at a merely nominal cost.

If our school papers are continued into the next century, how unintelligible many a paragraph will be to the readers of the next generation! As they glance at their fathers' volumes of papers published years before, when these same fathers thought them "caskets of jewels of precious thoughts," how they will wonder at the abundant use of slang expressions, or, if not really slang, yet words that were coined at the time to suit the pleasure of some witty writer and which have now become obsolete. Even today the loss of the daily papers of a week may often oblige one to consult friends for the latest addition to the language.

"While the winter suns so swiftly go,
And while the weary nights move slow,"
Then the question arises, how shall these nights be spent both pleasantly and profitably? First of all, and the most important, is the daily paper; then, if the person performs mental labor during the day, light reading will be found a pleasant change. The historical novel is perhaps as edifying a form as fiction can take, for it teaches the events that happened years ago, and is thus both fascinating and instructive. For example, take the standard works: Scott's "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman," Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" and "Harold," and Ware's "Zenobia." Wit and invention may be quickened by charades, proverbs, puzzles and all games requiring immediate thought. General information and the events of the day may be acquired from geographical and historical games and the game of authors, combined with much pleasure and excitement. In fact, the field is so broad that we cannot cover it, and so conclude with the advice: Do something that will show a profit when "Old Sol" once more shines with vertical rays upon the equator.

❖LOCALS.❖

Merry Christmas!

Vacation! Xmas!! *Examinations!!!*

Geometry III. are doing well in original work.

Geology I. Sy-ra-cuse, not Sa-ra-cuse, if you please.

We now have two short recesses instead of one long one.

Average in attendance for last month, 98.7 per cent.

The boys are hoping that the "ice god" will be propitious Dec. 25.

French II.: "Gréler au vingt-cinquième décembre!" This is hail, indeed!

Have you been to the woods for the Xmas spruce you marked last summer?

The *Caesar* class is very successful in reading Cicero at sight for the *Cicero* class.

Ask French I. what is the latest device for catching, a la rat, the seniors. Gare le panier!

Two scholars, formerly of this school, now members of the Hopedale high school, visited us last week.

Physiology IV. Teacher: "What are varicose veins?" Pupil, promptly: "Those that vary, of course."

The bad weather during the past week has lowered our average in attendance, which had been unusually high.

Some of the young ladies of Physiology IV. think that the atmosphere extends east and west of Milford at least 500 miles.

Physical Geography III. Teacher: "How do ships go from Mexico to San Francisco?" Pupil: "By railroad."

Three members of Philosophy III. have handed in fifty-one pieces of physical apparatus, and the rest of the class twice as much in addition.

Physical Geography III. Lesson, the native productions of the New and Old Worlds. Interested scholar: "Will you please tell me if they have peanuts in the *other* world?"

The wires guarding the sods which border the concrete walk have been replaced because of the thoughtless and wanton destruction caused by some of the boys who ought to know better.

School was closed Nov. 25 and 26. The vacation, though short, was welcomed by the scholars. During this time, water was put into the small room up stairs, so that now we are not obliged to go down stairs for it.

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SUNDAY, August 8.

As one half of us had a birthday today, we celebrated by doing nothing but resting at White Birch Camp. While breakfast was being prepared and everything was in orderly confusion, a picture was taken, and later, from the brow of the hill behind us, one was secured of the village and the lake, with Mt. Elephantis on the farther shore. The appropriateness of the last name was quite evident from this side, but not from the southern. There was a great deal of snow-white quartz on the shore, and when under water, its brilliancy was very attractive to the eye. We were serenaded last night by a loon; its cry was suggestive of the "babes lost in the wood"—a story of our youthful days. A Dominion revenue officer is located here, who flies his flag from the point near by and examines the baggage upon the steamers, we were told. We escaped him. We find that changing camp day after day is very conducive to—well, to *un*-neatness, to say the least. Everything is thrown right out of the kitchen window; whereas, in a permanent camp,—those who have tried well know,—great care must be exercised, or the perfumes that arise will certainly *not* be those of Arabia.

While in search of forage we met an ?, alias a farmer, who, when he learned that one of us was from Lowell, beamed upon us with, "Sho, I know it; why, I married my first wife in Lowell." He did not inform us where he married the rest, but we then felt so well acquainted that we would have borrowed milk of him, if he had had any.

We realized the annihilation of distance by this progressive age in the afternoon; for at three o'clock we were so fortunate as to get a Boston Sunday Globe. We thus posted ourselves on the doings of the "States," and with surprise read of Tilden's death and the Mayflower's first victory. (Price eight cents.) Our sermon today was by John Halifax, Gentleman, assisted by Miss Mulock, and a most excellent lesson it was. No sleeping in the audience.

MONDAY, August 9.

Wind! Wind and white caps! We broke camp and sat down to see what the sun would do for us; found waiting worse than wetting, and so pushed off at 9 o'clock. For three hours we pulled our arms out of their sockets, only to be spanked by a breaking wave one minute, and rolled in its trough the next. A downward stroke and an upward wave generally met in the sleeve, and it was a *wet* occasion. Nessmuk's lines about his canoe were in our thoughts:—

"Her sides no thicker than the shell
Of Ole Bull's Cremona fiddle;
The man who rides her will do well
To part his scalp-lock in the middle."

With a highly developed appetite, at last we reached Magog, "the goal of our heart's desire." Village and river have the same name. The latter is the outlet of the lake, but nearly a quarter of a mile up shore from the extreme end of it. On landing, we discovered a fish-house, deserted and only partially finished, of which we took possession for the afternoon, as we did not intend to camp here, but, if the wind went down, as usual, to commence our homeward journey. Through Magog passes a railroad, a connecting link between the roads to Quebec on the east, and Montreal on the west. Here, too, are a cotton factory, tanneries, saw-mill, and summer hotel; but, withal, it is a very decayed place,—a place which to the stranger's eyes seems to be in its second childhood. It sadly needs to be painted *red*, or some other color. We went out foraging, as usual, but found that it was an off year for eggs. After many inquiries, seeing a fenced yard which had a gallinaceous appearance, we made bold to try our luck once more. A knock brought a motherly looking woman to the door; she really didn't want to spare any eggs, but we pleaded earnestly. She finally said that we might have *four*, but hesitated a moment and then asked: "Do you wish to put them under a hen?" We answered gravely, but decidedly, "No, we wish to put them *in* us." We had not dined, and didn't propose to stop and raise spring chickens at that time of day. Another experience which amused us happened during a second trip in search of something eatable, particularly a can of Boston baked beans. A store front, divided by a door, had on one side a jeweller's sign, on the other, "Boots and Shoes;" but a solitary lemon in the window attracted our attention, and we proceeded to investigate the relationship between boots, watches and lemons. On entering, to our surprise we found a regular grocery store; in fact, nearly everything except what we had expected to see. We went out, happy in the

possession of a can of beans, but not the classic B. b. b. As we saw also what pretended to be a tailor's shop, with a tier of barrels piled up before the windows, we concluded that a western cyclone must have visited this place, and mixed signs.

In the forenoon, on our way down, we had noticed a peculiarity of the rocky ledges along shore. The strata were perpendicular, and showed a well-marked line of fracture, evidently of a slaty character. Nature herself had split off layers in many places, and in others we recognized the work of man. We thought these pieces would make excellent flagging stones for covering sidewalks or drains. As we sat in our fish-house at Magog, we noticed an old scow-like boat lying at the steamer's wharf, from which men were unloading similar slabs of stone, and concluded that our observations had not been far from right. Magog furnished its quota of pictures, although the mountains were dimmed by a haze.

At 6 p. m. the wind with the sun began to leave us, and we were off for home. After two hours of paddling and several fruitless attempts at camping, we found a place which was a choice of necessity, and for good cause named Wilderness Camp. Somewhat chilled, we stumbled about in the dark, but hot, mush and milk, with hotter tea, took away the general blueness of things, and we rolled ourselves in our blankets, with full stomachs and tired muscles.

(To be continued.)

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→*SCISSORS.*←

"Active shears gather no rust."

Laura sits watching the clouds overhead,
"Where are they going, I wonder?"
Prosie Tom from the door of the shed,
"I guess they are going to thunder!"
"Where are they going?" Ethel inquires,
Watching the cows as they pass;
Rudely shouts Bill, with voice like a crier's,
"I reckon they're going to grass!"

"Unnm in amore, more, ore, re."

Jawography, or the science of chewing gum.

A dollar in a university is worth more than a dollar in a jail.—[Emerson.]

The Roman Empire declined and fell. In this respect it differs from a man. If he declines he wont fall.

I think that Walter Scott alone could furnish the ten greatest novels—and perhaps twenty—that are greater than any others.—[W. T. Harris.]

Lord Derby says: "Cleanliness and self-respect go together, and it is no paradox to affirm that you tend to purify men's thoughts and feelings when you purify the air they breathe."

Next year at the great National Exhibition to be held in Athens, the Olympic games are to be reproduced. They will take place at Olympia, near the city of Athens.

Young man—Is it true, doctor, that smoking cigarettes tends to soften the brain? Physician—There is a belief to that effect, but with all our boasted modern scientific appliances, it can never be verified. Young man—Why, doctor? Physician—Because nobody with brains smokes them.

The official number of students in Harvard College is as follows: Seniors, 240; Juniors, 238; Sophomores, 225; Freshmen, 279. The total in the Collegiate Department is 982. This number, however, does not include the special students. Of these there are 95, thus making the grand total 1077 students.

The twelve most decisive battles in the world's history.—The battle of Marathon, B. C. 490. Defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, B. C. 413. Battle of Arbela, B. C. 331. The total defeat of the Roman legions under Varus, A. D. 9. Battle of Chalons, A. D. 45. Battle of Hastings, A. D. 1066. Battle at Orleans, Joan of Arc, A. D. 1429. Defeat of Spanish Armada, A. D. 1488. Battle of Blenheim, A. D. 1704. Defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga, A. D. 1777. Battle of Waterloo, A. D. 1815.

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Veni, Vide, Ridens Lee.



The Proverbs of Vergil.

What student of Vergil has not been surprised at the number of proverbs contained even in the first six books of the *Aeneid*? It is not strange that societies and graduating classes often consult this work when choosing their mottoes, for in it can be found sentiments applicable to almost everything, and which will suit even the most fastidious taste.

Now-a-days we can take up scarcely a book or magazine whose pages do not contain Latin quotations, and it gives us a sensation of pleasure to realize that we are reaping the benefit of what we spent so many long years in learning. These proverbs have been so often quoted that they are not always recognized as sayings of the most celebrated of Latin poets, but are regarded as common property, to be used by anyone who wishes to impress upon his readers or hearers the fact that he is familiar with at least one of the dead (?) languages.

Some of them have a practical purpose and tend to help and encourage those who are familiar with them. Much that seems to us sorrow at the time would be lightened, did we but heed the advice with which Aeneas cheered the hearts of his companions after landing on the shores of Libya, and bear in mind that "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*" When we are inclined to give up our fondest hopes in despair of ever fulfilling them, we find in Vergil a friend who says, "*Durate, et vosmet rebus servate,*" and again, "*Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito.*"

Of the celebrated passages of the *Aeneid*, perhaps the description of rumor is as often quoted and as widely known as any, though we often hear (but is the saying true?) "*Varium et mutabile semper femina.*"

"*Tros Tyrinsque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*" is sometimes adopted

by papers whose aim it is to treat all parties with perfect justice, and should be the motto of all teachers.

"*Possunt quia posse videntur*" expresses the cause of the success in life of many men endowed, not with remarkable talents, but with what has stood them in as good stead,—the belief that they could do whatever could be done.

The crimes that are committed for the sake of gain, the avarice that prompts many to sacrifice all that makes life worth living in order to amass wealth, lead us to exclaim today as Vergil did so many centuries ago: "*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, astra sacra fames!*"

"*Facile descensus Averno.*" How often is this shown by the lives of men who once held high and honorable positions, but who, by yielding to temptation, entered upon a downward path which they traversed easily and quickly, until at last they became outcasts from society. Yes, "*Easy is the descent to Avernus, but to retrace one's steps, that is toil, that is labor,*" as any one who has tried to reform can testify.

The labor troubles and the mobs and riots growing out of them in some of our large cities cause us to see how true it is that "*Furor arma ministrat.*"

There are many other proverbs deserving especial mention; but we must adopt the plan of Venus in relating Dido's history to Aeneas when she says, "*Summa sequar fastigia rerum.*" We also sympathize with Dido when she exclaims, "*Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco,*" and with compassion for our readers, shall pursue the subject no farther.

L. L. G., '85.

'Tis a kind of good deed to say well;
And yet words are not deeds.

—[Shakespeare.

My Story.

I had been a huge rock for many years, and had struggled bravely against the power of the frost, wind and rain. I had felt and seen portions of myself crumble away and go to ruin, as I then supposed, but afterwards I found out my mistake. When my hard exterior was gradually softened, lichens found a foothold upon my sides. These decayed, and with the moisture formed acids, which, penetrating to my heart, hastened on the work of destruction. But my loss was a gain to others, for this waste became a very thin soil, and now small plants sprang up to live awhile and then, in their turn, by their death made a firmer earth, so that trees could grow and be nourished by me, or rather by what was once a part of me.

Near by lived a neighbor rock, who, when I was complaining of the wear upon me by the elements, said: "I do not yield so easily to the enemy; see how I still resist all hostile attacks." I replied that when he did succumb his fate might be worse than mine; for might he not be wrested from his birthplace and carried to a strange land? Well, as I had anticipated, such a misfortune did befall my neighbor rock; for a strong wind sprang up one day in early spring, after the rain had fallen for many days and loosened my neighbor's insecure foundation, and rolled my companion, who had always stood proudly on one side, down to the shore of the ocean. Here the fierce waves broke even his hard heart, and pounded and crushed and ground the rock until the tide could bear its pieces out to sea and deposit them in its depths.

Time passed away and with it the remembrance of my old friend, till one day, after a long eastern storm, the breaking waves dashed the wreck of my long forgotten neighbor up to its

old home, now no longer a rock, but washed back as sand and mud.

We are now the best of friends, and, although each has long since lost his identity as a rock, yet we are far happier and doing far more good than ever before. Our only trial is the earth-worms which are constantly eating their way through the earth and swallowing us in their search for food; but as this only makes us finer and therefore better soil, we try to accustom ourselves to it and not complain. I spend many happy hours listening to the adventures of my friend, and, I am sure, if you should see us now and the beautiful trees that grow above us and which are strengthened by us, you would never imagine we once were flinty rocks. L. F. H., '87.

A Strange Journey.

For the O. L. and I.

We have before us a plain white envelope—that is to say, it was white once, but now seven postmarks and the dust of travel have somewhat lessened its virgin purity. Several years ago this envelope, with its inclosed letter, was mailed in our post-office for Bridgeport, Conn., for a gentleman of this town who would soon arrive there. It so happened that there was a citizen of that town having the same name as that upon the envelope; but as he had set out upon a long journey and had left word for his mail to be forwarded, this particular letter was at once re-mailed in accordance with his request. Soon after the Milford gentleman called for his mail, the mistake was discovered and an order for its return was sent after the missing letter. As the sailors say, a stern chase is a long chase, and it certainly proved so in this case. Up the Hudson to West Point, back again to New York city, over the ocean to Lyons and Nice, France, went traveler, letter and order. At the latter place the wandering missive finished its erratic course and began its homeward trip by way of Boston, finally reaching Milford in just one month from the date of mailing. It would be an interesting problem to figure out the profit to the government from the three-cent stamp originally put upon this travelled envelope.

Garfield says: "Schoolhouses are less expensive than rebellions."

Prof.: "What is a physical change?" Student scratches his head. Prof.: "Does the act of scratching your head produce a physical change?" Student: "No sir; it produces animal motion."—[Ex.

❖EXCHANGES.❖

Naturally the exchanges for December are brimming over with Christmas, but no one seems to have written so fully in accordance with the spirit of that "good time," that "kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time," as the editor of the College Message.

The Classical for December contains an interesting article on Chaucer.

The pupil of Phillips Andover who wrote the poem, "Latter-Day Love," published Jan. 11, possesses poetical ability of no mean order.

What a prettily designed cover is that of the Christmas number of the Kentucky Deaf Mute! And the improvement seems to have "struck in" and to have affected all the contents of the little magazine.

We join our voice to the general cry: "The exchange department of the Baldwin Index would be greatly improved if kept by itself."

"Here's richness!" Read what the "Ex-ed." of the Niagara Index says of another "Ex-ed.": He "is rather too dictatorial in his sayings. He writes his opinion as though it had a value."(!)

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourse'ls as ithers see us."

We congratulate the Newton high school on its prospective new school-house. The December number of the Review is fully up to its usual high standard.

The Spartan (?) complains because the last number of the Oak, Lily and Ivy was not sewed. To the best of our recollection—and that extends back to Vol. I., No. 1—the Oak, Lily and Ivy had never been sewed; but if the Spartan will send back the offending number, we will ask some of our young ladies to put a few stitches in it. We were much interested in the article on German weddings in the December Spartan.

Although not especially intended for us, still we feel like saying "Thank you" to the live Life of Haverhill, for information in regard to the Amateur Press Association, and for a translation of that hitherto mysterious word, "Neapa."

The exchange editor of the Collegiate offers "a nice basket of thanks" to any one who has not mentioned for a year anything about the "President of William and Mary college * * * with not a single student"; but an associate editor in "College Notes" in the same issue, seems to think it still worthy of mention. You've lost the basket, Mr. A. E.

Will the Commentator be kind enough to inform us whether it is an amateur or a school paper? It is no affair of ours, to be sure, but we have searched its columns and cannot decide, and would fain have our curiosity satisfied.

The E. H. S. Record is a good paper, if it is conducted somewhat on the co-operative housekeeping plan, and deserves a generous support. If but few of the members of the school subscribe to the paper, it is no wonder the editor is low-spirited. He has our sympathy, and we know just how much that implies.

The December and January numbers of the Haverfordian lie open before us. Verily, verily, there are two sides to every question. So thinks, evidently, the editor, who upholds the barbarous system of hazing, on the ground that it serves to strengthen class organization. What matter, to be sure, if occasionally a life is lost, or a nervous system hopelessly shattered, if the remaining members of the class become more firmly bound together! What are a few lives in comparison with "class organization"! The reply to this editorial, by the class of '89, in the January number, has an honest, manly ring of indignation.

We give cordial welcome to the Abstract, the new paper of the Chauncy Hall school, Boston, and hope it may prove a constant visitor. Hearty congratulations on so good a beginning. We also extend the right hand of fellowship to two other new exchanges, the High School Journal of Grand Rapids, Mich., which offers its readers several bright, racy articles; and the Institute Chimes, from Lyndon, Vt. In an article in the latter entitled "The Study of French," some good things are said, although it is rather difficult to decide whether the writer advises the study of French history in order to know the language well, or the study of the language to become better acquainted with French history.

An unusually interesting number is the January issue of the High School Journal, containing among other good things, a delightful article on Marjorie Fleming.

From Mass., 18 exchanges; 9 from N. Y.; 4 from Me.; 3 each from Conn., R. I., Penn., N. J. and Mo.; 2 each from Vt., N. H., Mich., Kan., Minn. Va.; 1 each from Colo., Ill., Del., Ind., Wisc., Da., Io., Ky., Tex., D. C. and Ontario.

"By the street of By-and-by, one arrives at the house of Never." (Spanish.)

Our Indian Name.

The Civil Government class have discovered that the Mammal of the General Court for 1886 gives the Indian name of Milford as *Wapowage*; but the citizens of this town have in many cases been accustomed to a different name, and so we copy the following from The History of Milford, published in 1882 and edited by Adin Ballou:—

Hayward's Gazetteers of New England and Massachusetts, followed by Nason's Massachusetts Gazetteer, and perhaps other works, say that the Indian name of our Milford was *Wapowage*. As I had re-echoed the same statement, on what I supposed sufficient authority, I set on foot an inquiry into the meaning of the name *Wapowage*. It was referred to J. Hammond Trumbull, Esq., of Hartford, Conn., a very eminent *savant* in Indian lore. He soon informed me,—not what the name signified, but that it was the Indian name of Milford, Conn., never of our Milford,—the original eight miles square,—which was *Quinshipaug*. Thus my error, copied from the Gazetteers, stands corrected, and the Connecticut Milfordians are left in clear possession of the name *Wapowage*, whose signification they may ascertain at their leisure.

As to *Quinshipaug*, Mr. Trumbull says its literal signification is "Pickerel Pond," by which, I suppose, the Indians meant a tract of territory whose ponds and other waters abounded with fine pickerel. From what I have seen and heard the name is truthfully appropriate. Maspenock, *alias* North Pond, Nipmuck Pond, and the smaller ponds, both natural and artificial, throughout ancient *Quinshipaug*, have always bred pickerel rapidly, and of the best quality. Even now, though overdrawn and much exhausted by excessive fishing, they vindicate the good judgment of the aborigines. If, however, any of us deem "Pickerel Pond" a name wanting in dignity, we must either forget or make the best of it.

It is surprising what great characters in history have had ill-shaped legs. Cæsar had short legs, and Napoleon was bow-legged. Plutarch tells us that "Alexander's left leg was badly out of plumb," Hannibal had notoriously big heels, and was knock-kneed, Cicero was very spindle-shanked, and Demosthenes is said to have had a shuffling, stumbling gait, which meant that his legs were not wholly in gear. Alexander Pope was hump-backed, and had a cripple's legs, so had Cowper, Lord Palmerston had caricature legs and so had Disraeli.

—[Ex.

The Schoolhouse.

"If a prophet a century ago," said Charles Dudley Warner, in an address to an audience in the Old Dominion State, "had been asked to point out the probable center of wealth and power in this country, I think he would have put his finger on Virginia. Fine harbors, abundant water-courses, fertile valleys, mountain ranges concealing wealth, and a splendid countless climate, would have irresistibly led him to this prophecy. But he would not have been a seer with clear-sighted vision, and would have lost had he laid a wager; that center proved to be somewhere on the boundary line between Massachusetts and Connecticut. Not because of their spindles and their mills, however. Massachusetts never gave 'the devil the long end of the stick.' The Mayflower did not bring over a sewing machine, but a bit of paper on which was written the charter of human rights and duties. The Pilgrims built a church before they built a ship; they set up a schoolhouse long before they thought of a factory. The first seeds they sowed were those of education."

Between the last dandelion and violet,—they have been found in December,—and the first spring blossom which lifts the snow in its calyx, there is a frozen *interregnum* in the vegetable world, save for the life-in-death of the solemn evergreens, the pines and firs and spruces.—[The Seasons, by O. W. H.

The highest spot inhabited by human beings is said to be the Buddhist cloister of Hanie, Thibet, where twenty-one priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet.

A member of a school committee wrote: "We have two schoolrooms sufficiently large to accommodate three hundred pupils one over the other."

We have recently been informed and are proud to know that Massachusetts is the only state which pays to the veterans of the rebellion who enlisted in her regiments a state or military aid, either in addition to the pensions paid by the United States, or, as in the case of military aid, when the national government pays nothing.

The Civil Government class are trying to master the rudiments of town government. They have learned the titles, manner of election, time of service, pay or salary, and duties of all, even down to the pound-keeper and field-driver, and they are now ready to accept any honors that "seek" them—or rather they will be when they have reached the mystic *twenty-one*.

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THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

JANUARY, 1887.

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY, Lock Box 137.

Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post-Office, as second
class matter.

The first of the series of six lectures and entertainments held in this building, was delivered Wednesday, the 5th inst., by Chas. Wesley Emerson, M.D., president of the Monroe College of Oratory, Boston. He spoke very interestingly to a good sized audience, composed of nearly all the school teachers of Milford, and many others who are interested in educational matters, upon the subject, "The Pulpit, Platform and Stage." This lecture was instructive and was fully appreciated by the attentive audience. Dr. Emerson says that a public speaker should always talk in his natural tone of voice, and his illustrations of how some ministers speak and of the "freewill Baptist's swing" were very amusing. We are glad to see that quite a number of the scholars of this school attend these entertainments, but wish that more would do so; as they would find them both interesting and instructive.

The customary changes were made in the studies at the beginning of the new term. Geology gives way to Civil Government in the first class, and two of the English scholars take Rhetoric, and three Chemistry. In the second class, a part of the pupils drop Literature and take up Chemistry, while the rest keep on in Literature, studying "Ivanhoe." The third class begin English History and Rhetoric, dropping Geometry and Physical Geography. The new study of the fourth class is Book-keeping.

Our large schoolroom is unusually well ventilated, but the rear recitation rooms on the same floor have been, until this term, poorly provided with sufficient change of air. During the vacation recess a swinging window has been placed above the rear door in each room, opening into the entry, thus allowing a change of air and escape of chalk dust without creating a direct draught.

"How swift is the flight of time." On the day of our last issue we were looking forward to the holidays with bright anticipations; now they are a thing of the past for this year, yet many pleasant memories have they left. The meeting of quondam schoolmates who now grace college-halls helped to fill our cup of pleasure. But duty loudly called at the close of one short week, and at its bidding each donned his armor and all were mustered again into the ranks. Now joyous hilarity is *not* the order of the day.

New Year's was quite generally observed in Milford this year by keeping "open house." Although in the early part of the day it seemed as though canoes might be in demand by those desirous of making calls, yet the number of callers was greater than in the previous years. The custom of observing the day originated with Washington. Good substantial doughnuts (not necessarily Framingham), with coffee, were the refreshments of the time. Washington said he hoped the custom might always prevail. "So say we all of us."

As many of us will end our school life in six months from now, how eager should we be to grasp all within our reach while opportunity is offered. As in some cases our future pursuits will allow little time to be given to the continuance of our mental culture, should not all our energies be concentrated to the one view of making our own all now offered us. Some apparently reason in another way, as though feeling that it may also be their last six months of freedom, and they must make the best of it, have as good a time as possible, and study only as much as necessity demands. But all too late they will see their error. The day will certainly come when they will wish their aim had been higher. These must find their friends among those who, like themselves, have squandered their opportunities. The advice of our elders, when asked their opinion of the value of an education, is so unanimous that there can be no doubt of what every scholar in this school owes to his parents and to himself.

Good resolutions, although made with the firmest intention, are more often broken than kept. How many out of the number made would we venture to say the majority of persons keep for twenty-four hours. But assuredly we would not discourage any one from resolving to do better in the future! On the contrary, we earnestly recommend the scholars to make them for this term if no longer. Resolve to be punctual, to learn the lessons assigned to us, and above all to act as gentlemen and ladies should act; and then if but a third is kept, some improvement will certainly be manifest.

As Civil Government is a very practical study, the method of teaching it that will arouse the interest and be most beneficial is desired. As an experiment this year, we have begun with the study of the government of our own town. From that we shall work outward to the county and state, and finally to our country. Naturally, in taking the study in this way, a scholar, after having applied himself to the local institution, if his bump of curiosity is of moderate size, will be led to search farther to learn wherein our government differs from that of foreign nations.

As we lay aside our geologies, we cannot but feel more deeply impressed with the wonders of this earth of ours. We have traced its history from the melted sphere to the existence of great continents, with mountains and plains, with lake and river systems; we have learned of its varying climates and its living adornments, both vegetable and animal; we have followed the progress in life from the simple to the complex, from the horizontal to the vertical; we have tried in vain to bridge that mighty chasm between the man-ape with 34 cubic inches of brain to the bushmen with 68, and have tried so to conduct ourselves as not to be taken for the "missing link." Finally, we have joyfully been taught that our great-great-grandchildren, when looking at our pictures in future ages, will not be able to laugh at our odd shapes and our stunted bodies, although they may question our claims to beauty and wonder how we could live so long and know so little.

In Geology we learned that man was a new cause of the extinction of species, and in corroboration of this Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, reports that the buffalo has practically ceased to exist in the United States.

The toboggan craze has not yet reached Milford; but we learn from the daily papers that many places "have it bad." It is another illustration of the peculiarity of Americans. As Iris cuts off and bears away from the expiring spirit of the Skating Rink the lock sacred to Pluto, (after Vergil—a long way,) Toboggan, with the draperies of his blanket about him, and his tasseled cap in hand, makes his bow and bids for our quarters—and will get them, too.

The fourth class have a very sanguinary appearance this term, and one would think that not only had they thirsted for one another's blood, but had got it. Do not be alarmed by this bloody introduction; for it's only the book-keeping class trying to learn how to use red ink. Having "painted the floor and themselves red" at the expense of the town, they will then purchase, for hard cash, a second installment with which to perform their legitimate work.

The contest over the re-election of Senator Dawes, the recent strike of the coal handlers, and the generous gift of Mr. Clark of Worcester, have been the subject of several short talks in our recitations the past week.

It has been publicly acknowledged in the Milford high school that woman should have her rights. In accordance therewith the misses have been granted the privilege of attending a 3 o'clock session with the masters. The girls agree in thinking the line had better be drawn before they realize any disadvantages of said right.

How deceitful are our eyes! If you doubt this exclamation just look at this page upside down and behold the S's. Our attention was called to this subject by an article in the St. Nicholas which tells us how clever the Greeks were in deceiving the eyes. Their beautiful Doric columns were not quite straight, but a little convex; their horizontals were caused to rise a little in the center and thus appear perfect. "Indeed," to quote the article mentioned, "the Parthenon,—the most beautiful building in the world,—when delicately and carefully measured, was found to be everywhere a little incorrect, so that it may appear right, which is certainly what may be called an architectural paradox."

"A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to eight hundred different positions." What a chair this would be for—well, perhaps it would not proper to call names, and so we shall say for several of us!

The immense power of the ice-flow in the glacial age has been impressed upon our minds by the Washington boulder situated near Conway Corner, N. H. This boulder is as long as our large school-room (45 ft.), just as wide (35 ft.), and as high as from the cellar bottom to the ceiling, including the lower rooms (35 ft.). This isolated piece of granite is the largest known in the world, and is estimated to weigh 3867 tons. What a mighty moving force this must have been!

PERSONALS.

S. Ellie Reed, '86, has gone to Winchester, N. H.

Ella F. Carpenter, '68, is a teacher in Cambridge.

Stearns Godfrey, '65, is an eminent violinist of Boston.

Allen Hartwell, formerly of '89, is office boy for Dr. G. L. Cooke.

Ella T. Chilson, '82, started for Gibbon, Nebraska, Monday, Jan 17.

Ernest Fletcher, '84, has been elected president of the Episcopal guild.

George E. Patrick, '68, is chemist for the Bradley Fertilizer Company.

Herbert L. Holmes, '71, has removed from South Boston to Milford.

Hattie Coburn, '88, entertained the Lawn Tennis club at a progressive euchre party New Year's eve.

Dr. Samuel N. Nelson, '73, has been engaged as assistant by Dr. Marcy, the eminent surgeon of Boston.

The wife of J. W. Allard, one of our former school superintendents, died in South Framingham, Dec. 31.

Maude Hapgood has returned to the Friends' School in Providence, R. I.

Wilmarth, formerly of '87, and Westcott, '86, are our representatives at the Brown Scientific School.

Aaron Mayhew, English '85, is performing the duties of Charles Wetherby at the Milford National Bank while the latter is away.

H. B. Spaulding, '89, has just completed a fine specimen of apparatus, a Barker's mill. It has two arms and throws its water into a large milk pan.

The class leaders for last term were Miss Haneock of the first class; Master Tirrell of the second; Miss Leonard of the third; Miss Mathewson of the fourth.

Nellie F. Gorman, '84, teacher in the City school, and Miss Hannah M. Broderick, '75, were pleasantly surprised with tokens of respect from their pupils on New Year's.

LOCALS.

We should say "hal-lowed be thy name." Two syllables, not three.

On account of the bad walking school was closed one day of the first week.

School was closed Dec. 24 and reopened Jan. 3 with one hundred and six scholars.

Geology I. Teacher: What do people go hunting for in the West? Scholar: For wolves.

Frozen fingers and ears rewarded the faithful for attendance on Wednesday, the 19th inst.

On account of the drawing we are obliged to change the order of recitations for Thursdays and Fridays.

Some of the scholars who live near the school cared for the plants at their homes during the vacation.

The M. L. T. C., all but two being either graduates or present members of the M. H. S., gave a party in Armory Hall, Dec. 29.

Geology I. Teacher: "Where are all the flies now?" Scholar: "They are all dead." How pleasant it will be not to be troubled by them in warm weather!

Miss H. B. Clark's recitation of "How Girl's Study" at the second lecture of the teachers' course was "too true," and was appreciated by teachers and scholars.

Physiology IV. Teacher: "What often happens to a person at a theatre when there is too much CO₂ in the air?" Scholar: "You would go to sleep."

A young man in the Geology class thought the Megatherium was a lazy animal because he had large feet. If large feet are a sign of laziness, there are a great many lazy persons.

Physiology IV.: "Did you ever take CO₂ into your lungs?" "No sir, I don't think I have." "What a fortunate young man!" Another: "What is a quadruped?" "I don't know." "Are you one?" "I don't think I am." Still another: "How does man resist heat?" "By putting on more clothing to keep it off."

Generally a stranger can tell the girls' side of the school room from the boys' by a rapid glance at the desks, whenever he visits a school. In ours, however, he will be deceived; for the fashion of trimming dresses with buttons, *not* as large as plates, has done more mischief to the backs of the seats and the edges of the desks than the average boy's knife. Glacial action is well represented.

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(Continued.)

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"For I am the captain of my craft.
My word is law from fore to aft.
I am the cook and steward too,
I am the passengers and crew."

TUESDAY, August 10.

Another pleasant morning! We are wondering if such weather can last much longer. Buoyed up by the beans purchased yesterday, we set off early for Georgeville, but with a head wind. We sought the lee of all points and islands, to catch our breath and a little rest, and then we fought our way around the next point. There is not as much excitement on a lake as on a river, as beyond that next point we do not have any reason to expect rapids or a water-fall. There are five islands between Magog and Georgeville in our course. One little group is named Three Sisters, very suggestive of "the three little maids." By this zigzagging, we deeply impressed our geometry lesson of other days, regarding straight lines and nearest distances, and we wondered how much farther than the steamer's course of ten miles ours was. We reached our White Birch Camp of Sunday, at noon, with only the loss of a rudder-blade, owing to a conflict between the wind, rudder, and a sunken rock; landed, re-inserted our humeri at the shoulder, and dined; found a spring of ice-cold water only a quarter of a mile from camp, but invariably became very thirsty again before reaching camp.

We have been surprised at the number of good boats which we have seen along shore, and the care they receive. Every farmer seems to be well provided, and a poor boat is an exception. Cedar lap-streaks, ribbed, with round bottom and a good keel, seemed to be the favorite.

The wind left us earlier than usual, so that we got away at 4 o'clock, and reached Jewett Point, trolling as we paddled, at camping time. The average perch of this lake is large, a half pound one being very common, and we soon had enough for supper and breakfast. On the way, we passed two men in a boat, struggling along with a triangular raft of logs. They did not seem to think it fun; whereas, our *work* was *fun*. What a difference there is between work and—work! No spring or brook to make a perfect camp! Otherwise its central position would have made it very desirable. We have failed to mention the fact that the time of our trip was regulated by the moon. We started with the first quarter and now had the pleasure of a moon nearly *full*, but as steady, nevertheless, as ever. This night, like others, was so beautiful upon the water that it seemed wrong to sleep it away, but we did. We judged that others had a similar feeling, for whenever we awoke, voices and the sound of oars came to our ears.

"O'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail.
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil."

WEDNESDAY, August 11.

The morning of a typical dog day, misty, gloomy, depressing! But here comes the sun to draw the veil and change the expression of Nature's face and our own. As we "*un*-folded the draperies of our couch" and looked out over the waters, we found that we were being inspected by a loon, only a few feet off; but he, she or it, startled by our "good-morning," suddenly remembered an appointment he had with some fresh-water Neptune, and dove down to meet it. We think he has returned, but a long watching did not discover him.

Off for Allan's Point! Here we had a beautiful view of the wild shore opposite, and also met the "Lady" on her morning trip. There is a trifle of danger and considerable excitement when her wake reaches us, and we enjoyed heading around for it whenever she passed. At this point, our homeward trip turned to the east and left the downward, when new scenes met our eyes. Just around the point is the Allan boat-house, a huge affair, large enough to hold a good-sized steamboat. We paddled into its open end for a short rest before fighting the strong wind then blowing, then hugged the shore until we got into the lee of Molson's Island, where we discovered a plastered log-cabin, ruined and deserted,—"*one of the real old settlers.*" It is now a sheepfold, and a large number of sheep have the run of the island,—an excellent place—no dogs, no fences, and a plenty of water. Of course, we "*took*" it, also a picture of one of the canoes in motion. Here, too, we found our first and only water-lily. We supposed that there were others, but did not see

any. Next came the Molson residence at the neighboring point, where we got milk without money and without price,—the first article of food or drink that we had not paid for. At dinner time signs of a heavy thunder shower warned us to prepare; we put the coverings on the canoes, clothed ourselves in rubber, and sought the protection of some thick-branched trees. It was a false alarm, as the shower passed around us, but “grumbled and rumbled and roared” as if it had done mischief somewhere. Accident number two: A spark from our fire, unknown to us, hid itself in the bag which covered the frypan and tins to keep them from crocking the boat and ourselves. It was not discovered until it had burned the bottom off. As we had no pieces of cloth with us, we were in a quandary, but the sacrifice of a handkerchief made the sides meet.—Let us give a word of advice just here: Three or four bags of cotton cloth well paraffined, which will hold a quart or two, are very convenient for provisions.

We were then nearly opposite Pawnee Rock Camp, before mentioned, and thoughts of the spring there made us thirsty, so we crossed over to renew our acquaintance with campers and spring. We then recrossed in an oblique course to Long Island, to find the Balanced Rock and a camping place; for “the shades of night were falling fast.” We nearly circled the island before finding the rock, and completed the circuit before finding a place (south-west point) open enough to pitch our tent. The rock is certainly well balanced, that is, if stability and balanced are equivalent. We did not disturb it; a double yoke of oxen might have done so—possibly. There is good fishing off the island, and it is, therefore, a favorite camping place. As there were signs of a stormy night, we hastily pitched camp; but a second time there was more noise than water, and we were happily disappointed.

(To be continued.)

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→*SCISSORS.*←

"Active shears gather no rust."

Caesaris bonas legis.

"The bony legs of Caesar."

The statue of Liberty is likened
unto one of the foolish virgins.

Would it not be proper to call an
alley where a street fight has taken
place an allegory?

Sir Isaac Newton occupied his play-
hours constructing model machines,
water-clocks, windmills, etc.

A rhyme for the poor speller:—

I before e,
Except after e,
Or when sounded as a,
As in neighbor and weigh.

Miles Standish will have a statue
in Massachusetts by next June, to
serve as a warning to people of all
times never to do their courting by
proxy.

On the map of the world you may
cover Judea with your thumb, Athens
with a finger-tip, and neither of them
figures in the price current, but they
still lord it in the thought and action
of every civilized man.—[James Rus-
sell Lowell.

Parchment takes its name from the
old city of Pergamus in Asia Minor,
whose king, when the literary jeal-
ousy of the Egyptians stopped the
supply of papyrus, caused his subjects
to write on prepared sheepskins;
hence called Pergamena, or parch-
ment.

An English rifle team will come to
this country soon, and the Prince of
Wales has subscribed to a fund to pay
their expenses. A relative of his sent
a flint musket team over here during
Revolutionary days, but they didn't
carry back many prizes.

Dunce, which comes from the name
of Duns Scotus, a celebrated school-
man, whose followers, also learned
scholars, were first called *duns* and
then *dunces*. Just how or why it
came to have its present significance
is hard to say, but we know what that
is, and we see from what a height it
has fallen.

Shakespeare uses more different
words than any other writer in the
English language. Writers on the
statistics of words inform us that he
uses about fifteen thousand different
words in his plays and sonnets, while
there is no other writer who uses as
many as ten thousand. Some few
writers use nine thousand words, but
the majority of the writers do not em-
ploy more than eight thousand. In
conversation, only from three thou-
sand to five thousand different words
are used.

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STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. III.

MILFORD, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 6

Washington Irving as Revealed in His Sketch Book.

Although Washington Irving's personality pervades the whole Sketch Book, and many of his characteristics as a man appear in it, still we shall look at only a few of the most prominent of them.

While standing in Westminster Abbey, his reverence for the great men of former times thus breaks forth: "It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds and the earth with their renown." Further on his democracy is shown, when he says: "And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition to see how they are crowded and jostled in the dust, those, whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy."

As illustrative of his descriptive power, notice with how few strokes of the pen he sketches these pictures for us: "He saw, at a distance, the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark here and there, sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands." And another time he writes: "There is a little valley, or, rather, lap of land, among the hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world; a small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose, and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that breaks in upon the uniform tranquility." His love of retirement and the longing which was always strong upon him urges him on to say: "If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away

the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley." Not one of his many friends and admirers but must be glad that the last and pleasantest years were passed in this very same "little valley" at Sunnyside.

Perhaps his rich extravagant humor is most forcibly shown by his description of Ichabod Crane. "The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindleneck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a corn-field."

Although so keenly alive to the ludicrous, yet he was ready with his sympathy for the sorrowing, especially for the sorrowing poor. Listen to what he says in *The Voyage*: "I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, among the crowd. Her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage and who had excited the sympathy of every one on board. At the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features, she read at once a whole volume of sorrow, she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony." Almost equalling this

in pathos is the exclamation of Rip Van Winkle after his return from his long sleep on the mountains, when, finding all his old friends dead or gone away, and he himself almost forgotten, he cries out: "Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?" If he had written pages could he have made us feel more pity for the poor, easy, lazy, forlorn old man?

Taking their conciseness into consideration, where do you find better analysis of character than in the following selections? First, in speaking of Mrs. Van Winkle,—"A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener with use." Then the school-master of Sleepy Hollow: "Was in fact an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity."

Why his satire never wounds, why his humor never offends, why, in making his acquaintance as a writer, we grow to esteem and respect him as a man, is no longer a secret, for he tells us: "If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow, if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, or make my reader more in good humor with his fellow-beings and himself, surely I should not have written entirely in vain."

As a writer, he is best described in his own words, though they were written concerning another. "Well may the world cherish his renown, for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory, for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty means and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language." J. J. O's.

❖ EXCHANGES. ❖

We notice a marked improvement in most of our January exchanges. Is it perhaps on account of the impetus caused by the desire to have superior Christmas numbers?

In the Kentucky Deaf Mute we find a graphic description of wonderful sights in a "Trip to California."

The Vindex gives us a glimpse of the domestic life of St. Mark's school, in "the parlor packed full of boys engaged in the game (chess) every evening after half-past eight." One of the editors writes with so much spirit on the forlorn condition of their gymnastic apparatus, urging that better be obtained, and suggesting how, that we shall be interested to hear what success he meets with in his efforts. In the same number, "A Remarkable Experience" shows ingenuity on the part of the writer.

The "Legend of Castle Rock" in the Spartan, after the style of "Hiawatha," is prettily conceived and well told, and in Kent's Hill Breeze is a good article on "The New World."

Thanks, Commentator; now we shall be able to sleep o' nights. But one thing more, Brother Exchange-Editor: Instead of looking down upon the rest of us with your superior smile—instead of filling two columns with clippings from other papers, and jokes old as the eternal hills, under the heading, "Exchange Column," why don't you try to put a little original matter in your own exchange department? Better a sharp thrust now and then, better an interchange of pretty speeches, even, than dull silence.

The January number of the Newton High School Review, has reached us, being greatly "embellished with cuts," which we do admire," especially the one of Barbara Frietchie's home. They certainly show enterprise on the part of the editors. We hope the papers on "Mediaeval Literature" will be continued.

The Trinity School Record and the Messenger have well considered exchange departments.

If the E. H. S. Record would only take the last page of its cover for the first, what an improvement it would be! The present first page resembles an instantaneous photograph of an explosion more than anything else. No matter how we take the paper up, we always feel impelled to turn it around in order to read the name.

It is pleasant to hear from Bob Short again in the Premier. May he continue to follow the example of the illustrious Silas Wegg, and "fall off into poetry" often.

Are you grateful and happy, fellow exchanges, that the Baldwin Index is going to "cheer" and instruct us once a month? Our gratitude ought to be unbounded, and if the O. L. & I. can in any way assist in the good work you have undertaken, brother B. I., we make you heartily welcome to anything in our columns, even if you do not give us credit for it. The knowledge that we can in any way be a humble instrument in helping, although ever so indirectly, to cheer our fellow creatures, is recompense enough in itself. Please keep on cheering. Seriously, you are in a fair way to do so if all your future numbers are as good as the January one.

Congratulations to our Medway neighbor on being the happy possessor of "plenty of energy and an inexhaustible supply of brains." Cannot you bestow a few of the latter upon us? Our supply is limited.

The Literary Monthly deserves its name.

Oh, for space and time to tell why we liked so well the article "Woman as Portrayed by Shakespeare," in the Wolfe Hall Banner!

We always supposed Prof. and Mrs. Norton to be very learned, but they do not agree, and consequently have decided to make a foreign tour.—[Yankton Student.

A new cure for incompatibility of temper! Rather a pleasant medicine to take, n'est ce pas?

The messenger boy, "Peter Kelly, small, squat, cross-eyed, red-haired and wiry," is a character, a distinct individual. What kind of grammar-school boys do you have in New Haven, Critic, to write such stories as "A Messenger Boy's Day?"

We regret the departure of the M. B. S. Echo from the field of school journalism, and hope it may reconsider its determination to issue no more copies of itself.

One of the brightest weeklies that comes to us is the Cue, from Albany Academy. Although it by no means despises athletic sports, it finds room in its clearly printed columns for many other interesting things.

What force there is in frequent repetition even of a false statement. The College Message is the last, though by no means, the first, or the second, or the third, or the fourth, to tell us that Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Emerson were graduated from Bowdoin college. This has been repeated so many times we have almost come to believe it, although we have always been taught that Emerson was a Harvard graduate. Can it be that our teachers and all Emerson's biographers are mistaken?

Public School Notes, Vol. I., No. 2, would be more appropriately named "Programme in Black Ink."

Take it up gingerly,
Handle with care,
Printed so smudgily—
Naught you'll find there.

Patriots.

When war breaks out, husbands leave their homes and families, brothers and sisters are separated, all going forth to take active part in the defence of their country at the risk of their lives.

They must suffer great privations, often going for hours without food and with not enough clothing to keep themselves warm; marching sometimes all day and into the night, in rainy and snowy weather, carrying their heavy equipments; fording rivers and climbing hills, still pushing on until they reach the end of their march, when, tired and footsore, they throw themselves down on the ground to take an hour or two of well-earned sleep.

We call these soldiers patriots. They have left their friends at home; many have thrown away their brightest prospects in life; they are all willing to sacrifice their lives, honor, fortunes, everything,—all for the safety of their native country. Thousands are killed, while others contract diseases from which they do not recover during their lives. These are indeed noble examples of patriotism!

Again, men who, although not going to war, rouse the people by stirring speeches and persuade them to take decisive steps in certain affairs relative to the nation's welfare, and who, by so doing, lose friends, make enemies, and are cast out of society; those who give their own time and money to the cause and urge others to do the same; who obey the laws because they are their country's laws, and pay their taxes without grumbling,—for how would the government receive support, if it were not for its taxes?—these persons are evidently patriots too, although they never risked their lives on the battle-field.

Many women are as great patriots as men. They allow their husbands and sons to go to war, while they, at home, sometimes have hard work to make both ends meet; they aid the soldiers by sending them clothing and food; they go into hospitals and nurse the wounded; in fact, doing everything in their power for the good of the country.

Many examples at once suggest themselves to illustrate these different kinds of patriots, but we leave them for the reader.

H₂O.

It was evening, by the mouth of a mighty river, and the setting sun was lighting up the western horizon with its gorgeous tints, when I, dazzled by the excess of light, looked down upon the waves, rolling in broad sheets of foam up the strand at my feet. As I watched them, they seemed to me more buoyant than usual, and wishing to know the cause, I seated myself on a rock near by to listen.

Glad voices in earnest conversation reached my ear. There seemed to be a joyful remission of old friends, eagerly questioning and answering one another. Soon I distinguished a voice saying, I am only a raindrop, yet in my life I have done much good, and many owe to me their existence. Born here, many summers ago, I, with my brothers and sisters, was carried as invisible vapor high up into the atmosphere by the warm rays of the sun. Looking back on my old home, and wondering if they missed me and if I should ever know it again, I saw my place already filled by another. But no time was given me for mourning, for a strong wind blew me westward, over a beautiful, green country, whose landscape was ever new and charming with its wooded hills and green valleys, its rivers and fountains. I did not pass this time in idleness, but divided it between work and pleasure. I helped dispel the foul, hot air of the cities and towns over which I passed, and, with the cooling sea-breeze, brought them new vigor. I watched the people at their different occupations, little thinking that I should ever be of assistance to them.

One day a cold wind crossed my path, and so condensed me that I became heavy and sluggish; my head began to swim; I could no longer retain my lofty position, but fell as a raindrop on a bare, rocky cliff. Here my friends, the companions of my wanderings, left me. For, as we rolled down, I fell into a crevice in the cliff, which led to a dark, gloomy, underground passage. Through this I flowed on and on, dissolving its very foundation in my course, until with others, I finally burst forth at its base, as a clear, sparkling spring. Many weary travelers came to my brink and went away refreshed and strengthened. Fragrant flowers sprang up at my side, and sweet singing birds came here to bathe, their bright, joyous songs being ample pay for the loss they caused. But one morning, when the spring, swelled by new arrivals, overflowed its banks, I, with many companions, stole forth, and wound through the valley. The air was fresh and sweet, and no sound of busy life was heard except the faint chirp of

the early bird and the bleating of the flocks along the hillsides. I glided on calmly for many days among the flowers, with new scenes of beauty opening on every side. After a time I heard, 'mid the hum of a village, the murmur of a waterfall. Roused by the sound, I determined no longer to lead a life of idleness, but joining the waterfall, I helped turn the miller's ponderous wheel, which changed the corn to meal, the wheat to flour. This was but the beginning of my labors, for as the stream became deeper and more rapid, the number of mills and factories increased so that again and again I put my shoulder to the busy wheel.

All this time I had been overturning stones, sweeping along the yellow sands and grinding them to powder. I washed the rubbish and debris from the shores and swept it down with me. But soon the banks receded, and I helped form a broad, deep river, upon whose bosom ships were sailing, bringing the merchandise of distant lands to exchange for the products of those very wheels which I had turned. Along the banks were flourishing farms, whose soil I enriched by depositing the silt I had collected on my way.

But now the surface of the water, swelled by new streams, grew wider and wider, and I began to recognize the faces of old friends, who, as we went speeding on, related wonderful stories of their adventures and hair-breadth escapes. At last, imagine our joy to find ourselves once more in the home of our childhood, with the other companions of our youth, each of whom, in his own humble way, had labored for the common good, sweetening and refreshing the languid air, carpeting the fields with grass and flowers, and spreading health and life on every side.

The sun had long since set when the voice ceased, and as I thought over its story, I determined that if a little drop of rain could accomplish so much, I would not shun my part in the busy scenes of life, but, like the raindrop, press on with a loving and joyous heart, so that when my life work is ended, and I am reunited with my old friends, I too may render as good a report of my life and work as the raindrop.

M. V. L. M.

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BY

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"But when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

This is the star month of the year for it records the births of three great representative Americans—Washington, Lincoln and Longfellow. Great lives are milestones on our road of progress and it is well at times, especially at such a time as this, to stop in our busy, hurrying course, and meditate upon these blessings of Providence to us. Nothing earthborn is perfect, yet from each we may cull at least one lesson for our good; from their teachings gain instruction; from their lives and actions, examples of greatness and wisdom; and from their successes, encouragement to press forward and imitate those examples.

Although this month is so suggestive of patriotism, yet we should not forget the Agassizes and Peabodys, the scholars and philanthropists who have accomplished no less in the library and among the needy than our patriots on the battlefield and in the chair of state. Are we not as greatly indebted for the enlightened age in which we live, to those who have become acquainted with the resources of nature and applied them for our use as to those who protect our rights and privileges? Ought we not also to honor those who have given of their sympathy and means to relieve the distressed and to raise their fellowmen?

Birth (copied from the family bible): George Washington, son of Augustine and Mary, his wife, was born ye 11th day of February, 1732, about ten in the morning. [A disagreement will be found between the dates given here and the one generally accepted. This is due to the change of dates from the Old Style to the New.]

How noticeable is the difference existing between the early circumstances of Washington and those of Lincoln and Garfield. The former, born of a family rich in this world's goods and of aristocratic birth, the latter in the midst of poverty and with no precedence of rank; yet these three we hold forth to the world as examples of the greatest worth and are equally and justly proud to claim them all as sons of America.

Marriage: Married, January 17, 1759, at the residence of the bride, by Rev. David Mossum, Martha Custis to George Washington. Mrs. Custis was a widow and the mother of two children, a son and a daughter. This was a case of love at first sight.

Death: Died, at Mt. Vernon, December 14, 1799, George Washington, aged sixty-eight years.

How pleasing to think that we are never long deprived of some headlight to cast its rays over our track of progress. As this has always been true in the past so we have faith to believe it ever will be and trust that the brilliant lights extinguished within the past year will, before long, be replaced by beacon lights of like brilliancy.

"Blessed be Gloucester!" So say we all of us, every single one of us. The cause of the exclamation is due to the fact that that famous fish-city-by-the-sea offered such inducement to our teachers that they went visiting last Friday and left us at home to amuse ourselves the best we knew how—and we *knew*. We believe this is the first time during 6 years that the school has been closed for such a purpose.

Now, boys, here is your chance! One of our advertisers, J. Allen Rice, offers his toboggan to that boy of our public schools who makes the greatest improvement during the last half of this term. Please note the fact that the poorer the record has been for the past six weeks, the more encouragement the scholar has to make a special exertion; for the field is broader for him than for his companion whose work is even now in the nineties. Work then! if not for the toboggan, for the honor; and if not for either of these, then make the effort for the sake of your own improvement.

Vigorous attempts have recently been made to force a small tack into an iron post with only a finger, so delicate in structure; as yet they have been found quite in vain, much to the astonishment and chagrin of the persistent one. We would offer our sympathy, if allowed to take the floor. Drawing class, take notice.

Financially, this paper has not been a success this year. If we should ever meet, by some chance, Good Luck, and acquire from him a surplus like Uncle Sam's, can it be possible the question will ever arise in our minds as to what we should do with it, or how we should reduce it? Since he, only twenty years ago, did not deem it possible to be embarrassed with riches in so short a time, there still remains a chance that we may yet realize our fondest ambition.

The young men of the school have recently adopted the cadet cap with the letters, M. H. S. They (the caps of course) look very pretty and give a manly air to the wearer. It suggests the desirability of military drills; for in many cases the reputed curve of beauty, in the course of time, has received additional curvatures which by no means add beauty to the well-poised body. We hope the boys will maintain the dignity of their position before the public and act in such a manner that no censure may be thrown upon the school. We also kindly ask them to bear in mind that for one misdemeanor on their part one hundred innocent scholars must share the blame, however unjust it may seem. Perhaps, though, this may be solace to them; as it is sometimes said misery loves company. Cicero said, "He did not understand why men think they will perish with less pain accompanied by many than if they perish alone."

A French class was formed in Milford this winter, composed of several of the graduates of this school. The rules drawn and signed by their own hand would have caused many a forlorn and anxious face, if simply suggested by an ambitious teacher.

Now the girlish O's! ascend the rear stairs from the laboratory as the NH_3 , absorbed by the reddened litmus water, gives to it the "blues" and are met by the still louder Oh's! as the electric current leaps from bone to bone when the much-urged and trembling maidens clasp hands with her who holds the awful Leyden jar.

Last year we devoted the February number mostly to George Washington, this year we share the honors with him and Abraham Lincoln, another distinguished child of this month.

❖LOCALS.❖

An anagram: Old firm.

The paper bill this term was \$5.72.

"Say, is that an *Asiatic* needle on the desk, that thing with two needles?"

Some of the scholars in History averaged 100 per cent in daily recitations.

We have now seven recitations instead of six and we are not obliged to have any recitation out of school.

"A missed-ache," as the man said as he gazed upon the roots of a decayed bicuspid.

"Will you please tell me how many litres there are in our exalted breath?"

Girls, you ought to cut Goethe. Just read what he has written: "There is nothing more frightful than *bustling* ignorance."

The teachers and scholars of this school have secured \$94.65 for the teachers' lecture course. Where are the other teachers and scholars?

How is this for style? "Style is that, not which the reader may understand, but that he must understand whether he wants to or not." See Rhetoric III.

If our parents were obliged to travel through the mud from the engine house to the high school as we are, we soon think there would be a change.

A father of one of the seniors, when paying for his "ad," offered a bill for twice the proper yearly charge, and refused to take the change. Walk right up, fathers! We need you.

History Teacher: "Where was Aca-dia?" Scholar: "In the Scandinavian peninsula." "Where is Hastings?" "I couldn't find it?" "Where do you think it is likely to be?" "On the map."

Government I. "Where can I find the vice-president, if I visit Washington?" A variety of answers follow and finally a bright boy of another class comes to the rescue with, "He's dead."

A provoking feature of our dictionaries and reference books is their omissions. We were forcibly reminded of this last week when trying to find the pronunciation of the four castes in India. Three were given, but the worst was not to be found.

Teacher: "Tell the story of Gilbert a Becket." Scholar, after some hesitation; "He was killed." "What was the most important event in the reign of William I?" "He visited Normandy." "The next, what do you say?" "His death."

Professor Gardner of Worcester, with his imported planetarium and his apti illustrations, entertained some of the scholars on an afternoon of last week.

Some of us with pleasure, some of with—well, *not* pleasure, have just carried home our half-term cards. This is a proper time to make good resolutions for the last half and do something of which we and our parents may be proud.

The Physiology class has lately discussed the qualifications of the tea-tasters. It was generally admitted that they hold a very important place in life, that their sense of taste must be very acute and they seldom lose the taste for it. This definition might be given for a tea-taster; a crusty old maid: eagerly awaiting the next auction of old bachelors.

❖PERSONALS.❖

Alice M. Aylward, '82, is teaching in Sherborn.

Harry P. Crosby, '85, has entered the Worcester Free Institute and has been elected a member of the editorial board of its school paper.

George W. Hancock, once of '89, is playing the role of Pluto at the Journal office and M. Harris Avery, '85 English, is picking up type for the Gazette.

Mary E. Whitney, '87, was pleasantly surprised at her home by a party of her friends, on the 27th of January.

Aaron H. Mayhew, English '85, is a student at Bryant and Stratton's business college, Boston.

Ernest Fletcher, '84, has decided to enter upon the study of medicine. We understand that this has been his ambition for some time, and if he gives the same earnestness to the work that he has in the past, there will be no doubt of his success.

Misses Harris, Roberts, Flaherty and Mathewson and Masters Parkhurst, Tirrell, Fitzgerald and Rice were the speakers chosen to represent their respective classes at the last exercise before the whole school. They have reason to feel proud of the honor conferred upon them.

The papers of Woonsocket have recently published a set of resolutions which were presented to Rev. C. J. White, our seventh principal and Woonsocket's recent superintendent of schools, for "his zeal, his devotion to the public welfare, his education, and his long study of methods of instruction."

A suggestion. Why not name each star in our flag which represents a state, by the name of its greatest son?

Whether it is "wheather" or "wether" seemed to be the soliloquy of the Physiology IV. in their last examination.

Several of our mates gave an entertainment in Mendon recently, which was repeated a few days later at the Universalist vestry.

The dipping needle so well illustrates the magnetic powers of the earth that some can hardly believe that it is fairly balanced.

James Russell Lowell has the pleasure of sharing the twenty-second with Washington, as he also was born on February 22d.

An old sentence of our Latin composition recently came to mind as we looked upon one of our companions; viz, "We know that fire is hot." This is particularly true of Kerosene.

Our eye model seems to be fated. Its annual introduction to the new class is invariably followed by the breaking of its cornea. This year two unfortunates have contributed fifteen cents for a watch crystal to replace its broken window.

By the kindness of our representative at Washington we receive daily the Congressional Record. It vividly suggests the annihilation of time and distance by its delivery in Milford so soon after the words leave the speakers' mouths.

Twenty scholars have joined the afternoon class in elocution under Dr. P. P. Field of Boston. The terms are very reasonable and those who can should take advantage of this opportunity to improve themselves—especially the first class.

Our anthology from Physics III.: "If I have my centre of gravity, then I am in stable equilibrium." "Newton, whose birthday was his deathday, has given us three laws." "The measurement, in case of a pendulum, must be made between the points of support and osculation." "One value of friction is in case of a boy down a well."

"Why does the Principal cover his Ears with his Hands and why the Look of Anxiety upon his Face?" "Do you not Behold the circle of 'Maidens fair to See?' "Yea, verily." "Anon, they will Tonnell yonder Jar." "What then?" "Then they will shriek." "Is there any Electricity therein?" "Perhaps Yes, perhaps No; but they'll Shriek just the Same."

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CANOEING ON MEMPHREMAGOG.

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THURSDAY, August 12.

It was an early rising, for we could not sleep; therefore a stupid feeling possessed us, and "time was out of joint;" but we some "re-jointed" it by a plunge into the cool water and by preparations for breakfast. Another crossing of the lake was necessary this morning, to meet the "Lady" at the Mountain House for our mail. While waiting there we made the acquaintance of a member of the New York Canoe club, who informed us that an effort had been made to have the annual meet on Memphremagog this year, instead of at Grindstone Island in the St. Lawrence River, but the Canadian canoeists objected. If a suitable spot for so large a camp could be found, it would certainly be a delightful place for such a purpose.

To recross to the island was a difficult undertaking, as the direct course was between the waves, and too hazardous in such a wind. So a run down the shore and then obliquely towards the island nearly doubled the real distance. Skinner's Island was the next objective point; for there is the cave, hollowed out by the waves, which is said to have been the scene of smuggling in former days. Minnow Island was then left behind, and a run made for the western shore, where white granite ledges so clearly resembled white houses by the water's edge, that they had deceived us when at a distance; next, to the nearest point, to see what was put down on our map as Bay View Park. It's a good name, but looks best on paper. The ruins we found necessitate a revision of the guide book. Then due east was the course to clear Whetstone Island and gain its protection. This island is the sentinel which guards the entrance to Fitch Bay. We tried the first farm house for milk and water (separate), and got them both for only our thanks. This was the second and last surprise of this nature during the trip. Today, for the first time, the wind was too much for us. It had before been too strong for pleasure, but at this time we were obliged to succumb to it. After dinner we took an account of stock in our larder, and found one potato, three slices of bread, half a cup of sugar, a little butter, and a few other articles in a like proportion. However, as we had the luxury of a *real* table at supper time, our bill of fare was sufficient.

"Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few."

We succeeded in getting up shore a mile further, and, on examining a cleared spot, much to our surprise we found a camp recently deserted by some Quebec campers. They had taken great pains to clear the ground, gather brakes for bedding, build a table (just mentioned), fireplace, and benches, and to fasten to a tree the sign, Pine Point Camp. We set the table for supper, marched around it, partook sparingly, retired to our brakes, and "dreamed we dwelt in marble (dining) halls." We might also add that neither these dreams nor any others of the whole trip, not even of our waking hours, were disturbed by flies or mosquitoes,—the dread of all campers.

FRIDAY, August 13.

Our last day! Hence these tears: * * * No signs of life (human) in sight, and so we again surveyed the beautiful proportions of our table, and ate the *rest* for breakfast. We then paddled into the widest part of the lake, where the shore "recedes into the deep windings of a bay;" but a group of islands so breaks its width that one does not fully realize the distance. First came Province Island, curtailed by the U. S. and C. line; then Tea Table; then by a long circle to the east of Kitteredge, Gull Rock and Black, over a sunken ledge which cost us a troll, we came near to a collection of pretty summer cottages nestled among the trees. Further on we skirted the northern shore of Horse Neck Island, rounded Indian Point, and landed at our first halting place, Sandy Camp. This pull, under a burning sun, proved to be the hardest of the trip, and its end was welcomed.

One of us foraged for dinner and returned in such a condition that hunger was forgotten for the moment, and the camera was brought out. The "subject" had in his right hand a pail of milk and a bag of eggs; in his left, a bag of corn and another of potatoes; and from his four pockets protruded two ears of corn apiece. Add to this the marks of the last ten days in the open air, (including a peeled nose which would give the lie to the "blue badge"), and you have the picture in your mind's eye. "Then they feasted, and an equal share was not wanting to any one." First, we ate supper for Thursday; then, breakfast for today; and finally, dinner. While thus we were balancing our accounts, it occurred to us that we could save a day at the close as well as at the beginning of our trip, and as the afternoon was before us for "doing"

Newport, we could easily paddle up to the station, pack and deliver our canoes to the freight agent, ascend Prospect Hill, take our last pictures, and leave by the night express. No sooner said than—begun. The home stretch was quickly covered, and with sorrow we unjointed paddles and took our freight receipts.

With camera and plates we turned tramps, much to the distrust and suspicion of certain village dogs, and began to climb the hill. "Upon the shore of the romantic Lake Memphremagog, and amid scenery of the most picturesque character, is situated, etc., etc." A second time we quote the guide book, and a second time we vote it correct as regards Newport. We were so pleased with the view that four different pictures were taken. It was surely as fine as any we ever saw, perhaps especially so to us at this time, because, sitting there at our ease, we could look back on the scene of our toils and pleasures of the trip. Spread out before us was the larger part of the lake, as distinct as the village at our feet, and we experienced the pleasure of a "Stoddard" lecture, as we recounted our various experiences and pointed out the places.

"Along the sky, in wavy lines,
O'er isle and reach and bay,
Green-belted with eternal pines,
The mountains stretch away.
Below, the maple mosses sleep
Where shore with water blends,
While midway on the tranquil deep
The evening light descends."

The map shows a branch of the lake south of Newport; but the view of it, obtained from the cars as we passed, satisfied us. A lunch, a long wait, the midnight express for home, and the beginning and ending of our outing were deeds of the night.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

(Exeunt Omnes.)

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→*SCISSORS.*←

"Active shears gather no rust."

"Honest Abe."

"Out of the mellow West there came
A man whom neither praise nor blame
Could gild or tarnish; one who rose
With fate-appointed swiftness far
Above his friends, above his foes;
Whose life shone like a splendid star
To fill his people's hearts with flame;
Who never sought for gold or fame—
But gave himself without a price—
A willing, humble sacrifice—
An erring nation's Pesehal lamb—
The great, gaunt, patient Abraham."

"The first president of the regener-
ated republic."

Abraham Lincoln was born in Ken-
tucky, February, 1809; died in Wash-
ington, April, 1865.

"Lincoln will stand out, in the tra-
ditions of his country and the world,
as an incarnation of the people and of
modern democracy itself."

"The tragic history of the abolition
of slavery which opened with the gib-
bet of John Brown, closed with the
assassination of Lincoln, the second
founder of the great Republic."

Lincoln was, during his life of fifty-
six years, boatman, axeman, hired la-
borer, clerk, surveyor, captain, legisla-
tor, lawyer, orator, statesman, presi-
dent, savor of a republic, emancipator
of a race, a true christian, and a true
man."

Ingersoll once said: "Abraham Lin-
coln was in all essentials the greatest
man America ever produced and the
greatest and grandest man of his age.
He held more hearts in the hollow of
his hand than any other of the world's
great philanthropists and deliverers."

"In remote futurity, when the mas-
sive walls of our Capitol shall no more
exist, and all that is mortal in our civi-
lization and polity shall live only in
memory, the child, gazing down the
dark infinity of time, will be obliged to
ask: "Where is the nineteenth centu-
ry?" "There, there," the sage will re-
ply, "where you see the meouth figure
of that forest-born liberator, where
you see that full orb'd and splendid
Hesperus of the West."

Lowell's verdict is: "We are glad
that in this our true War of Independ-
ence which is to free us forever from
the Old World, we have at the head
of our affairs a man whom America
made, as God made Adam—out of the
very earth, unancestried, unprivileged,
unknown—to show us how much truth,
how much magnanimity, and how
much statecraft await the call of op-
portunity in simple manhood when it
believes in the justice of God and the
truth of man."

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. III.

MILFORD, MASS., MARCH, 1887.

No. 7.

Leaves from a Trojan Girl's Diary.

(Found in the ruins of ancient Troy)

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Dear me! What is the use of writing the same old story every day. Nothing new ever happens in this dismal city. It is awful mean, the way we are abused. What consolation is there in going upon the walls or even climbing to the top of the highest towers? It is only tantalizing to look at what one can't have. Many and many an hour have I spent in watching the Samsos glimmering in the distance among the trees. I have followed its windings with my eye until its banks seemed almost to meet. How charming it would be to go and see from what shady nooks its first shining waters spring. And then I look to the west and the peaceful sea meets my vision. Here and there are lovely little islands. How nice it would be, if we could take a sail some day and have a picnic on that pretty green one. (I shall be fifteen years old tomorrow. I wish I might celebrate in some way.) Why, last night, mother was telling us stories about the happy days, when my brother Rhipheus and I were little, and then how every thing was changed. She said that ten years ago Prince Paris went to make a visit over in Greece. While there he became acquainted with beautiful Queen Helen, who so charmed him that he thought he couldn't live without her. He staid a good while, but one day, when her husband, Menelaus, was away, Paris and Helen set sail for Troy. How foolish! They might have known it would make trouble. Of course Menelaus immediately came after her. Oh, what wretchedness might have been prevented if we had at once given her back! But no! Paris would not part with her, and so the Greeks attempted to take her by force. The Trojans resisted, war began and for ten years the Greeks have

been lurking around and keeping us in a continual fidget. The idea of all Troy enduring such a siege on account of the beauty of one woman! I wish Rhipheus was a little older. He says just as soon as he has a chance, he will see what can be done, and I encourage him all I can.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

Oh, my heart is too full of joy to write a word tonight. The cruel Greeks have sailed away discouraged. When we awoke this morning we found the camp deserted, and our King Priam declared a glorious holiday. We went right into the camp just as the Greeks left it. I danced on the very spot where mighty Achilles' tent was. But the chief attraction was a lovely great wooden horse. Nearly every one wanted to take it right into the city; but Laocoon acted as if he was crazy about it. He rushed up and drove his spear right into its side, and said: "This must be a war machine and perhaps it contains Greek soldiers." What nonsense! Alas! Poor man, before the day was done he suffered enough for this insult. Just then we saw some shepherds dragging a captive with his hands tied behind him. Some bad boys made fun of him; but he talked so piteously that I almost cried. He said his name was Sinon, and the Greeks, his own people, are so blood-thirsty that they were going to kill him for a sacrifice; but at the last minute he escaped, and, just think of it, he staid all night in the slimy swamp among the brambles. 'Twas awful to hear him tell about it! Then Priam cheered him up and asked him to tell all about the splendid great horse. So he told us how the Greeks had the audacity to steal the Palladium out of the temple. Of course, Minerva was angry and they have had bad luck ever since. Now they have built this horse to appease the goddess and have gone home to repeat the

omens and come back. Who cares if they do, now? We have that beauty of a horse safely in our city, and now Minerva will be kind to us. I know Minerva is on our side, for this morning when Laocoon was making a sacrifice to Neptune, she sent two horrid, bloody serpents with glaring eyes and hissing tongues to eat Laocoon's two little boys, and then to crush him to death. I thought I should die with fright. Oh, I shudder to think of it! But he deserved to be punished for being so cruel to that magnificent horse. King Priam ordered the sacred creature to be brought into the city, although we had to tear down a part of the walls to get it in. Besides, he let the boys and girls tie a rope around its great neck and help pull it in. It is true we ran against loose stones and the horse stopped with a jar and something inside rattled four times on the way, but still this may prove a good omen. I never was so tired! My head swims. I am worn out with the pleasures of this day and I must go to sleep.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

I cannot believe I am awake. The scenes I have passed through today are too horrible even to dream of. How can I believe it? Laocoon was right. Sinon is the basest of the Greeks. The cruel monster *did* contain armed men, and to think I helped bring them in! Why did we not heed the omens! My dreams last night were terrible, but not more so than the realities of today. I awoke this morning to find our house in flames, and being plundered by savage Greeks, who were dragging my mother and father from their rooms, and before I could reach them, their life blood was staining the floor. Just then Rhipheus rushed in, bidding me be quiet, for he said we had reason to be thankful that the Greeks caused our parents to die so quickly. He assured me it

was a relief from the sights of torture he had just witnessed. He was about to lead me out of the burning house when we were rudely torn apart. I was then carried through streets of fire and smoke, I knew not where. The beautiful city of yesterday is one desert of ashes, with here and there a lone building, which stood where the streets divided. 'Tis in one of these that I am confined, together with many sharing my fate. I only hope my brother is still alive. I know he has the real Trojan blood in his veins. If they spare his life, he will find a way to come and redeem us. But here comes my Greek master. He must not read this. I will throw it from my window and it shall sink deep into the ashes which surround us.

N. B. '88.

—0—

Here I am as hungry as ever, reaching out with my two arms (for I am ambidextral like you, my reader) for something to eat, and I will take anything and everything, except fluorine; I don't want anything to do with that. I go by the name of Oxygen, and when in fighting trim weigh sixteen, which is just sixteen times the weight of my friend Hydrogen, who, by the *weigh*, is the lightest thing known on this earth. I have quite a respectable old age, being, in fact, as old as the world; but my presence in the air was not discovered until the year 1774, and then by a certain man named Priestly, who gave me some jaw-breaking name, which was afterwards changed to my present one, which comes from two Greek words, meaning "I produce acid." This is not really so, for I am not a necessary constituent of every acid, though I am of most.

I am found in the air, in the water—everywhere, and constitute about one-fifth of the atmosphere, eight-ninths of the water by weight, and two-thirds of the whole world, yet you can neither see me, nor smell me, for I have neither color, odor, nor definite form; that I am in the air must be very evident to you, for you could not live without me; you would suffocate; you could not use yeast in making your bread, because your yeast would not ferment, and therefore your bread would not rise; neither could you bake your bread for want of a fire to heat your ovens, as fire cannot burn unless I am present. You can easily prove that I am in water by analyzing some by means of electricity. The result of performing this experiment will be that you will obtain two volumes of hydrogen to every one of me. By passing an electric spark through us, we immediately re-unite and form water again.

I am very active, as perhaps you have found out before now. Should you take a bite of an apple, then lay the apple down, go off and leave it for a time, when you came back, you would find that your apple had begun to decay. It is through my agency also, that iron rusts, bright metals tarnish, liquors ferment, and other substances gradually decompose. When you breathe, you take me from the air into your lungs; I go from your lungs into your blood, which I purify, and, uniting with the carbon of your body, give you your heat and form carbon dioxide, which is one of the gases that you exhale. Now carbon dioxide, although it is not directly dangerous, but by taking the place of me and keeping me out of your lungs, soon produces bad results and death may follow; therefore you must take great pains to ventilate your rooms.

I have many compounds, some of which are of great importance, others very explosive, poisonous gases. Sometimes, perhaps, you have noticed a faint, but peculiar odor in pure country and sea air; that is only a condensed form of me, called ozone. Ozone is a band of three of us Oxygen atoms, while I, unless in company with some other element always have a brother atom with me. Consequently the trio Ozone is more active than I alone, or when I am in company with my brother. I am used for many purposes in this world and of course I am of great importance to you. The oxyhydrogen flame (which is the hottest known, and which is used for melting metals that will not melt under ordinary conditions, such as platinum) obtains its great heat through my great power of supporting combustion; the principle of the Bunsen burner, which is of so great importance in chemical laboratories, also depends upon that great power. One of my compounds, nitrogen monoxide, is laughing gas, an anaesthetic, used very much by doctors and dentists, because it renders the nerves insensible to pain during surgical operations.

As your life depends on me, as we have so much to do with each other, and because I am of so great use to the whole world, I thought it would be appropriate if I gave a short history of myself and just a few of my many compounds; and now having done so, I will say good-bye to you and leave you for the present.

W. P. '87.

— "Guil" rhymes with no other English word.

— "O dear!" said the wheel to the blacksmith, "you make me tired."

Mary Queen of Scots.

(A Soliloquy.)

Why, this morning as the sun shines so brightly upon this gloomy old castle, should my thoughts linger so often on the words, "Happy as a queen?" Am I not, like Zenobia of old, a queen and a daughter of queens and kings? And yet my life in many ways has been far less happy than the lives of many of my poorest subjects. May I not confess to these pages what I would not tell any one? Nearly all my friends have turned against me, and here, awaiting the death sentence, I still must say, that although "much sympathy has been wasted" upon me, yet, save a few servants, all have turned from me. What is my story?

I am the granddaughter of Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII. and next heir after Elizabeth to the English throne. I have been a queen from my babyhood, as my father died when I was but a week old. My mother being a Frenchwoman, I was educated at the French court.

The English wished me to marry their young king, Edward VI., and so end the wars between Scotland and England by uniting the two crowns; but my Scotch subjects did not like the manner of the English, so I was sent to France and became the wife of Francis II., afterwards its king. After two years of enjoyment my husband died, leaving me a widow at nineteen years, and I sailed back to Scotland. I would rather have remained in France, as an insurrection was going on in my country; but on account of the jealousy of my mother-in-law, Margaret de Medici, I was obliged to return to my native country. During my absence of two years from Scotland, John Knox had excited the people in the Reformation, but through all the struggles that followed I maintained my Catholic religion. After much trouble, assisted by my brother, whom I afterwards created Earl of Murray, I quelled the insurrection and tried to pacify my subjects.

The Scots were anxious that I should marry again, and, having had no choice in regard to my first husband, I married Lord Darney, a cousin of mine, without anybody's permission. I did not wish to confer the title of king on my husband, for he made me miserable and helped kill my favorite in my room and before my eyes. The names of the conspirators were afterwards revealed to me by my husband and he contrived my escape to Dunbar castle. There I was joined by the Earl of Bothwell. He promised to obtain a divorce for me on condition that I would pardon and restore the earls of the conspiracy; so a few

days afterwards I signed the pardon of the exiled lords.

Not long after this my husband was taken ill and was moved to a half-ruined castle, standing within the walls of Edinburg. I used to visit him every day, returning nights to sleep at the palace; but one night the castle was blown up with gunpowder, and in the morning my husband's lifeless body was found in a field near by. My subjects blamed me, and when I married the Earl of Bothwell they rose against me and made me their prisoner, while my husband had to flee the country. They shut me up in a castle called Lochleven, in the middle of a lake, and I was obliged to give up my crown to my little son, a baby not a year old.

I had not been imprisoned long before I persuaded the boy who waited on me to steal the keys and row me across the lake, and I was soon at the head of an army of my Roman Catholic subjects. But we were defeated, and as I could find no safe place in Scotland, I fled across the border to England, hoping to gain shelter from Elizabeth. During the imprisonment at Lochleven she had corresponded with me with sisterly affection, and went so far at one time as to advise me toward a husband. But instead of receiving a sister's hospitality, I have been made her prisoner for nineteen years and am to be liberated only to lay my head upon the block.

I have been accused of a conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth, and offended her during my early life by assuming the title of Queen of England, but this was entirely through the influence of Francis and the pope. I have but two favors to request; one, that my body may be buried in Scotland, and the other, that my servants may be present at my execution, which will be within a short time. But I have no fear of death, which I meet tomorrow morning, and solemnly declare that I meet it, innocent of the great crimes of which I am accused.

L. E. T., '88.

Books in the House.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books.—[Cottage Hearth.

If our old Roman friend Skippio had lived up to his name he would have made a good bank cashier.

The Eighty-Seventh Congress.

After reading the Congressional Record, I dozed and seem to commune with myself as follows: It is very much desired that an extra session may be avoided by us this year. But two weeks remain before the short recess, and there is now more upon our hands than seems possible to be accomplished, unless we railroad it through, and certainly that idea does not strike us as advisable.

As yet, nothing has been done in regard to the retaliation bill; we can no longer stand with our lips sealed, when morning after morning, rain or shine, we are refused entrance to the school building until fifteen minutes before the hour of commencement. This question will probably be the next in order, and as there are many who are ready and desirous to deliver elaborate speeches, it may require several sittings.

The question has been laid before the house whether it would not be the better policy to close the main door henceforth altogether, and use the windows as a means of entrance. [Consult the elocution class]. The sills are already well worn and so let us save what we can in that way. As no appropriation bills have as yet been indorsed, it looks now as though to economize where we can would be necessary to meet the demands. Messrs. Tall, Slim and Limber strongly advocate the bills being passed. They have a strong argument, in that no inconvenience has so far been experienced by those who have entered that way. The objections, if any, will probably be raised by Messrs. Short, Stout and Broad, who have political ends in view.

Private sessions have lately been held at the close of the regular morning session to discuss weighty points connected with the sciences. As the Drivers seriously object to that, in all probability a bill to prevent the private sessions will be brought before the house by them.

A bill has passed the house to replace the present system of heating the building, by one that will require no attention whatever, thereby saving time for sleep to those who have previously been obliged to shorten the morning nap. Should this bill become a law, it cannot go into effect much before the last of May. A. C. H., '87.

Eight dollars and fifty cents for an ounce of platinum! How is that for high? About 80 per cent. of the world's consumption comes from the Ural mountains and the greater part of the rest from the United States of Columbia.

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MARCH, 1887.

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BY

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Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post-Office, as second
class matter.

The singing class have just purchased three pieces of new music for the huge sum of *two cents*; but it is not two-cent music as we hope to prove to our friends before July 1. Ginn & Company have our thanks for publishing such excellent music at such a low cost.

Several of our present and past members have been so much aroused by the preaching of Mr. Sayford, the evangelist, that they have connected themselves with the churches where they had previously attended. We hope that they will have strength to live up to that high standard which they have set before themselves.

Our physical apparatus has been increased by four additions: a glass model of a hydrostatic press and another of a force pump, also a Nicholson hydrometer and a tripod of three different metals to show the varying powers of conducting heat. The apparatus is so well made that we can have no excuse for failing to understand the principles it illustrates.

Literature II. is just finishing Dickens' Tale of Two Cities and have, no doubt, more than once shuddered at the awful scenes of the French Revolution and thanked their lucky stars that they were born in the "land of the free." However, we expect that the history of the times will be more deeply impressed upon their minds by this historical novel than by the more accurate, but less interesting history of the times.

Philosophy III. is now in the midst of the most entertaining part of the study of physics. The electric batteries, light, telephone, telegraph and bells are in so common use in Milford that we feel it our duty to become thoroughly acquainted with the principles underlying them. Then, too, we use so much plated ware in our homes and so many of our books are illustrated by copper-plates and our physicians so generally make use of the Ruhmkorff's coil, we realize that electricity is fast becoming a part of our daily life.

For the help of the book-keeping class a large sum of imitation money has been printed. There are bills of the denomination of one, two, five and ten dollars, and cents of the following value: one, two, five, ten, twenty-five and fifty. Each scholar will be supplied with about \$50 and then will buy and sell as if trading at a regular store. Cards with the name of an article, its price and cost have been made out in sets of twenty, representing the different business interests of the town, and in each of these lines of business an imaginary store will be started by two of the scholars. One business will be studied at a time and every scholar will open, keep and close a set of books in it. Purchases will be made for cash, part payment, for note and on credit and such items as rent, clerk hire, freight and insurance will enter into the transactions. In this way it is hoped that the study will become more practical.

Dr. Joseph Alden, one of the most distinguished scholars of his time, once said that if you could erase from the memory of a thoroughly educated man all the facts which were recorded there, he would still retain the chief result of education, a mind trained to think. To teach facts and train the mind to think, these are the aims of the high school; but facts once learned, if forgotten, are easily remembered by reference to the text-books of former school days, or to the public libraries; hence it must be seen that the second of the purposes, to discipline the mind, is by far the more important. As an athlete hardens his muscles by daily drill, so ought the scholar to exercise his brain. Therefore those studies, which apparently are of little practical value, often are the very ones needed to incite the brain to the greatest activity. Of what worth is a mind burdened with a smattering of science and belles-lettres, if it lacks the ability of reasoning? But if with these, the brain has the power of discernment, of penetration and of judgment, then the high school course has not been a failure.

"Adieu, Picciola! adieu, Charney!" has been echoed and re-echoed throughout the building by the French I. We have followed Monsieur Charney from rank and position to confinement in narrow prison walls, rejoiced with him in his pleasures and sympathized with him in adversity. He gives us a striking illustration of the need some unfortunates have of losing friends and money, in order to be better able to appreciate what they have. Could a prouder or more haughty spirit ever have been reduced to such humbling circumstances and then turn out to be nobler (except in a novel)?

To our friends we say: Who does not like to be spoken of with praise and thankfulness, who does not feel pride in doing something to perpetuate his name? What better way is there, than to give something to a school, where it will benefit both the children and the citizens, for the school-boy of to day is the representative man of to morrow. The excuse that the school has what is necessary is worthless, for the needs of a school must be always growing. Often, people in their wills, bequeath some donation to a school, but would it not be much better to give it while alive, thus having the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of one's gift, in the greater development of the scholars?

You have doubtless often heard of a walking dictionary, as your contemporaries have, and may be so fortunate as to be acquainted with one. We have with us a much more wonderful phenomenon, a walking book-case, containing no ordinary matter, but endowed with the combined science of ages. Upon this person one hundred scholars, or two hundred *pupils* gaze daily. This latent truth was but lately brought to light by the members of Physiology IV. As their eyes have frequently rested upon the book-case when reciting, it has been inferred (by the teacher) that they must regard it as the teacher's alter ego, and feeling kindly toward him, desire to relieve him of the constant gaze of so many eyes. Consider for a moment the amount of information obtained from the books within the case, even allowing some are very blind to the ordinary thinker. Then you will be able to understand how much more information can be acquired from one who can talk it right off, and be constantly radiating it about him. Here is a chance for the indolent, "ask and ye shall receive," no labor required. Bear in mind "ignorance like a fire doth burn." [For a key to the above consult the above named class.]

❖LOCALS.❖

Vacation! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Examinations! Oh! Oh! Oh!!

With washing-day come the Framingham Normal quartette and the Wellesley quintette.

During the last month the college girls have been sometimes greatly entertained by a *first class* quartette.

Upon committees for the next quarter at the Methodist church we notice the names of six of our former pupils.

Spring is at the door of the future and will soon enter into the living present. A litter of *pussies* (vegetable kingdom) recently brought to school, is our proof.

Philosophy III. could gladden the heart of even Mark Twain, who liked variegated spelling. Here are a few variations on astatic: aestatic, astetic, asthetic, estatic and *anasthetic*.

Another class in elocution is expected to open in April, directed by Dr. P. P. Field. It will pay all who can, to come; a good time and greater improvements are expected.

Rhetoric III. The aesthetic emotions are defined as the feelings of a dude. In the title, Lord Bacon, Lord should begin with a capital because it is the name of Deity.

Physiology IV. has been studying the effects of alcohol and tobacco on the human system. We hope that what they have learned will have a good effect when they are older.

Algebra I.: "Now if you have to walk ten miles and have already accomplished two, how many are left to travel?" "Five." We mustn't forget Arithmetic if we are in a labyrinth—of Algebra.

Our language is not only a wonder, but a collection of wonders. We were recently entertained by Greek I. who were tracing back to its source the word galaxy. How different from our usual use and meaning of that word is its Greek original, *milk*!

From the superintendent's report for '87 we select the following statistics of our school. Total number enrolled 159; average number belonging 129.9; average daily attendance 127.9; per cent of attendance 98.5; cost per pupil \$35.81.

Considering the universal praise which all the papers have bestowed upon the obsequies attending the death of Beecher, we trust that many others, with such a distinguished precedent, will have the courage to do away with the *public* badges of mourning and brighten the last rites as his were and as is becoming those who believe in an immortality.

The laboratory is open from 3 to 5 p. m. Fridays for the Chemistry scholars who wish to use it for extra work.

Why cannot the boys of the senior class sing as well with the rest of the school as they sing at recess in the lower hall?

Physiology IV. If light travels 1120 feet in a second at a temperature of 60° and if, in a thunder shower, the thunder is not heard for five seconds after the lightning, how far off is the storm? Scholar, after some hesitation: Five seconds off.

He had just come from the literature class and was settling himself calmly in his seat when Miss X. gently touched his shoulder and drew therefrom two dark-brown hairs, each twenty-seven inches long—but why these blushes and loud laughter? Now girls, confess, and acquit the innocent youth!

Now the boys smile while the girls *strive* to reach high G; but wait, girls, your time will come. Our principal evidently thinks 'tis well for girls to know how to climb! Well! we did the best we could, but the performance will be more *enchancing* (?) next time. "Practice makes perfect."

We see by the Hopedale town report that the new town has a "coat of arms" or town seal, representing for the two industries, farming and the machine shop, and bearing these dates—"The Dale 1700," "Hopedale 1841" and "A Town 1886." Would it not be well for Milford to go and do likewise. We suggest a shoe rampant surrounded by a wreath of straw braid.

The Hudson high school will open their Second Annual Industrial exhibition this week. Principal Small was so pleased with our two exhibitions that he determined to try the same plan and last year he met with such satisfactory results that this year he and his scholars have made still greater preparations. We hope that they will reap a harvest for their school library.

A piece of zinc put on the live coals in the stove will clean out the stove pipe.—[Cottage Hearth.

We are not sure of this; but, if it does not "clean it out," try a pound of blasting powder.

All fact-collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact-collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight.—[O. W. Holmes.

❖PERSONALS.❖

Carrie E. Tompkins, once of '88, is teaching in Croton, N. Y.

Miss Mary E. Knight, once of '81, is cashier for Thomas & Walcott.

Ida M. Bradley, English, '84, is cashier for A. J. Cunningham, Boston.

Amy C. Harris, '87, entertained the "As you like it club" at a recent meeting.

Ella U. B. (Normandy) Brown, '70, is now a teacher in the Malden high school.

Hattie G. Wight, formerly of '86, is a pupil at the School of Languages, Boston.

James F. Ring, a former pupil, has entered the dry-goods business in Minneapolis.

Marcus J. Patterson, '80, is engaged as a civil engineer on the bridges in Kansas City.

Edward F. Rogers, '87, is learning the druggist's business at Dr. Lamson's, afternoons and evenings.

Frank R. Claffin, '77, represents Louis Eschner & Brother, manufacturers of men's neckwear, Philadelphia.

John T. McLoughlin, '83, was elected town clerk at the last town meeting. Graduates of the M. H. S. desiring marriage certificates will take notice.

Florence E. Harvell, '75, has retired from the milliner's business, and we hope to announce her entrance upon an entirely *new* line of business before Vol. III. comes to an end.

John B. Tracey, English '84, is employed in a printing establishment in Jacksonville, Fla. He has had a roving life in New York, Nassau, Havana and New Orleans.

Dr. R. H. Cochran, a former pupil, has just been elected a member of the school board in place of L. E. Fales, '78. Three brothers and one sister, now a teacher of our schools, of the new member hold diplomas of the M. H. S.

Reuben A. Cooke, '80, has been at Jacksonville, Fla., for some time in search of health. We are glad to learn that he has greatly improved and trust that he will remember our geological cabinet, as he has done before.

Judge Dewey and wife (Marietta N. Thayer, '65,) celebrated their china wedding, twentieth anniversary, this month. A company of nearly two hundred friends, from far and near, presented their congratulations in person and left substantial tokens of their friendship.

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❖ EXCHANGES. ❖

Multum in Parvo redivivus! Holiday number just received.

The Enterprise is at last true to its name in starting an exchange column.

Academy Echo, why don't you follow your own advice, and have an exchange column?

The Bric-a-Brac comes to us this month for the first, but we hope *not* for the last time.

Spartan:—Your advice, if not unique, is certainly antique. Please find us "mended" for once.

The Boston Globe has quite an interesting article in the Guardian from Waco, Texas, on Barrett and Carleton.

The Deland Collegiate is another new acquaintance that promises to be a pleasant one. "Please exchange?" Gladly.

Consider yourself the recipient of our politest bow, Abstract, and be assured that the desire to exchange regnally is mutual.

We welcome three new exchanges, Minerva, an old friend under a new name, Our Compliments, and High School Times, of Dayton, Ohio.

Stray Shot has hit the target of originality full in the center in its story, "The Ghost in the Meal Sack." The idea of adopting and converting a ghost!

The Woonsocket High School Record, in an editorial exceedingly well written for a high school junior, defines the position and ambition of Russia.

A powerful exchange column, that February one of yours, Premier! Wake up, neighbor, and make your exchange column as good as the rest of your paper.

The Academy Bell, with others of our exchanges thinks that a cover would greatly add to our personal appearance. We quite agree, and we should be supremely happy, dear Academy Bell, could we adorn ourselves with as fine an outside as yours, but alas! and alack-a-day! the spirit is willing, but the pocket-book is weak. However,—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast, Man never is, but always to be, blest." We'll have a cover, sometime, with the rest.

The Tilton, N. H., seminary boys are jubilant over their prospective new school buildings, and the editorials of the February issue are full of an enthusiasm which is so contagious that we heartily wish we had been there to join with them in signing their *jubilante* when the welcome news was announced. In the literary department are two good articles on "The Study of German," and "Our Two Systems of Education."

The Shattuck Cadet tolls the chestnut bell over the lifeless remains of justice in the competitive examinations for admittance to West Point. Our sympathies are with the Cadet.

The Globe, from Abbott Village, Maine, tells us, in a very one-sided article on music, that of the fine arts, "music, poetry, painting, sculpture, etc.", we find but one among the ancients and that one, music. When can the Globe's "ancients" have lived? Are Homer, Vergil, Phidias, Praxiteles, and a long list of others, too young or too old, to claim that little from the Globe?

The Washington Review is a bright paper and lives up to its breezy motto, but imagine its good exchange department left out, and the paper would be less enjoyable by several degrees. We rejoice with the Washington schools that they are freed from written examinations, but are heartily glad for our own sakes that our lucky star has not made us directly dependent on the National Congress for support and supplies.

The High School Stylus is a new candidate in the field, which promises from its initial number to take a high rank among high school papers. Its editorial explains clearly its purpose and aim. Another article introduces us to the Brockton high school, and we feel better acquainted with this recent friend than with some of our older ones. We heartily wish it success.

We take up the Academy Echo, and our taste is gratified with the clear tint of the cover and its particularly appropriate illustrations, and with the fine paper and clean-cut type of the inside. Nor are we disappointed by a painful contrast between the work of the printer and that of the writers. May we suggest, though, that if room could be found on the cover for the name of the month it would be a little more convenient for your readers?

The Kentucky Deaf Mute, although there are both boys and girls in its own school, criticizes Dr. Gallaudet for admitting women to the National College for the Deaf, in Washington, arguing that such a step will be an injury to both the young men and the young women, by taking some of the masenline tone so hard to define accurately, from the former and forcing it upon the latter. But, perhaps Dr. Gallaudet is of the opinion that after all, the Creator did not make a mistake in placing men and women upon the same planet.

What did the ancients mean by "mixed wine" has lately agitated the minds of the Greek I. One suggested sugar and wine, the second, wine with a straw, and the third, with assurance, combined all three, evidently not innocent as to the present enstom.

What can have come over the spirit of the ex-ed. of the Niagara Index? Scarcely a word but of commendation in the February number. *Scarcely* a vituperative epithet! Can it be that he is sick? Can it be that thoughts of the future have caused him to see the error of his ways? Can it be that his criticisms were written just after a good dinner? Or, at last, can it be that there is a new ex-ed.? What *can* be the matter?

Has not the Medium rather a wrong idea of the meaning of the word "criticism"? Does it mean to find fault? Does it not rather mean to point out the beauties as well as the defects of a composition? Surely, if this is done in a kindly spirit, it cannot fail to be of some benefit to those interested. According to our way of thinking, the Review, from Washington, D. C., has about the right idea on the subject when it says: "Let all criticism be honest and truthful and our own papers will feel the good result."

Our exchanges for February seem to consider St. Valentine of more interest to their respective publics than George Washington, judging from the amount of space devoted to each. We notice among them three topics of considerable disturbance to our journalistic brothers and sisters: viz.—The Canadian fishery troubles, about which great harmony of opinion prevails; whether Barbara Frietchie used really "to be or not to be," and the action of Mr. Clark of Worcester in founding a new college in that city. The latter comes nearest home to us, and perhaps that is the reason Mr. Clark's action meets with our approval. The Phillippian wishes that he had founded a college in the West. Let us see, what is that statement that has been going the rounds of our exchanges, that "Illinois has more colleges than all Europe"? If the same state of affairs exists throughout the West, and still the West has not sufficient educational means, by all means let the West send its surplus of aspirants for a liberal education to Worcester. They will find means enough there.

A CARD.

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→*SCISSORS.*←

"Active shears gather no rust."

By lowering an electric light, photo-
graphs have been obtained of the
deep-sea bottom.

It is idleness that creates impossi-
bilities. The shortest and surest way
to prove a work possible is strenuously
to set about it.—[South.

I am not so lost in lexicography as
to forget that words are the daughters
of earth, and that things are the sons
of heaven.—[Samuel Johnson.

"Are you the conductor?" asked a
lad on the excursion train. "I am,"
replied that obliging official, "and my
name is Wood." "O, that can't be,"
said the boy, "for wood is a non-con-
ductor."

Baffled comes from the custom, in
the days of chivalry, of taking a
recreant knight, personally or in effigy,
hanging him up by the heels, and
making him the subject of all kinds of
indignities. How little has our word
of that meaning or force!

Every school, established by law,
should be specially bound to teach the
duties of the citizens to the state, to
unfold the principles of free institu-
tions, and to train the young to an
enlightened patriotism.—[W. E. Chan-
ning.

The total value of the colors derived
from coal tar is \$45,000,000 and they
are principally used to color the fibres
of silk, wool and cotton; though the
blue used to color paper and the color-
ing of ink are examples of their minor
use. The great beauty of modern
prints is due to these colors.

"Feb. 11, 1808, made an experiment
of burning the common stone coal of
the valley in a grate in a common fire-
place in my house, and find it will
answer the purpose of fuel, making a
clearer and better fire than burning
wood in the common way." This is an
abstract from a diary kept by Judge
Bell of Pittsburg, Pa.; but before this
date, in 1768, two blacksmiths of Wy-
oming valley first used anthracite coal,
or "stone coal," for business purposes.

The human figure, when well pro-
portioned, is about eight heads in
length; the elbows come to the small
of the waist; the tips of the fingers
reach half way from the hip to the
knee; the knee is about one fourth
the height of the figure from the floor;
the head and trunk are one half the
length of the figure; the lower limbs
are one half also; the distance from
the tips of the fingers, arms extended,
ought to be practically equal to the
height; the length of the arm should
be three times the height of the head.

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Do not be alarmed; for I'm not a Sullivan pugilist nor that to which a young man's fancy lightly turns in spring-time, so paint no cottage red with love for me. The pugilist, to be sure, often makes you see sparks of *fire* commonly called stars, and the lover's life is full of *brightness*; but I bring only a momentary *light* to man, yet in that moment I am a power for good and evil. I light his household fire to cook his food and warm his home. At the close of day, when weary of labor, he reclines on vine-clad piazza, I inflame the narcotic weed which sends his cares whirling in clouds of smoke up into airy space. Sometimes, gnawed by wandering rodents, I burst into flame and destroy this same domestic paradise. At other times the inquisitive two-year-old, bent on mischief, tries my taste-able properties and votes me "wholly bad." Then I have a little trick, when struck, of unexpectedly sending up a noxious gas into the striker's nasal organ which is apt to make a breach between us, and he naughtily exclaims, "O Lucifer!" Yes, I'm Lucifer, the light bearer, not his Satanic majesty, the bearer of darkness. What of my pedigree, do you ask? Well, my life is the old, old story—a coming into existence, a fashioning for future usefulness and its fulfilment and then, lost to the eyes of man, my individual elements set free take their places again in that ceaseless round of *atoms* which goes marching on and on like J. Brown's soul in the song of other days. If, now, you really wish to know how I came into your hand in this strangely metamorphosed condition, I'll tell you as briefly as I can.

Only a short month ago I was a living part of a pine tree on a hill-side miles and miles from here, and there I stood and sunned myself, and summer breezes moved me, and the birds built

their nests, and the birdlets,—Too poetical, did you say? Well, don't ring that bell and I'll give you prose then. A biped like you came along one day and with his shining steel laid this parent pine low; then he lopped off its branches, cut off its tapering body and left the trunk bare and mutilated. Soon there came other men with patient, plodding oxen who loaded my tree with many others, my old companions, on great wheels. Then, away we went jolting and grinding one another until it seemed as if every fibre would be crushed to a shapeless mass of pulp. Where a branch had been cut off, I had a chance to look out upon my surroundings and also to listen to what was said. You may be sure that my anxiety was so great about my future that I allowed nothing to escape me. By verdant farm lands, by houses and barns, by shops and country stores we slowly crawled along. The reason that no snails passed us on the road was because there were none going our way. How destitute of nerves our driver must have been to adapt his step so easily to the sleepy pace of the laboring cattle!—guess he must have been hired by the day. Well, after a long time we turned aside from the highway and beside a long, low building from whose roof escaped a white cloud of steam and from whose open window discordant sounds came forth which set my nerves on edge, we were unceremoniously dumped upon the ground with hundreds of others whom I recognized as old friends who in former days had mysteriously disappeared. Wearied by the loss of sap and the sufferings of the morning I fell into a doze, but for how long I cannot say; for I was suddenly aroused and found myself being hurried along into the building with others and immediately pushed sidewise against a great saw. Piece after piece was amputated and, before

I had recovered from my fright, my trunk had fallen in a dozen pieces and I, in one of these, was picked up and roughly thrown upon a moving table when, oh horrors! I was sawn from end to end and all the parts of the trunks were reduced to mere planks. There was no rest, again our lengths were reduced by a third saw to many different sizes, but always to some multiple of my present length. However, in this third cutting, there was one satisfaction; for some knotty neighbors just below me in the parent trunk who had been a constant annoyance were then thrown out, and at the same time, too, some unlucky ones just above who had always been afflicted with all the ills to which wood is heir. These were ignominiously thrust into a roaring fire under a great boiler which furnished power to torture their old companions. Up an elevator then we hurried to a large box full of steam so hot and stifling that I fell in a dead faint and only recovered my senses to find myself in the hands of a girl who thrust me under a great slasher, so she called it, but I heard a visitor who stood near by say that it was just like a guillotine, whatever that is. I felt pretty thin, I assure you, when I flew off from this pitiless knife, in fact, nearly as thin as I now am, but we were still twelve of us nestling beside one another and beyond us were other twelves.

A boy then packed hundreds of these strips into a box and carried us into a room so hot that I lost my breath, my eyes closed and I knew nothing until I was taken out into daylight again and carried up a flight of stairs into a room where the buzz of saws gave me an earache. I was deposited upon a table, but how changed! I must have slept in that drying room a long time; for I was so shrunk and all the moisture of my body seemed to have left it. As

I looked myself over I was reminded of a bear on my native hillside who, at the beginning of winter, came staggering up the hill under his load of fat, seeking for his winter-quarters; but, when the sun again approached the equinox, he went forth a living skeleton. Such was I; but excuse this digression, let us proceed. A man picked up a handful of these strips, pounded us on end and sides and worse yet, pushed us against a set of eleven saws. In we went until I gave up all hopes of longer clinging to my brothers, but just in time we were pulled back, cut off just two and a half inches long, and there we were in companies of twelve, held together by a half inch of wood at one end. A woman's hand next picked us up and deposited us in a long, narrow, box-like channel where some sort of machinery shook us about and knocked us on our heads until mine was nearly cracked with its aches and bruises. I heard the woman say that we were being "racked." I have no reason to dispute her, for I certainly was racked—racked fore and aft. Much to my surprise, as we bounced up, I found that our sets of twelve were arranged alternately heads and tails, so to speak, just as you find us in the bunches you buy. Then we were placed in jack-screws where we were squeezed and jammed to such a degree that I became so heated by my wrath and my sufferings I nearly set the whole establishment on fire. After a time a boy removed me to a shed at a distance from the main building—I heard someone say that there was danger of fire—and there I found that the terrors of the wicked awaited me. Brimstone, oh how suffocating! Phosphorus, oh how hot! There was no hesitation on the part of him who held the jack-screw in which we were held fast. Down he dipped us right into the bath of melted sulphur and then into one of phosphorus. One would think that, by this time, the little life still remaining in us would have been exhausted; but it's wonderful with what a tenacious grip we all hold on to life in this world of struggling and suffering and—What? Too much wandering? Well, well, bear with me a moment, I'm nearly through. A little time for drying was given us and then a thoughtless, unfeeling girl (I really couldn't help admiring her dexterity though) grabbed myself and my eleven friends together with seven other cards (that is what she called them) slapped down—What's that? My diction isn't very elegant? Well, I know that, but that's just what she did all the same—a piece of brown tissue paper and with a rapid whirl and a folding up of the ends, I was imprisoned in a cell. Although my eyes

were thus blinded I kept my ears wide open and so learned that our ninety-six were only one bunch of many—that thirty-five other bunches were with us in one package and that four of these made what they call a gross. Queer word, isn't it? I heard one of the clerks down to the store where I was sold say that it came from the Latin *crassus*, meaning fat or thick. I don't see anything fat about us. Do you? Yes, yes, I'll hurry on. We were packed in great wooden cases and carried off a long, long distance and, after many vicissitudes on land and water, here am I in your hand ready to do your bidding. I hope that you have enjoyed my *lucid* explanation and—What? Not *lucid* enough? Want more light? Well, strike me then.

OH, ELL AND EYE.

In a Milford Straw Shop.

As I had resided in Milford for nearly twelve years and had never seen how straw hats were made, I determined to visit one of the principal factories. The foreman had a little leisure and kindly offered to show me over the works. He first took me to the stock room where many different classes of braid were kept that came from different parts of the world. A few of the different kinds were Japanese Mackinaw from Japan, Canton from China, Leghorn and Milan from Italy and genuine Mackinaw from Michigan and lower Canada. He next conducted me to the reeling room where the girls were employed getting the braid ready for the sewing hall by measuring, assorting and winding it on wooden reels. In the sewing room we found the machines in constant operation. Some of the operatives begun the hat by sewing a part of the crown, some sewed the crown and others sewed the brim and put in the size marks.

In the blocking room we saw the men pinning the hats to the blocks and then putting them in the drying room. When taken out of the drying room they were ready for the press room, where we saw the men shaping and smoothing the better class of goods by hand, but the cheaper grades were put into hydraulic presses. The hats then went to the trimming room. Here the girls were employed putting in leathers, sewing on bands and making satin tips. These tips were very neat and attractive, embracing all colors imaginable and each having a design upon it. The leathers were nearly all made of sheepskin. These were the most important processes, although there were others, as the washing and bleaching and the steam

blocking. As these hats pass from one room to another they receive careful inspection from each overseer. The number of hats finished here was about four hundred dozen a day in the busy season.

The greatest wonder was the Manila and Java room. Here we saw the hats as they came from the far-off Manila Islands, hardly bearing any resemblance to a hat but under the hands of the workmen they were made to assume the shapes that are so desirable and attractive. In the dyeing shop, which was in connection with this department, we had no desire to remain for a long time on account of the steam and unpleasant odor. Here all the delicate shades and tints were brought out by a man who had made this a lifelong study.

The foreman told me that one of the finest straw hats they made was the genuine Mackinaw of which I have spoken before. These hats were first introduced in Philadelphia by a man who had been making a fishing tour through Canada. He purchased a few at twenty-five cents each and readily disposed of them in Philadelphia for five dollars apiece. They proved a success and he gave them the name from the Mackinaw Indians who first braided them. Fearing that we were intruding too much on the foreman's time, we hastened on feeling very grateful for the attention shown us and well rewarded for our time and trouble.

H. B. S. '89.

Human Verbs.

As Anchises, from a mound in the realms of Pluto, pointed out to Aeneas, the long line of his descendants, who were to go forth upon earth, and by their heroic valor make Rome the mistress of the ancient world, so let us imagine ourselves on a lofty outlook, and, gazing down upon the familiar faces of our friends, try to characterize them as they pass. Surely they are acting, they are existing, and as this is the definition of a verb, or action word, why not classify them as human verbs? But since the abilities and powers of men, as well as verbs, are very diverse, and "Man in his life plays many parts," we shall assign to each one the part that he plays in the great drama of life.

See how steadily these go pressing on. They are the active verbs. The busy men of the world, who, never wearying of work, ever strive for success in life and, not content with their own exertions, furnish employment to their fellow men by building factories, work shops, and other places of business. They are the backbone of the

country, as the Rocky Mountains are of the continent and, as here and there among the mountains, some peaks rising above their neighbors pierce the clouds, so among the great numbers of active men, there are those who, by their wonderful skill and ability, have become the railroad kings, the merchant princes, the inventors and the true scholars.

But here are the passive men. What a striking contrast in appearance! Men who are practically dead to the world, who care for naught but their own affairs, many of whom even depend on their active friends for their subsistence. It is unnecessary to call them by name.

Next come defective verbs. In one sense of the word all would be included in this class. For who is perfect? But here we mean men who have no strength of mind or will, and like the thistledown that is blown by the wind through the fields, they are influenced by the breath of popular opinion. They may, indeed, possess many excellent qualities, which would enable them to better their station in life, but they lack a balance wheel. England and America, each mourn a poet of this class, and while admiring their practical genius, they acknowledge the weakness of their characters.

Now come those who resemble passive men both in form and appearance, deponent men. But, notwithstanding their outward resemblance, their character is very different; they possess mental power and latent force, which, if aroused, will perhaps make them distinguished before men. Like Goldsmith, who, from the foot of his class in college, rose to be one of England's greatest writers.

Here, side by side, are regular and irregular verbs. The one, like a strong current, flowing steadily down the stream of life, obeys the laws of God and man, and is ever ready to help his fellow man, who may be less fortunate than he. The other is just the opposite in every particular.

Impersonal men follow next. Those who have no ideas of their own, but, like a mirror, reflect the opinions and thoughts of others; whether for good or evil, depends on the source of the reflected ideas.

After these come inceptive verbs, or the men who are always beginning some great actions, but, for want of tact or perseverance, fail in their undertakings; like the butterfly, which flits from flower to flower, they flit from one action to another, and the result is, they accomplish nothing. Coleridge, the English poet, too well illustrates this fickleness.

Now, reflexive verbs, or selfish men, pass before our view. The greater

part of this class is represented by the wisers, hoarding up riches, perhaps ill-gotten, which neither benefit themselves nor any one else.

The i-n-g verbs are their followers in the verbal procession. These are the men who take as their motto in life, perseverance, the pivot on which turns all success. Indeed, what worthier or more fitting examples of this class can be found, than Robert Bruce, the tale of whose perseverance is known to every school-boy, and Galvani, and Kepler, all of whom, by their wonderful constancy, and their great achievements have made others mindful of themselves.

Others there are who go hurrying by, but they differ so slightly from those already mentioned, that we shall not detain them, for our allotted time is past, and we, too, must descend into the plain of life. There on the world's broad stage, let each one play his part as a regular, transitive verb in the first person, singular, present indicative, active.

A. A. T. C.

Aprils in the History of Milford.

It is a singular coincidence and an interesting fact that some of the most important events in the history of our town occurred during the month of April. A part of the territory which passes under the name of Milford was, with what is now known as Mendon and Hopedale, the original Quinshipaug plantation bought of the Indians who formerly lived on it. Quinshipaug is our Indian name and means "pick-erel pond." The people who lived in the Easterly Precinct (as the land east of Mill River was called) wished very much to be set off by themselves and made into a town, separate from Mendon. The people on the other side of the river were opposed to the division, and this, of course, occasioned many bitter struggles, lasting from 1753 down to 1780; but finally, the petition for division, having been sent to the General Court and also having passed, after three separate readings, the Eastern Precinct was incorporated as the town of Milford, April 11, 1780. The new town had an area of about nineteen square miles, and occupied the territory now bounded by Hopkinton, Holliston and Bellingham; its population was about seven hundred and sixty, one hundred and fifty-two of whom were legal voters; the inhabitants were mostly hard-working farmers, with a few mechanics, and they lived in houses which were widely scattered over the town; the roads were in a very poor condition and there was not a schoolhouse inside the limits.

After the incorporation of the town,

the next step was the organization, and so we find the date of the warrant issued for our first town meeting, to be April 25, 1780, the meeting being held on May 1st.

By an act of the General Court, on the first day of April, 1859, the boundary lines between Milford and Holliston were changed. By the change the south-western part of Holliston (what is called Braggville) was annexed to Milford and the boundary between the two towns permanently fixed.

A little over a year ago, the people living in Hopedale and South Milford wished to be set off by themselves, as they had a sufficient area and population, and because their manufactures and business so widely differed from Milford's; also, they thought that the distance between the two towns was a good enough reason for division. So they sent a bill to the Legislature petitioning to be separated from Milford and incorporated into a town. After a hard fight, the bill passed both branches of the Legislature and received the signature of the Governor, April 6, 1886, on which date Hopedale became a town. By the division Milford lost about one-tenth of her population and one-fifth of her valuation.

Perhaps other events as worthy of notice and as interesting, which took place in this month, might be recalled, but the preceding ones are naturally the first which would come to the mind.

W. P., '87.

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APRIL, 1887.

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BY

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY, Lock Box 137.

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We, the first class, would like to tender our kindest wishes to the fourth. We realize that every due mark of respect has been shown us by them during this, our last year. How proud we feel of our knowledge when we are daily referred to as the best authority on all government questions, both concerning our own town and the country. Could we ever be so grasping as to ask for a greater compliment? Although they, the fourth, are repeatedly forbidden to consult us on that subject, still they persist. What else can they do when they are expressly told to obtain their answers from the best authority? We half think that he who makes the objection is a trifle jealous.

The book-keeping class have just closed their first store (a grocery store) and have squared their books with a loss of about ninety-five cents. Masters Gibbons and Holbrook were the proprietors and every scholar in the class, their book-keepers. Their stock in trade consisted of cards on which were written the amount, the cost and selling price of the goods. The scholars were the purchasers and they bought in the four usual ways—when cash was paid, printed currency of denominations from one cent to ten dollars was used. The usual expenses of rent, express, clerk hire, et cetera were included in the accounts. The class seem much interested, and it is hoped that the practical nature of the work will produce more satisfactory results than the old way.

Hand in your odes, colors and mottoes for '87.

The sympathy between the olfactory nerve and the tip of the nose has recently been made evident. Either by the gases generated in the Chemistry class or a simple onion analyzed in the Botany class, a continual movement has been kept up. In some cases, by the amplitude of vibration, one might easily be led to think the tip was worked on a well lubricated hinge.

We are pleased to learn that several of our recent graduates have become shareholders in the new co-operative bank. It is for just such young men as these that the bank was incorporated. Habits of saving begun thus early will make a great difference in their lives, in their worth as citizens, in their financial prosperity and by their example, indirectly, in the general welfare of the town.

It is of great advantage to man to have a memory (life's great thesaurus), a storehouse of facts, and a fine education, but what is most to be desired is commonsense. Memorize theories, if you please; but without common sense it would be difficult to apply them, and so even with facts and an education they could hardly be made practical. As all the other faculties are of greater value with it, a little, certainly, is to be desired if but for a pedestal upon which to base our different powers.

After the snow, the cold and the "Tempest" of the past months, we shall eagerly look forward from the "Winter's Tale" to a "Midsummer Night's Dream." We hope that the disagreeable weather of the past season may be made up to you, dear readers, "Measure for Measure" and just "As You Like It." Perhaps you may say that this is "Making Much Ado about Nothing;" but we trust that ours may not be "Love's Labor Lost." Anyway we live in hopes that "All's Well That Ends Well." Julius Caesar! What are you "Lear-ing" at?

Worry is a universal disease, the epidemic infests all climates and all persons. No order given to ront it now and then is a safeguard against its grasp. Although it is of a disagreeable nature, it is often unconsciously encouraged by us. No disease leaves more deeply indented marks than those of worry, and as with all diseases, the fatal effects depend upon the treatment received. Consult in those whom the fever has been raging they will tell you it ought to have been allayed at the start. Beecher said, "It is worry and not work that kills."

The following experiment from the Pottery Gazette will be of interest to Philosophy III. It seems that a man had brought suit for the loss of sight in one eye and he was proven a perjurer by this simple, yet ingenious, test. A black card, on which there was a word in green ink, had been prepared and also a pair of spectacles with a red glass for the sound eye and a white one for the other. The man put on the glasses and without hesitation read the word. He must have done so with the eye claimed to be sightless; for the red glass and the green letters together produce blackness and, therefore, could not have been distinguished from the blackness of the card by the sound eye.

Monday, April 18.—Sadly we lay aside our incomplete "Spring Poem"—as yet unconsecrated to any editor's waste-basket—wherein we sing of bursting bud and briery bush, of bustling bird and busy bug, of babbling brook and birth and bloom, and bat and ball and—and—hand-organs. Bafefully, yes, bellicosely, we take down our snow-shovel, that shovel around which we had tied a gaudy ribbon and hung it upon the parlor wall to cover the flue left vacant by the stove sent to Nahant to escape taxes. With labored effort we send gutterward the ever accumulating flakes and wonder why the legislature doesn't set off a piece of the year for a real poetical spring, and then we poets (?) could tell the truth, even in song.

In a H₂SO₄ Flask.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said a weary little NO molecule, "nothing but getting and giving, taking and carrying all day long! Here I am pulling to pieces the air, which comes rushing in here, to get my load of O; but no sooner do I perform my task than that greedy, suffocating SO₂ comes in another door and robs me of it, and so I must begin all over again. Talk about that sieve and water story down below! why, it's nothing when compared with my work. This alternate oxidizing and reducing will be the death of me. Well, well, there's one consolation: that nasty, old SO₂ grows so fat on my O which it steals, that it changes to SO₃, and when the steam, that I can hear hissing over my head, gets down here, it will be dissolved in the water. Then, as H₂SO₄, it, too, will be obliged to work for its living as the constant slave of man, as I am now doing. Mine is a hard life, but I suppose that I am of some use in the world, and as there is some little comfort in this thought, I'll try not to be discouraged. OH, ELL AND EYE.

❖LOCALS.❖

Are you going to exchange pictures?
Wanted. Steps at the rear window.
For aper, thunder-bolt and cow, see Latin I.

Algebra I. "Two times 25 is—ah—er 100."

Graduation is coming! Sit still, my heart, sit still!

Wanted—An artist to paint a sun-beam for the blind.

A symphony in two parts: the Botany class and "mudpies."

Vade, age! is our motto now, for school begins at 8 o'clock.

Each member of the Botany class learns one quotation about flowers every day.

Only nine for quantity in the new elocution class; but as for quality—well, ask *them*.

There are no young men in the Botany class and no young ladies in the Review class.

Point for Book-keeping IV. If your teacher asks what a joint affair is, tell her rheumatism.

The prospect now is that there will be a great many strikes in Milford the coming season—on the *Park*. Do you ball?

During the past two weeks we have been called upon by our representatives at Cambridge, Wellesley and Worcester.

Each scholar in the Review class has ten different examples to perform every day, thus making the work entirely independent.

The senior class has two members by the name of Francis and three by that of Frances. It seems that they must be very proper names.

The senior class are beginning to realize that graduation is near at hand, as the parts have been assigned and some are hard at work.

"The duties of the selectmen are to occupy the jury box and take care of the board of health when there is none." See Civil Govt. IV.

One of the seniors has very seriously injured her finger. She fears that it must be amputated. "Look out!" You'll know her by her "Ow."

Out of the mouth of Bramah came Brahmins; out of his arms, came warriors; out of his breast (the seat of life) came producers; out of his feet came laborers. These are the four castes.

We would advise the young ladies of the first class to obtain more help for mailing the papers next time, and so not be locked into the school and be obliged to get out by the window.

Chemistry II. have presented for our inspection etchings on copper and glass. Some showed considerable patience and merit in their work, particularly William W. Phipps and Etta M. Green.

A chance. For some genius to get a patent on a method by which the geography of our country may be forever fixed in the memory of the scholar. None as yet tried have been found satisfactory.

The Latin classes are now not quite so much surprised at receiving their instruction in the Latin. "In Latinam lingnam transfer," or "In Anglicum ad verbum transfer" are becoming familiar expressions and they are just as much pleased as ever to hear: "Tibi erit hoc decem."

The officers of the Alumni Association for this year, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first regular graduation, are, we doubt not, fully alive to the responsibilities of their positions. We trust that they will send out their notices to distant members at an early date and also make the attractions so great that all will make great exertions to be present.

❖PERSONALS.❖

Superintendent Daniels, once of '50, was a recent visitor of our school.

Harry N. Day, '75, has bought a dental office and business in Morris, Illinois.

Elbridge Jones, English of '85, is learning the hat trade with Dyer, Taylor & Co., Boston.

Mary P. Cox, '86, has been engaged as the alto of the quartette at the Congregational church.

George A. Walton, agent of the State Board of Education, was in school Tuesday, the 19th inst.

Friends of William J. Cook, '86, have been summoned to Chicago on account of his severe sickness.

Blanche Sheldon, once of '86, was a recent visitor. She is at present a teacher in the schools of Wareham.

Charles B. Godfrey, once of '62, has recently sailed for England to represent the interests of an electrical company of Boston.

Harry C. Tilden, '86, has come home from Poughkeepsie, where he has finished his course at the Eastman Business College, and is now engaged at the Gazette office.

Jennie T. McCann, '76, and Alcista A. Howard, '84, have been elected teachers. Miss McCann has been given the Braggville school and Oleana Cheney, '74, has been transferred from the Braggville to the Silver Hill school.



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❖ EXCHANGES. ❖

Since our March number we have received February, March and April exchanges amounting to eighty, with one special Easter number of the Critic. The following new exchanges are welcome:—

The School Visitor from Alpha, Ohio. Is one leaf left out, possibly—the one which contains the editorials or other original matter?

The Sunbeam, with its frank signing of the editor's name to each department—its graceful calla lily design on the cover, and its entertaining contents.

From Fort Edward, N.Y., comes the "Pristis." May her present race be as satisfactory as that of the olden time.

And finally, the Embeanian, new to everybody else as well as to us, makes a fine first appearance. May it long flourish, and continue to be, as its name implies—?

All come again.

The second number of the P. M. I. Bulletin is the square of its first in respect to quantity. At this rate of increase, what will its seventeenth be? By the way, Messrs. P. M. I. editors, why are the letters U V W and X Y Z as noms de plume any worse than your own unexplained initials?

We like to review the philosophy of the Philosophian Review, when it demonstrates that educated women *do* make better housekeepers.

It is not our purpose to constantly refer to the same papers, but we cannot refrain from mentioning again in terms of the highest praise, the Newton High School Review. Every department seems well sustained. The school and debating societies appear to be in a flourishing condition, but it is the literary department which particularly attracts us this month. "Marvaine" begins a bright story. A. V. Pond contributes an article on "Les Nouveaux" in the art schools of Paris, which is so spicily written we half suspect he (?) has been there himself. But what arouses our special, personal gratitude is "K's" Dante, with its illustration of the sombre poet's journey through the Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradiso. It has always been an easy matter to follow the two poets as far as the center of gravity, but their plunging over at that point, to enable them to come out at the other side of the earth head first, has plunged us into a mist of doubt as to where they really went after that. Now their course is as clear as the parallels and meridians on a school atlas, owing to the simple illustration in "K's" article. Thank you, Review.

Will some exchange be kind enough to tell us how many students there are in William and Mary college, and who rings the bell? We'd like to know.

The "broom brigade" under the supervision of the Matron, is making its annual tour of the buildings now.—[Kentucky Deaf Mute. What neat people they must be to need to sweep only once a year.

Particularly pleasing to us is the article on Eliphalet Pearson in the Philipian. We like the description, and then it brings to mind Holmes' picture of the awful giant of his boyhood,

"Great Eliphalet (I can see him now, Big name, big frame, big voice and beetling brow.")

Enterprise:—Thanks. If you do not receive the O. L. and I. regularly, it is not the fault of the business editors. They very carefully mail a copy of every issue to every exchange, but we fear (!) Uncle Sam's fingers get somewhat clumsy occasionally, and our little paper slips through them. We are led to think so from experience with home subscribers.

The Oak, Lily and Ivy has long sighed for a cover. At last there is a prospect of its having one. No, don't congratulate; condole, for its cover promises to be like that of the B&D. It is in danger of becoming non est, of retiring under a cloud of bankruptcy, of being wrapped in the pall of oblivion, or shrouded in the fog of defeat. Its despairing cry is, "Help, Cassius, or we perish." Cassius, classmates, school-mates, scholars, teachers, graduates, towns-people, somebody, anybody, give us funds or you'll give us death!"

On taking up the March Haverfordian, several notes are found in pencil on the margin. On the cover is written, "Excellent number, fine paper, type, etc," and a kind of index, as follows:—Ex. PP. 88, 90, 92, 96. "Ex." being the first unknown quantity, we let it stand for exchange column, whereupon is inscribed, "Discriminating exchange editor in Haverfordian." On P. 88 the editor is disturbed over the fact(?) that Haverfordian men do not use good English, and there is this pencilled comment, "A fault that is not local, but to be deplored as national." P. 90 shows the sympathetic note, "Disapproves of iconoclasm. Good!" and P. 92, by "Music and Song," the following:—"Delicate analysis." "Almost infers immortality from one's power to love music." "Good." On a second reading there seems to be no reason for changing these annotations, unless to carry some of them from the positive up to a higher degree of comparison.

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"Active shears gather no rust."

Let us always remember that it is
not how much we know, but how
much we can use; not how much may
be done, but how much is done, how
much we do, that effects our purpose.

Sheridan, according to Byron, wrote
the best comedy, the "School for
Scandal"; the best opera, the "Duen-
na"; and the best farce, the "Critic";
and delivered the most famous oration
of modern times.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad
Company has recently appropriated
\$25,000 for the establishment of a
technical school for railroad mechan-
ics, and votes to give \$20,000 annually
for its maintenance.

A meager vocabulary will allow
only weak thinking; for the obstruct-
ed channel of utterance prevents ac-
tive movements, and slight exercise
and consequent weakness follow of
necessity.

The manufacture of carbons for
electric lights has become an impor-
tant business. In the United States
150,000 are daily burned, and of those,
two thirds are made in Cleveland,
Ohio. They are made of carbon and
pitch, are packed in moulds, baked for
five days and then cooled for twenty-
four hours.

The record of the "Old Bay State"
is not pleasant to contemplate. In
1880 there were but 93,000 illiterates
in Massachusetts, today there are
121,000. This increase is startling,
and shows that the state cannot longer
afford to neglect providing for that
class of citizens which are multiplying
in manufacturing centers.

From an article in the December
number of Science and Education we
are glad to learn that the seemingly
polyheaded Mississippi has at last
found a place to rest its one head.
One of our energetic book firms has
sent out a special exploring expedition
and settled forever all disputes. This
special investigator confirms the work
of Nicollet in 1836.

The Willimantic Linen Company,
(Conn.) some four years ago, gave
notice in advance that, after July 4,
1883, no person would be continued in
their employ, and no person would be
employed by the company who was
unable to read and write; and they
established evening schools for a year
previous, that the illiterates might
have school privileges. A few excep-
tions were made of persons over forty-
five years of age. Less than 30 were
discharged when the time came, and
about 150 during the year freed them-
selves from the slavery of illiteracy.

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STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. III.

MILFORD, MASS., MAY, 1887.

No. 9.

My Idea of Shylock.

The universal opinion of Shylock, the Jew, is that he is avaricious, stern, unrelenting and revengeful to the extreme, and little leniency, if any, is granted him in regard to the cause of his faults. Every one who has read Shakespeare's play of the Merchant of Venice admits that Shylock is a grand character and the strong one of the play. It seems to me that if one reads only Shylock's address to Antonio, when he demands money of Shylock, and the Jew's reply to Salarino's remark, "Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?" that one cannot help admiring the man and feeling a respect for him or for his wrongs. He seems an object to be pitied, not to be mocked and derided, a man for whom no compassion is felt, who has been so buffeted by this world's hardships (and he has had almost more than his share of them), that every humane feeling has been crushed out of his heart.

It is said that a man's character, opinions and actions are influenced by his surroundings and his boyhood days. Shylock had a daughter, his only child, Jessica, a young lady at the age when one would naturally suppose she would show her love for her father, but in the whole play not one tender thought for her father is seen. It is true that Shylock treated her as merely a convenient person to have under his power, one with whom he could safely trust his "ducats," as he supposed. She was old enough to have respect shown her, and I think that if she had loved her father as devotedly as did Rebecca her father, Isaac, that Shylock would have shown a much more tender side of his character than we even imagine. We know that Shylock must have loved his wife, because he kept and treasured the ring which she gave to him in his bachelor

days, and by the frenzy which he showed when he heard that Jessica had parted with it. Although Jessica was not rightly treated, she was most certainly not justified in stealing her father's jewels and ducats, and she knew that eloping with a Christian was almost the worst thing, in her father's eyes, which she could have done. Moreover, her escape with Lorenzo and the valuables must have been a great blow for Shylock.

Through his whole life Shylock was spurned, looked down upon with contempt, and in money affairs he was cheated by every one if it possibly could be done. Even his most treasured wish, although it was almost inhuman, was finally balked, yet the disappointment probably made him sterner than ever. With his money Shylock was perfectly safe, and with that alone he could, without disturbance from the Christians, enjoy himself; but as the Christians endeavored to check his gains, this naturally angered him more than any other occurrence. At that time the Jews were banished from England and bitterly hated by every nation; they were oppressed, but having a mutual tie maintained their power in money affairs. Shylock, by means of his wealth, being a leading Jew of Venice, demanded an exorbitant rate of usance, and, being a thorough Jew, never lent money where he was not amply repaid. When Bassanio came to Shylock to negotiate for the loan, Shylock knew immediately that he would be secure, and his knowledge of others' affairs is shown by his instantly remarking to Bassanio whither all of Antonio's argosies were bound; but notice how shy he seems to be in lending money to him, while in his heart he rages with joy to think that in some manner he may gain advantage over him. His deep, immeasurable hatred can be realized by his aside:—

"How like a fawning publican he looks!
I ha'e him for he is a Christian;

* * * * *

Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!"

Now notice how he changes his attitude as he speaks to Antonio:—

"Rest you fair, good signior!
Your worship was the last man in our mouths."

This seems to strengthen his courage and he grows talkative, while Antonio grows more satirical and retorts with no hesitation, which makes Shylock still more revengeful. But Antonio's words to Bassanio,

"Mark you this, Bassanio.
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose." are more than Shylock will allow, and he breaks into a cold, stinging and sarcastic reply, which angers Antonio so that Shylock gains the mastery. The bond is settled and Shylock goes exultingly home, the very night that Jessica elopes with Lorenzo, and gives his keys to his daughter with these words, as he goes to dine with Antonio:—

"I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me;
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian."

Jessica herself admits to Portia and Bassanio how his deadly hatred toward Antonio outweighs even his greed of money:—

"When I was with him, I have heard him swear.
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him."

Certainly from the Christians Shylock obtained no mercy, no justice, nothing but wrong. They took his money, and one, even his own flesh and blood. I think it pitiful, yes, sinful, for a race to be ground down from generation to generation, so that finally that race must be despised and

expected to have almost a servile fear of their enemies. This was substantially the result with the Jews. I think Shylock felt this and resented it. To know that all of his relatives were oppressed and that he could do nothing to help them was a bitter knowledge, and Shylock rebels:—

“O, father Abraham, what these Christians are,

Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect

The thoughts of others!”

And when he breaks out to Antonio,

“Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me

About my moneys, and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.”

At all events, these remarks show that the hostility of inimical races has not crushed out all of his pride. Why should he not resent the hard feeling toward his tribe? I think we should, situated as he was, and Shylock shows his honor, his manhood, and all through the play certain characteristics which might have made a noble, honorable man. One marked characteristic of Shylock is his firm tenacity of purpose. Nothing seems to daunt him and when thwarted he keeps a Spartan-like silence. He seems to be as hard and firm as steel. He has borne his troubles alone ever, and as a consequence, at times no tender feeling appears in him. Here is where his daughter, if loving him, could have influenced him to gentler moods

Antonio, the rich merchant of Venice, a Christian, a wealthy gentleman, and one who “lends out money gratis,” is represented as a kind, noble and upright man, and a friend in the truest sense of the word. The feeling of those days being so bitterly against the Jews, he naturally held the popular opinion, but with an added force. He, a leading Christian merchant, and Shylock, a leading Jewish merchant, both felt some animosity toward each other. As both hated, so they tried to hinder each, and Antonio being known as honorable, as a Christian and universally loved, labored under no difficulties as did Shylock, but always had justice on his side, and more than this, he had help. What advantage had Shylock, a Jew and an infidel, against “good Antonio”? Why should Shylock be despised because he hated Antonio, who had lessened his gains and spit upon him, who had attached all manner of hard epithets to his name, and whose friend had run away with his daughter enriched with his “Christian ducats” and his jewels? As Shylock says, “He hath disgraced me and hindered me half a million, laughed at my

losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies. And what is his reason? I am a Jew.” There is something pathetic, something human in this, and all through this is lurking a strength that must rouse one who reads. If Antonio had taken this to heart there would have been plenty to learn from it. If any one committed half those outrages against us, would we not dislike them, to say the least?

In court, Shylock is perfectly happy. Not a thing has he forgotten; he knows the wording of the bond, every minute stipulation by heart. One can imagine his eager, crafty look while whetting the edge of his knife upon his shoe. He does not alter his determination, neither does he admit more or less than what is in the bond. There he is, master of the situation. He actually exults in having the power to retort and when Portia discovers that the bond is lawful, she sadly exclaims, “Then must the Jew be merciful.” Shylock instantly says, “On what compulsion, must I, tell me that?” and he shows his impatience and utterly ignores her after her plea. “My deeds upon my head! I crave the law.”

Each minute he thinks the bond is settled, eagerly waiting for the permission to take Antonio’s very life-blood. And he applauds the judge when she utters words for the favor of his suit,—

“A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel:—

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!”

But now comes the blow, sudden, clear, as plain as the very bond before him.

“Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh. Shed thou no blood: nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh; if thou takest more

Or less than a just pound, nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscated.”

Then Shylock stands dazed, bewildered; they have no pity for him, as he had none for Antonio, but the forfeit he has incurred and the final judgment seem to take away all of his power. That comes home to him as nothing has before. The judge quickly says, “Clerk, draw a deed of gift,” and Shylock replies,

“I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;

I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.”

He leaves the court bitter, hopeless, penniless, a broken down man. Think of this and have some pity for him.

Shakespeare all through the play represented Shylock as a target for in-

sult and abuse, one whom every one would dislike; and people take it for granted that he is infamous, and so this misjudgment continues. I think Shylock, in spite of his greed and selfishness, is a man. I honor him for resenting his insults. His feelings and hatred, his love for his race, show him to be a characteristic Jew. In some ways he is not so selfish as one would think. He resents his injustice as a race, and with his money he aids his brethren so that it is a blessing to them as well as to himself.

O. L. B., '88.

Extract from the Diary of a Soldier of Caesar's Army.

Monday night, July 10.—We have just finished the war with the Germans, who are in truth “war men,” and live in the northern part of Gaul. Our commander, Cæsar, has decided to cross the Rhine for several reasons; the greatest, is because he sees the Germans are easily influenced to come into Gaul, and he wishes to make them fear for their own territories. You’ve no idea what a noble-looking race the Germans are! The traders who have visited here say they are as honorable as they are brave. They have a great devotion for their families, and if they thought their families would be harmed, they would stay at home. Another reason is this; the Ubii, the only friendly tribe, are hard pressed by the Suevi, and they are beseeching him to bring assistance, or, if hindered by public duties, to lead the army across the Rhine and frighten the Suevi. The Ubii promise boats for the transportation of the army. Oh! but their boats are so small that we would not condescend to have our large army carried across in them. They can hold only 50 men, and just think of the time it would take to transport 5000 men. Cæsar thinks it is not dignified enough for *him*. He has decided to build a bridge, although it will be very difficult on account of the breadth, depth and rapidity of the river. Surely the bridge will be a wonderful piece of mechanism, and it will show our commander in a new light. It will prove that he is powerful elsewhere besides the battlefield. The bridge will far surpass anything ever built.

Thursday night, July 20.—It seems a long time since I have opened you, my old diary. I have not had time, because Cæsar has been in such a hurry to finish the bridge. It is time he was back in Rome to perform his public duties. The bridge is now completed. On each side of the bridge there are protections, so that if trunks of trees or ships are sent down the river, they will not overthrow it. We

have to sleep in tents, and when we move from place to place we are obliged to take them with us. We always try to pitch them in some pleasant place, sometimes on the brink of a river, at other times in a clump of trees. One night we were all sitting around the camp-fires telling stories about old times, and thinking what we should do when we got home, when one of the men proposed that we make some miniature bridges, so that our children and their descendants should know what a wonderful bridge Cæsar made.

Wednesday night, July 30.—I am now in my home in one of the suburbs of Rome. Cæsar has finished the invasion beyond the Rhine. He has subdued those who were hostile; he has helped those who were friendly; he has received ambassadors from all who sent them. The Suevi ordered all who could bear arms to come together in one place in the center of their territories. I don't think I shall ever forget how frightened the Suevi were. One day as we were passing by the place where they were assembled, they began to hurl javelins at us. Of course we had to stop and give them battle, which lasted from three to six o'clock in the afternoon. I happened to be in the first line. I was hit in the arm with a javelin and it almost went through it. It made me fall, because it bled so freely, and I lay on the ground, patiently waiting till the battle was over. Then one of the surgeons came round and dressed my wounds and ordered me to be carried to the hospital. Now the hospital is only a large tent where we go when we are sick or wounded. Cæsar wanted the army to march on, but I hadn't strength to walk so some of the soldiers made a bed for me. They took a board and put on four handles and then they put some army blankets underneath me and then two put their personal baggage on it for a pillow. Taking it altogether, I was pretty comfortable. Then we marched on for a day, when Cæsar thought he had better make an invasion into Britain. As I was unable to fight there was no use taking me with them. Therefore they took two mules and the only cart unused and made a bed for me in it. There was one man in the army whom I had known ever since I was a boy. So they hired him to help me home, which was an eight days' journey. We got along all right during seven days of it, when one of the mules fell down and somehow broke its leg. We bought another and proceeded on our way. We got home the next day, where I am resting in happiness. My arm is getting better now, under the careful attention it receives here. A. M. L., '89.

PERSONALS.

Waldo Hancock, once of '63, has gone to Kansas.

Charles H. Fisher, '82, has been appointed league consul of the L. A. W.

Fannie D. Richardson, English '84, may be found at Mrs. H. S. Swan's millinery rooms.

Grace P. Field, '86, is studying the church organ with Mr. Tracy of Franklin.

Willard L. Fales, '86, has been chosen cockswain of the freshman class at Harvard.

We are indebted to C. A. Sumner, '66, for a bottle of iron sand from Racquette lake, New York.

We are indebted to W. W. Phipps, '87, for several specimens for the cabinet. There are ores of lead, copper, iron, silver and gold.

Principal Lull will entertain the class of '85 at his home in Jefferson street, on Friday evening, May 27. All the members are expected to be present.

Moriarty, Parkhurst and Rogers, all of '87, have secured positions with our local merchants. Luby and Fairbanks, both of '86, are also behind new counters.

Wedding Bells!—On Wednesday, May 18, Lena A. Hawkins, English '83, and Joel Irving Harris, once of '82, were married at the home of the bride's grandparents by Rev. S. A. Gardner.

Walter L. Tougas, '84, has been elected corporal of Co. M, 6th Regiment, M. V. M. Of the four selected from the company to perform the silent drill Walter and his brother, Napoleon E. Tougas, '86, were two.

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Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post-Office, as second
class matter.

Some young men whom we know are showing the same spirit toward this paper that Artemas Ward did to his country, when he heartily approved of the war and was willing to sacrifice all his wife's able-bodied relation in order that it might be carried on, but his modesty forbade his taking any part.

How are the mighty fallen! The reading books and the histories of our earlier school life had created in our minds something wild, awful and majestic in Lo, the poor Indian; but as we behold the gaudy raiment, the waving feathers and the stooping gait of the noble red men who are now distributing hand bills for patent medicines upon our streets, we can scarcely repress a smile—though our youthful conception is crushed to the ground.

The first class observed Arbor Day by planting a maple tree two days later than the time appointed; but [so the proverb runs] "better late than never." The tree was furnished by the young ladies, the principal being counted among them, and planted by the young men. Although they willingly allowed each girl to throw one shovelful of dirt on the roots, yet they watched carefully lest their rights should be infringed upon. As the tree grows in strength and spreads its green foliage in every direction, making manifest the properties bestowed upon it by nature and furnishing homes for the birds jubilant with song, so may we grow physically, mentally and morally, and by our deeds reveal the possibilities that are within us.

Every afternoon our principal may be seen taking his "constitutional" spin on the pond in his Racine canoe. He seems to think that fresh air is a good tonic for teachers.

Often do our teachers deserve our sympathy (if we are not the guilty ones, of course) when they have striven earnestly to impress a fact, and then receive such answers as a barometer for a thermometer, or the fire-box and smoke-stack for the description of a steam boiler.

The annual re-appearance of the "rake brigade" makes us sure that spring is really here. This year the troop has not been limited to one gender, but the girls, too, have done nobly, and now the yard presents a creditable appearance to the passers-by.

We are much pleased with the wonderful new manikin and the plates to represent the effects of alcohol upon the human body. It does not seem possible that any of our schoolmates, in the future, can allow themselves to indulge in a habit which will produce such results.

The Park commissioners have our heartiest thanks for removing the cattle yards, so suggestive of Brighton, from the grounds in the rear of the schoolhouse and also, if it's due them, for keeping the coming circus from the same. If we might venture a suggestion, we would recommend the removal of the old crossing stones.

Now the time of flowers has come again, let us take pride enough in our rooms to keep them well supplied with flowers, and thus please our teachers and ourselves. The beautiful weather of May is so delightful that it seems as if we must remain out of doors; but as our duties forbid, let us bring some of out-doors within and thus get a taste, at least.

As we listened to the first class reading Ovid's account of Aurora ushering in the day we could not help envying her husband, Tithonus. What a blessing she must have been to him! Just think of Tithonus lying abed mornings while Aurora gets up, wakes, feeds and harnesses her two spirited steeds, takes their forelocks out of curl papers, oils the chariot axle, warms over some cold beans for herself, washes them down with some cold mountain dew and makes an early start for Olympus to arouse old Sol and warn him not to fail to meet his daily appointment. All this time her lord and master, often called conjux, lies snoring away the restful morning hours. Surely Aurora ought to be given a record!

Rhetorical Monday.

Monday, May 9, Acts 4th and 5th in Merchant of Venice were presented to the school by an amateur company composed of members of the second literature class under the management of their teacher, Miss Jones. Friends of the pupils were present to participate with us in the new departure. It was interpreted by the following cast:

Portia, wife of Bassanio,	Miss Thompson
Jessica, wife of Lorenzo,	Miss Crosby
Nerissa, wife of Gratiano,	Miss Toohey
Antonio,	Miss Bicknell
Bassanio,	Austin Roberts
Gratiano,	Miss Brown, O.
Lorenzo,	Frank Phipps
Stephano,	Miss Miller
Launcelot,	Miss Blood
Musician,	Miss Roberts

Before the curtain rose, Misses Jones and Roberts played a piano duet to a very appreciative, yet undemonstrative audience—because of circumstances beyond our control. During the music, programmes, very prettily gotten up, were distributed. In the fourth act a court of justice was revealed to us. Miss Green played the part of Portia, as Miss Thompson, on account of a bad throat, was unable to take part in both acts. During intermission Miss Brown, N. sang very acceptably, playing her own accompaniment. It was quite noticeable that no one went out to get a clove. When the curtain (in our imagination) was again raised, the pleasure-grounds of Portia's house were represented to us. The grass was withered as we so often see it after a long drought, and was counterfeited by the well-worn platform; in the east Jupiter had spread his thunder clouds (two book-cases); while directly over head the heavens were cloudless (white plaster and a ventilator); to the south, close by, a gigantic rock was covered with creeping ivy untouched by the warm rays of Apollo (the piano); in the distance the tops of trees seemed to be nodding their approval (ourselves); while here and there on the two terraces, upon which the scene is laid, chairs (genuine) were carelessly yet lovingly scattered about. The scenery was entirely different from any before used in the same play and doubtless might be considered to possess some originality for which all the credit is due to the second class (patent applied for). Our readers, I hope, with the aid of a little imagination, will be able to recognize my description. All the parts were well rendered and deserve to be highly commended. As they proved to be so successful in their first attempt, we hope that the class will again favor us with their new play of Julius Caesar. At the close of the acts, Miss Hale rendered a violin solo.

LOCALS.

Motto: Dum vivimus, vivamus.

Colors: Light blue and salmon.

Photographer: Willis.

It is the *cor-net* band.

Pink-eye is the present excuse of the *pupil*.

Examinations—One of the blessings that brighten as it takes its departure.

"German measles!" What a world of spot-iness they bring!

We have called upon the prophetess for our future, and are anxiously awaiting the returns.

The Botany class are busy with analyses and seem to be gaining much valuable and pleasing information.

History III. "The peculiarity about George III. was that he could not speak any language."

Adoption of the Constitution of Massachusetts, 1780. Incorporation of the Town of Milford, 1780.

Botany I. in one recitation hour last week found eighteen different varieties of flowers on the Park, and still the search goes on.

Principal Gay of Malden has visited our school this month. We fear he has his sharp eye on one of our teachers. He is married.

The wish of the graduating class:—
O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others (photographers) see us!

Latin I. Magister: "Transfer, Miss X. *librum suum est*." The *observant* class soon evolve the answer and the book is spared for a time.

Civil Govt. IV. "The officers of the House of Representatives are the speaker and the man who presides at the prayer meetings."

Latin III. claims that Satan was Juno's father. Jupiter, no doubt, may have had a similar idea when she interviewed him after his promise to Thetis.

Botany I. vote out-door and Park recitations a success and, like O. Twist, cry for more. There are *no* cries, however, for any more of that dear little cabbage plant with an animal front name.

The scholar who did not know what state was most celebrated for its *brass* mines thought that California would be as likely to be the state as any. We agree with him.

Latin I. has been comparing the death scene in Romeo and Juliet and the play within a play of the Midsummer Night's Dream with Ovid's story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

Teacher—Give me the authority for your answer. Pupil—I have none. Teacher. What made you think that was the answer? Scholar—I heard you say so. Policy should whisper „Be careful, young man."

Civil Gov't. IV. "Four persons who cannot vote in Milford are: first, a man who is deaf; second, one who is blind; third, one who is deaf and dumb; fourth, one who is dumb." "Men exempt from military duty are all common drunkards and engineers."

"A complaint has arisen in some places that Arbor Day was observed with too much exercises and too little tree planting. The American is sure to be successful with *exercises*." It cannot be said that we fall under this head. Our one tree did not even receive a "hip hmrrah."

"Do you understand me now," shouted the professor, as he hit the student in the back seat with an inkstand? "Yes, I've got an *inkling* of what you mean." We have heard of a man who was shot in the rotunda at Washington and pitied him; but we have our opinion of a teacher who would stoop so low as to hit a scholar in the *back seat*.

We see that Time robs us, we know that he cheats,
But we still find a charm in his pleasant de-
ceits,
While he leaves the remembrance of all that
was best,
Love, friendship and hope, and the promise
of rest.

—[O. W. Holmes.

Botany on the Park.

How often we have wished for Aladdin's lamp, that with the "touch supernatural" our eyes might be open to marvelous things about us, while all the time, if we but knew it, earth and air and sky have daily revelations of wondrous beauty for us, but too many times, alas, our "eyes are holden that we cannot see."

Even earth's most common things are beautiful to those whose "eyes were made for seeing." In a hall in one of Massachusetts' educational institutions, made beautiful by rare works of art, hangs, in a conspicuous place, a large oil painting representing a single tall and velvety flower-stalk covered with dainty yellow blossoms. The true artist's touch is seen in every petal of the flower, while underneath as if in scorn of those who see no beauty in such a flower, are the words plainly written out and inclosed in quotation marks, "Only a Mullein."

Such were our feelings one morning this month when

"The scarlet maple trees betray
What potent blood hath modest May,"
as we were told that in place of the usual recitation the Botany class would

go into the Park and find every specimen that grew there and take it to our teacher.

Our first thought was, Only the Park! We cannot find anything there. That is a good place for a ball-ground and is beautiful just now with shade trees, but flowers—there cannot be any there. But no—we scatter in all directions and in a few moments reassemble with our rare treasures to know that eighteen kinds have been found in that short time.

Would I were an artist, or a poet even, that in a word-picture I might show you that rock overhung with swaying elm and maple branches beside which we found the delicate Smilacina and at her side her cousin, the Uvularia, so pure and simple that "Wild Oats" at once become favorites of ours.

Here is the Ranunculus, so bright and large we are sure this must be the very one which said: "I will be the best Buttercup in all the world."

At every step some little Viola looks up with happy face and many a clump of Houstonia seems the personification of innocence. Here, too, the Arisaema grows, but memories of childhood are too dear to us and we drop all foreign terms as we admire our "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" and take him from his pleasant home where the fern and brakes nod and whisper to him in the gentle breeze.

In another part of the Park grows the Polygonatum, so modest that with our own hands we lift the bending stem and graceful leaves to find the tiny blossom beneath. The Anemone Nemorosa tells us of its noble family whose descent could be traced back to the classic time of the Ancient Greeks. Here too is the

"Dear common flower, that grow'st beside
the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth,"

and though in the past the Dandelion has meant only the most commonplace flower to us, yet since our analysis of its separate parts we appreciate Lowell's words:

"Most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye."

Do you know how beautiful chickweed is? If not, find a piece in the grass beside your door and look at it in wonder as we did that day to see its dainty calyx and corolla.

These are but part of our treasure-trove, but they are sufficient to prove to us that nature is lavish with beautiful forms of life, and we would that all who pass this way in their daily walks might have their eyes opened even as ours have been.

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❖EXCHANGES.❖

"Our Compliments" to the author of that bright little story, "An April Mail."

The E. H. S. Record contains an unusual amount of literary matter this month. The two letters from Paris and Japan are interesting.

"St. Mary's Church" is an interesting article in the Vindex, and "A Trip to Mars" is ingeniously conceived. We recommend the poem, "Under a Radical Sign," to Algebra A.

Is not the Academy Echo mistaken in calling Australia an island? Has it not all the characteristics of a continent, the two axes, a distinct fauna, and a flora of its own? So says Guizot, if we are not mistaken. Is not Papua the largest island?

We may begin to cherish a hope that the exchange editor of the Commentator will awaken to a sense of his duty after awhile. He has really put a list of exchanges in his exchange column. Perhaps he may be led to speak of them bye and bye.

Although the Rev. and otherwise entitled gentlemen who used to form the editorial staff of the Guardian, have withdrawn from view, we are occasionally made aware that they are still the power behind the throne, noticeably so in the April number.

The flea story has died out, the William and Mary bell story has gone beyond. Here's hoping the story of the student's translating Virgil "as far as to throw his arms around her neck," will pass into oblivion from the pages of the Yankton Student.

Why does not the Archon write something about base-ball? Out of six columns of reading matter it only devotes three and a half to that subject and one to notes on this and other sports at Harvard. Such an important department of literature ought not to be so shamefully neglected.

The cover of the Sedgewick Lit. strikes our fancy pleasantly. We want to call it homespun. The March number is a fine edition, but when we look at "Exchanges" we are sorry for you, Lit. We pity the printer when you spoke your little piece about the proof-reader.

"The locals (in Oak, Lily and Ivy) are blind to any one outside the school."—[Brockton H. S. Stylus. Send us a translation of your locals, Stylus, and we'll return an explanation of ours. We suggest that you send them by C. S. P. on his bicycle. We'd like to hear more of his trip through the White Mountains.

"Chacun a son gout." According to our "gout" it is pleasanter to have a paper cut, if the parts do separate occasionally, than to be put to the trouble of turning it inside out and outside in, in order to read the pages in sequence.

We welcome old friends to the number of ninety-four, and two new exchanges. Foremost among the latter is The Nut. We like the pretty rustic letters which form its title, but find nothing rustic about its contents. The Owl, with its cover in two shades of blue, is pleasant to look upon and interesting to read. This is the only one of our exchanges which devotes itself exclusively to one science.

Never mind, Enterprise, if you don't deserve our cold "Thanks." You're welcome to them all the same. It does take a deep intellect to "fathom" the relation between missing mail-matter and Uncle Sam, but doubtless you'll sound it sometime. Perhaps your brain will be a little clearer after you and your "honorable board" of school committee have settled the little misunderstanding between you and them.

The Washington High School Review is as bright as ever. In an editorial it names over the vocations which its graduates of '87 intend to pursue, and it is quite remarkable that out of a class of forty, not one has expressed an intention of becoming a teacher. "Stultitia" contributes a lively sketch of an energetic class in literature, in "Our Picture Gallery." The Pedestrian Club seems to be rather unfortunate in its first trips. Better luck next time.

Should the Lawrence High School Bulletin use the same type as the O. L. and I., it might be surprised at the amount of space covered by its exchange column. And, Bulletin, be so kind as to define a literary article, and be sure to make the definition cover your last number. We count in the Bulletin twenty-four columns of reading matter; in the last number of the O. L. and I., eighteen. Are you good at ratio? Which is the greater, 5:24 or 8:18? We pause for a reply.

The retiring editorial board of the Shattuck Cadet chants its farewell plaint—a kind of dying-swan song—giving vent to the long-restrained acknowledgement that the color of its cover is "terrific." At the same time it plainly shows its sensitive nature wounded by remarks of others who held the same opinion. The explanation of this apparent inconsistency is given by the Cadet itself, when it says its "internal substance has not suffered" from the "brightness" of its cover.

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In the twenty-two Northern States the people who cannot read and write number 1,414,210 in a population of 30,866,016. Of this number many are women and children. In these states free common schools are open from five to eight months in each year.

The prevalence of an erroneous impression among the people that the vocation of farming is not quite so honorable as that of the lawyer or doctor has its effect. Some people would prefer being a lamp-post in a town or city rather than to be a live farmer and reside on a plantation.

The debasing results of tobacco chewing, the demoralizing associations of cigars, the degrading consequences of snuff, the terrors of dyspepsia arising from the use of overdone meat, burned coffee, and flapjacks, and the horrors of the colic induced by our sour bread and potato salad, are worthy of the efforts of our highest salaried teachers.—[Commercial Gazette.

A man with an artistic instinct does not draw a straight line hesitatingly, for that makes it rough and uneven. Neither does he strike it off thoughtlessly at a single stroke, for that would curve or wave it. He makes two limiting points, then runs his eye from one to the other to fix the direction, and with a single movement makes a line as straight as an arrow.—[Journal of Education.

On Mt. Whitney, the highest mountain in California, at a level of 14,000 ft. above the sea, where there is no soil, and no moisture save snow, hail and ice, there grows a little bell-shaped flower, gaudy in colors of red, purple and blue. It is called Jacob's ladder, and its fragrance partakes of the white jasmine. It blooms alone, for it not only has no floral associates, but there is no creature, not even bird or insect, to keep it company.—[Scientific American.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. Tic-tac! Tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot stop them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.—[O. W. Holmes.

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. III.

MILFORD, MASS., JUNE, 1887.

No. 10.

Class Ode of '87.

I.

As the years of our school-life have fled away,
We must sing our farewell to them now.
Crooked lines have we made, many sods left unturned
In the furrows we've each had to plough;
But in depths of our hearts, where no winter can blast
Are the seeds of rich wisdom and truth,
Which imparting new worth to our learning's rare
store
Will ennoble the mem'ries of youth.

II.

Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled,
As we toll to the top of life's hill;
Like a jar in which once the sweet rose-leaves were
stored,
Whose fragrance adheres to it still.
We can never forget those dear voices so true
That have called us to learning's bright field,
Where the flowers of knowledge make pleasant the
way,
And we gathered the harvest they yield.

III.

At the hour of our parting let's pledge for the right;
Let nothing our purpose defeat.
May faith be our compass, our bright guiding star,
Through the breakers that foam at our feet.
Let truth be our course both to honor and fame,
Let us steer for the land of the blest,
And then our good ship at the end of her cruise
Shall enter the haven of rest.

L. F. G., '87.

Our Alma Mater.

In 1850 the town of Milford first offered to her children the advantages of a high school training, of which many have gladly availed themselves. The cost of the building without the land was about six thousand dollars. For thirty-seven years the old building has warmly greeted all those seeking instruction within her walls and proudly sent forth into the world men who have since shown that her efforts were not in vain. She is represented in the professions by doctors, ministers and lawyers, and at present, has a large delegation of both sexes in the colleges. She still stands on the old site and long may she remain there, for no better place can be found. The pealing of the old bell and the familiar

aspect of herself now recall to many the pleasant days spent there of yore.

During her early years, as there was more room than was thought necessary to accommodate her pupils, the lower room was given to a grammar grade, but the inflow of pupils soon demanded all the room she had to offer. The first twelve years of her Highness' rule, with the present conditions in mind, might be called the reign of liberty. For during that period no definite courses of study were laid before the pupils to choose between, but each elected the studies which he thought would best suit his fancy. If, perchance, a study, after having been given what he considered a fair trial, was then found to be distasteful, it was laid aside and another tried. Come what might, the scholar's taste must be snited. There was no limit placed to the number of studies selected for one year; the ambitious and lively sometimes taking several, while those opposed to the habit of exercising very much kinetic mental energy often thought one quite sufficient. During a recitation the wall on one side of the room offered a support to the girls, while that on the other was a brace for the boys.

The self-reporting system swayed its sceptre for a time. Truly phenomenal records may be said to have been made by the young men, which could hardly be equalled by the most saintly of the girls. One youth, known to be of a very social nature, reported day after day but one whisper, which brought blank amazement to many a face, his explanation of it, afterward given, being that he commenced with the session and prolonged that one until the close. It was found in several cases some kind of explanation was quite essential.

Those days are of the past, and wonderful changes have taken place since, whether for the better or worse,

we shall leave to our readers to decide. In '62, ranking was adopted, which naturally brought about several other changes, as the diploma to be awarded in the spring depended upon the record made. In June, '62, the first class that ever regularly graduated left their alma mater. The class consisted of five of her children, the smallest that she has ever graduated; the number since then has increased even to forty-one. It is an interesting fact that 42 per cent. of all her graduates, 524—including ourselves, have been under the instruction of her present principal.

In the thirty-seven years of her life, she has had twelve principals and twenty-six assistants; until '65 there was but one assistant, in '86 she had four. This last year was an unfortunate one and caused her much grief by the loss of two, owing to the establishment of the new school at Hopedale. In the summer of '81, she was enlarged to meet the increasing demand for room, and remodeled. All the modern conveniences, as water, steam, gas and good ventilation were given her. Among the four rooms added was a chemical laboratory, which has been held in greater dread by the non-participants of the science than by those who have experimented with the noxious gases. The departing classes of later years have left their mementoes until now we feel quite at home with their cosy surroundings.

Industrial exhibitions, the first of the kind in the history of the school given in '84 and '85, marked an important era in her history. The exhibits included almost everything from scientific darning to a steam engine. The exhibitions were a great success in every respect. We were well paid for our labor, in satisfactorily proving to the people that the scholars' knowledge is not necessarily limited to a

few books. From a financial standpoint also our anticipations were more than realized. The proceeds were used in increasing the library and the stock of "working tools" demanded by the modern school. From time to time books have been added to her library from other sources, until now she is fortunate in possessing a small one, but of great value for reference. In her two cases, like the common omnibus, there is still room for one more. They contain reference books for science, literature, history and classics, offering those desiring (and sometimes those *not* desiring) a chance for additional information. We have four weekly papers and two dailies always on file. One of the dailies presents the republican views, the other the democratic; thus the young men are encouraged to be acquainted with the argument on both sides. With these advantages there can be little excuse for the scholar who leaves the school without a general knowledge of the common events of the day.

Drawing was introduced in '85, the first year it being taken only by the fourth class, but since then the privilege has been granted to all, although optional with the higher classes. A very good cabinet of specimens to illustrate geology, and apparatus for the philosophy class are counted among her treasures. The seed was planted in '51, when the committee were authorized to expend for such purposes as much of the \$1500 then appropriated for the support of the school, as was not required to defray the current expenses for that year. From that her stock has increased to its present size at the expense of the town and by gifts from her friends.

The O. L. and I. had its birth in '85. It has doubled in size since its first year—although, we are sorry to say, not in its circulation. Thus far, it has been a source of great pride to our Alma Mater and we hope a source of profit. Two years ago the "battered seats" and desks "with jack-knife carved initials" went Pluto-ward and new ones of recent pattern were introduced. The course of study was changed in '86, when the two years' business course gave way to a four years' scientific. Since then diplomas have only been awarded to those who have remained four years. Scholars who have made a good record, if desiring to leave before the course is finished, may obtain a certificate stating this fact.

The 524 alumni are scattered from Canada to Texas and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Twenty-eight have gone to a fairer land. Every June reunions are held on the school grounds "to celebrate the praises of the glo-

rious institute." As this June is the twenty-fifth anniversary of these reunions, "let nobody be mute."

We hope as years roll on our high school may continue to ascend the rounds until the highest point has been reached, without one cloud to darken her broad horizon.

A. C. N., '87.

Statistics of the Class of '87.

When we entered this school in 1883, we numbered sixty-two in all, thirty-one girls and thirty-one boys, and were one of the largest classes which has ever entered the school; but our ranks have been considerably reduced. The first year, "circumstances" compelled some of our classmates to leave us; the second, thirteen were graduates of the two-years' English course; the third year, we saw several others taken from our numbers because of the Hopedale separation; and so in September of the fourth year only seventeen (a little over one fourth of our original number) were left to begin our last year in the high school. It is a curious fact that out of these seventeen, twelve are girls and five are boys, while when we entered, there was an equal number of each.

Although we have lost so many during the four years, we are especially fortunate in being able to say that it was not through death that it so happened.

We are not a very remarkable class; we are

"Large, short and tall,
Fat, lean and small,"

which probably might be said of any other similar collection of young ladies and young gentlemen.

Our average age is 17 years, 2 months, thus making us the youngest class for several years. The girls claim the oldest, who is 20 years, 10 months, as well as the youngest, who has not yet reached that lovable period in a girl's life, "sweet sixteen." The average of the girls' ages is 17 years, 2 months; that of the boys, 2 months less. The oldest boy is 17 years, 8 months; the youngest (who is also the tallest) first saw the light of day 16 years, 4 months ago. Our combined ages would reach back nearly 50 years before the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620.

The shortest member of our class is a girl, her height being 4 feet 9 inches; probably if she had done her hair up on top of head before measuring, she might possibly have succeeded in stretching heavenward an inch or two more. The "longest" is a boy who stands 5 feet, 10 inches, even without a "pompadour." The height of the shortest boy exceeds that of the tallest girl by just half an inch. Our average

height is 5 feet 4 inches.

We weigh altogether nearly a ton, with an average of 126 pounds for the boys, 110 pounds for the girls and 115 pounds for the class. There are no great heavy-weights among us, but one of the boys tips the scales at 139 pounds. The "pull of gravity" is not very strong on the girls' side of the house, their lightest being balanced by 86 pounds.

We may say with pride that we have no cross-eyed, bow-legged or knock-kneed specimens of humanity among us. I dare not attempt to give you the exact sizes of our mouths, for fear of scaring you away from our graduation exercises; it is enough to say that they are quite sizable; but if you do come to Music Hall June 23, you will have ample opportunity for judging for yourselves, as we intend to raise the roof while singing the class ode.

In the English, French and Latin course, six will be given full and six partial diplomas (because of an incomplete course); there is one who will take a partial English and French diploma; and in the classical course, four will receive full diplomas.

The girls claim the first ten in scholarship *and* deportment. In attendance three girls are perfect and in deportment eight; of these, two have the honor of being perfect in both. These are facts of which they may well feel proud.

Our class is represented by a tree which we planted in the southeast corner of the schoolyard; in years to come the schoolboys will recline in the shade of its spreading branches, but they will probably little think of the exhausting (?) labor it cost their fathers and mothers.

Although we may have made many "crooked lines," yet, as a class, we think we have some redeeming points, and in the future, as well as now, we trust that we will carry out to the letter, the words of our good motto—"Dum vivimus, vivamus."

W. P., '87.

Our Pilgrimage.

Many times during this year has our interest been aroused, as, in history or literature we have followed the steps of Henry II., or the Canterbury Pilgrims, or Rabbi Nathan, or some other religious devotee to the shrine of saint or martyr. How we have longed for the day to come when we too, perhaps, might be added to the number of those who have reverently stood at the tomb of one who has died for liberty. But like many another, while we were looking with eager eyes beyond the seas, we forget those who are enshrined in the hearts of all

Americans, and that with but little trouble we not only could stand beside their graves, but visit their homes and favorite haunts. Then we thought of Concord and Lexington, rich in names and places noted in history and literature, and decided that these towns should be our Mecca. We, however, wished to be pleasant-day pilgrims, and therefore planned to go on our journey June 4, if the day was pleasant, otherwise the visit was to be postponed until the following week. Saturday morning came, but, alas, for our hopes, Nature wore her Quaker garb, without a touch of gold or crimson, and her tears seemed ready to fall at any minute; but sixteen of our number defied the clouds, and as the train left Milford our happy faces carried sunshine with us, if there was none outside. After a journey of an hour and a half we were met at Concord Junction by a barge in which we began our wonderful trip, as eager and happy as the Argonauts, in search of the golden fleece.

Soon we cross the Concord river, and driving to the north, pass the farm where Harvard College was stationed during the Revolution, because in Cambridge it was in constant danger of attack from the British. Then crossing the river again we pass down Main street, where aged elms with interlocked arms shadow and protect the houses on either side. Here on our right, nestled among the trees, is the house formerly owned by Thoreau, but now occupied by the Alcott family, where Miss Louise Alcott writes and dreams of her "Little Men and Women."

We must not linger here, for we long to stand

"Where once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."
So on we go past houses where bullet-holes are plainly visible in the sides of the buildings, until the driver tells us we are about to enter the battleground, where present and future are lost at the sight of a house rising before us, and the memories of younger days when we wandered with delight through the pages of "Mosses from an Old Manse" press upon us, as the old, unpainted, weather-beaten house attracts our attention. How we wonder if the Muse who inspired Hawthorne still haunts those chambers dim and old, and—our day-dream is over, the Minute-Man stands before us, at our side are the graves of the British who fell fighting for England and King George. We cross the river and stand around the statue representative of America's first citizens. Ah, brave Minute-Man, thy silent utterances are eloquent, and softly we turn away, decided that in the cause of

truth and liberty, we also will always stand bravely against the foe. Before we turn from Concord we visit Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where, on a hillside, under whispering pines, lie the bodies of Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne. Again we touch our horses and speed toward Lexington, passing on our way the home where "The Sage of Concord" lived, the School of Philosophy, and the "Wayside."

The houses now become more and more scattered, until finally we are on a road, woody and wild, where at intervals are the places at which the farmers gave the red-coats "ball for ball" and to our listening ears plainly come the sounds of

"The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

At Lexington, a visit to the battlefield, a lunch at the Massachusetts House, and we turn again to Concord where we spend our remaining time at the prison.

At Framingham we are obliged to wait two hours, but the wit and pleasant feelings of our party are as bright as ever, and before we are aware of it, home, sweet home is reached and our hoped-for and realized visit is but a dream of the past.

The Reunion.

Friday night, June 24, the alumni will listen to instrumental music and social conversation in the school grounds from 7.45 until 9 o'clock. From this time until 10 o'clock within the "old familiar walls" will be heard the voice of Melvin A. Underwood, '62, calling up the memories of the past. He will be assisted in entertaining you by music and by readings. From 10 to 10.30 all will turn from these feasts of the heart and soul to those more substantial and filling. Until 11.30, the eye will be delighted by a wondrous pyrotechnic display on the lawn. From 11.30 to—?—there will be the singing of "ye olden songs" "with clasped hands" and "bursting tears"—provided your mothers will let you stay, or your children do not demand an earlier return. You see from the style of the above that it is taken for granted that you will be there.

The "Lilhatansu" will sing at the reunion. Three-fourths are alumnae.

Lincoln and Garfield have left their customary places over the front doors and now Agassiz and Mann encourage our wandering glances.

Trees have some characteristics in common with people. In the spring they begin to leave for the summer, although some will be unable to do so because their trunks will be seized for board.—[Exchange.

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THE OAK, LILY and IVY.

JUNE, 1887.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School.
PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

GENERAL EDITORS.

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PERSONAL EDITORS.

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SARAH M. GORMAN and FRANK J. MORIARTY

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GRACE W. EASTMAN and

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY, Lock Box 137.

Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post-Office, as second
class matter.

We have heard it said that excitement is a powerful anæsthetic. The truth of this statement will be put to an excellent test in the near future. All desiring to know the result of the trial may obtain the desired information of the graduates of '87 at any time after 11.55 a. m., June 23.

This is the time of year that those who have left their class before graduation fully realize the error of their ways and, if possible, would gladly see their names upon the list of graduates. This is the time, too, when the scholar who is not dead to all ambition, may be heard soliloquizing upon his mistake in not electing that course of study which might have required more study but would also have given greater results for the time spent. Herein is a thought for our successors.

As this is our farewell issue, we desire to thank all who have advertised in our columns, and hope the favor shown us has, or will be, returned with interest. We also wish to thank our subscribers. Every effort on our part has been made this past year to present to our patrons the best that we had to offer, and we hope they may have found the reading both enjoyable and profitable. Besides the pleasures that have attended the publishing of this paper, we have realized many advantages and feel the experience worth much. It is with regret we must place it in other hands, and hope the following classes may successfully continue to edit it in years to come. For them may wisdom spread her pages, bequeathing wealth from year to year.

The class of '87 have unanimously voted that they do not desire their friends to present to them flowers on graduation day. Therefore none will be sent on to the stage.

The piano has been crowned with Flora's rarest and richest gifts for the past three weeks. Little have we cared for Æolus' ill temper or the gloomy veil hiding Phœbus' bright countenance from us, with summer's brightness within.

We hear those say who ought to know, that it is a false economy to be in a great haste to be out in the world earning money, before the proper foundation of an education has been laid. Let those of the lower classes who are envying the class of '87 remember this next September.

We wish to add our laments to those of the public generally at the departure of Supt. W. T. Leonard to a new field of labor. It is our earnest wish that Milford may be so fortunate as to secure in his successor a man who like him will win the respect of teachers and scholars.

If the months were named after the fruits, what better name than strawberry could be given to June? Surely this is the month of strawberry shortcake and strawberry festivals as well as the month which replenishes the minister's library or supplies his wife with pin money by means of certain fees of which the poets sing. Dr. Boteler says: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did."

The quotations below are respectfully dedicated to our school board for their reflection during the coming summer vacation:—

"In cultivating music, therefore, are we not following one of the plainest and most universal indications of nature—the order of that Being by whose wisdom and benevolence nature was constituted?"—[Horace Mann.

"Today few are so miserly, so materialistic in their natures as to deny the utility of Music."—[John Eaton, Ex-U. S. Commissioner of Education.

"At the present time there is nowhere, I believe, in the civilized world, a well-organized system of public schools, in the curriculum of which vocal music does not find a place as one of the essential branches of instruction."—[John D. Philbrick, formerly Superintendent, Boston.

By others it is also taught because of its universal use, its influence upon the morals, its mental discipline, its culture, its economy to the parent, and because it promotes the health.

Miss Roberts of '88 has played all the accompaniments for the musical class during the past year to the great satisfaction of teachers and scholars. We wish editorially to express their thanks and ours for her patience and kindness.

Our classmate, F. J. Moriarty, has our sympathy for the sudden death of his father. The loss of a father's care and advice is always a great sorrow; but when death occurs, as his did, hundreds of miles from home and on the eve of his son's graduation, the grief is intensified.

The class of '86 have long intended to present the school something to represent themselves, but what this something should be has been an unsettled question until this month. Two Florentine busts, life size and twenty-nine inches high, of Shakespeare and Scott have been purchased from Fowler and Wells Co. of New York City. They give a finishing touch to the two book cases on the east side of the large room and will be much appreciated by the Literature class. What shall we do?

We were much interested on a recent Sunday to hear that old, old wooden horse of Troy used in a new simile—that is, new to us. "Troy's priest warned his fellow citizens against that hollow fraud, the wooden horse, filled with Greek soldiers. That horse may, perhaps, represent the emigrant ship bringing to our shores, socialism and anarchism." Will there be Laocoons among the coming generations to combat these evils as the priest resisted the admittance of the horse into Troy, is a vital question to us.

1862—"Concordia."—1887.

The quarter-centennial celebration of the first class which completed a definite course and received a diploma for the same, will occur Friday, June 24, on the school grounds and in the school building. The officers have earnestly tried to present an attractive programme and a full attendance of the classes is desired. A circular has been sent to each alumnus asking for information about his life and family, and many interesting items will be gathered together. The class of '87 can become members of the association by signing the constitution. *No fee required.* The association colors are green and white (rosette). The classes of the last few years are reminded also, that they have class badges. The officers are: C. A. Sumner, '66, President; Cora A. Chapin (Godfrey) '62, Cora A. Hero (Mayhew), '63, and Susan E. Thwing (Whitney), '65, Vice-Presidents; G. M. Billings, '69, Secretary and Treasurer.

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Emily Louise Eldridge,
Lydia Frances Gould,
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Amelia Claflin Harris,
Mary Adelaide Howe,
Francis Joseph Moriarty,
William Walker Phipps,
Walter Parkhurst.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

Grace Jennie Claflin.

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Department.

FIRST YEAR.

Hancock, Harris*, Whitney, Barns,
Hill, Gould, Eldridge, Gorman, Mori-
arty, Eastman.

SECOND YEAR.

Hancock, Barns, Eldridge, Hill,
Whitney, Parkhurst*, Gould, Eastman,
Gorman, Phipps.

THIRD YEAR.

Hancock, Barns, Hill, Eldridge,
Whitney, Gorman, Gould, Eastman,
Donnelly, Howe.

FOURTH YEAR.

Hancock, Eldridge, Barns, Hill,
Whitney, Harris, Gould, Gorman,
Eastman, Donnelly.

FOUR YEARS.

Hancock, Barns, Hill, Eldridge,
Whitney, Gould, Gorman, Eastman,
Howe, Donnelly.

* Did not take three studies during the
whole course.

Each member of Botany I. has
made an herbarium of thirty speci-
mens. We find the families best rep-
resented by the flora of Milford are
the crowfoot, lily and violet families.
Miss Barns has succeeded in finding
eight varieties of the latter family,
not including the pansy. We have
become familiar with forty wild flow-
ers, having learned their scientific and
common names, their method of life,
their family characteristics, and their
individual peculiarities. We have
learned in addition to our book knowl-
edge that

"If we could understand
What they are, root and all, and all in all,
We should know what God and man is."

GRADUATING * EXERCISES

OF THE

Class of '87,

HIGH SCHOOL,

MILFORD MUSIC HALL,

Thursday, June 23,

9.30 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Motto—*Dum Vivimus, Vivamus.*

Colors—*Light Blue and Salmon.*

→ * PROGRAMME. * ←

"You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves."

Overture—Piano Solo, - Lydia A. Roberts, '88
Chorus by the School, The Fisherman's Children

FIRST YEAR.

"As fresh as morning dew distilled on flowers."

Historian, - - - - - Grace W. Eastman
The Enchanted Land of Books, Lilian F. Hill
Declamation—"Home, Sweet Home," * Grace J. Claflin
Maps and What They Teach, † Francis J. Moriarty
Chorus by the School, { a. Across the Ocean
{ b. Never Resting

SECOND YEAR.

"Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth."

Historian, - - - - - Mary A. Howe
The Mechanical Powers, { Fred J. Aylward
{ William W. Phipps
Popular Crises, - - - - - Mary E. Whitney
Chorus by the School, - - - National Hymn

THIRD YEAR.

"And shall these labors and these honors die?"

Historian, - - - - - Elizabeth F. Donnelly
"A Fine Old English Gentleman," Emily L. Eldridge
Silicon Versus Calcium, { Edward F. Rogers
{ Walter Parkhurst
Chorus by the School, - - - The Miller's Song

FOURTH YEAR.

"Bear their blushing honors thick upon them."

Historian, - - - - - Amelia C. Harris
Three Typical Greeks, - - - Elizabeth B. Barns
The Rose Family, - - - Sarah M. Gorman
Prophetess, - - - - - Lydia F. Gould
What Is Your Ambition? - - - Emeline Hancock

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history."

Presentation of Diplomas, Chairman G. G. Parker
Chorus by the School—Class Ode, ‡ Lydia F. Gould

Piano accompaniments by Lydia A. Roberts, '88.
* Violin accompaniment by Florence E. Hale, '88.

† Excused.

‡ See first page.

"We have received much honor by your presence,
And ye shall find us thankful."

❖ LOCALS. ❖

Adieu! Adieu!

We are seventeen.

Of our six school committee four
have been members of this school.

"Father-land," but "mother-tongue."
How suggestive are these compounds!

When the young lady of the Vergil
class said to her teacher, O dea(r),
she referred to Venus, not to *him*.

Eighteen of the class of '85 accept-
ed the principal's invitation to hold
their annual reunion at his house May
27.

The class of '87 has received from
the principal cabinet photographs of
himself finished in Willis' latest style
—the enamel finish.

Botany I. gives thunder as the
source of ammonia.

The model of the hay and coal
scales used in the exercises to-day is
the work of H. B. Spanlding, '89.

The United States history of gram-
mar school days is being reviewed dur-
ing this month by History III.

History III. have removed the Cri-
mean peninsula to the north-eastern
part of China and have established Ox-
ford College as the first in the United
States.

The violet is said to have been the
favorite flower of the Napoleons. If
contrast was sought for, we think
their choice most successful.

Our local express agent has kindly
allowed us the use of his scales and
we hereby express our seventeen indi-
vidual thanks to him. We feel that
now, at least, we know our *exact*
weight.

Below are the planets or constella-
tions in the order they are used by
our prophetess: Mercury, Virgo,
Jupiter, Hercules, Lyra, Gemini, Orion,
Polaris, Draco, Ursa Major and Tau-
rus, Venus, Cygnus, Sagittarius.

We credit to June's account in the
ledger the birth of Harriet Beecher
Stowe, the battles of Bunker Hill and
Waterloo, the accession of Victoria,
and later in the month the births of
St. John and St. Peter.

Upon inquiry we learn that the
"typical hatchet" which adorns the
walls of all passenger cars today is to
warn travellers to be "truthful" with
the conductors.

The school committee, superintend-
ent, teachers of this school and the
members of the graduating class re-
ceived six tickets apiece; the press,
three each. The rest of the house
(765 seats) will be open to all.

Buy Ladies' and Misses'
JACKETS & WRAPS
 NEWMARKETS, DRESS GOODS, Etc. of
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❖EXCHANGES.

It is with a feeling of regret that for the last time this year we welcome the many old friends and the few new ones among our exchanges. This summer we shall miss hearing from the different schools and colleges and we wish the familiar papers might continue to come through the long vacation, although we cannot say we desire to continue the work of editing ours during the warm weather. Much has been said about the desirableness or undesirableness of an exchange column in our school papers, but the weight of opinion seems to be decidedly in its favor, and in this case we are with the majority. Through the praises and censures of others, we become aware of our own deficiencies, or that our efforts to do well are appreciated. Knowing that many contemporaries are ready to criticize what we write impels to greater effort for an interesting style and accuracy of expression. Doubtless some criticisms have been made upon all of us, which we acknowledge to be just, and there may have been others to which we take exception. Speaking for the O.L. and I., for instance, one of our western exchanges, we believe justly, calls us to account for our—the New England, as he calls it—use of shall and will. That our paper would be improved by a cover, and by pasting the leaves, has been told us so many times that we smile now when we read it; yet "Tis true, 'tis pity and pity 'tis, 'tis true," for those are faults we have so far been unable to remedy. But when one attacks our "good name" then, indeed, we rise to our fullest height, and stand ready to defend it. We want no better name nor motto. Res Academiæ, count the letters in your name, then in ours, number the syllables in each, pronounce them both, and then hang your head in shame at having desired an abridged edition for us. Surely Oak, Lily and Ivy flows as trippingly from the tongue as Res Acad-a-mi-cæ. Try it.

The best results of the exchange column, to our thinking, are criticism of the editorial and literary departments, the stimulus to better effort caused by it, and the feeling of acquaintanceship—of nearness—which is created by a mutual expression of opinion. Those papers that have no ex. col. seem cold and distant, and to be interested only in themselves and their own affairs.

For these and many other reasons we say, "Long live the Exchange Column! Long may it continue to help on the good cause of school journalism!"

❖PERSONALS.❖

Fred Cook, once of '88, is at Corner's College, Boston.

Dr. Samuel N. Nelson, '73, has recently married and settled in Boston.

Addie Clark, '84, is assistant book-keeper at T. C. Eastman's box factory.

John P. Holmes, '79, and William J. Cochran, '83, are expecting to become M. D's this month.

G. Otis Draper, a former pupil, was odist of the class of '87 of the Boston school of Technology.

Martin J. Kelley, '80, and William M. Morgan, once of '83, graduated from the Boston Law School on June 1.

Edward W. Barrett, '83, was a representative of the State Agricultural college on the Commencement Day of Boston University, June 1.

Our former superintendent, W. E. Hatch, has been re-elected at Haverhill and also honored by an election to the presidency of the New England Superintendents' association.

Elmer E. Smith, '81, freight clerk at the B. & A. station, has left town for a three months' visit to relatives in Biddeford, Me., in search of renewed health and strength.

Inez L. Gay, '85, will graduate from the Framingham Normal School next week. Remembering her splendid record while here, we have every reason to think that she has honored us there.

Hugh T. Bradley, '75, who has been first assistant in our post office, has accepted a position as clerk on the mail car running on the night express from Boston to New York by the way of Springfield.

We expect that Wellesley will graduate this month, Alice N. Vant; Harvard, Lewis J. Johnson (who intends to go back for another year) and Aaron C. Thayer; Amherst, Geo. N. Goddard and Geo. C. Dean. All these are of '83. The Harvard class of '87 also contains Harry J. Wood, '82 and the Wellesley, Sara V. Lowther, '80.

Add but half a pound to the weight of a certain senior, or subtract it from that of another, and you have committed an unpardonable offence. Beware!

We are indebted to Rev. S. A. Gardner for the very entertaining discourse upon Some Philosophical Considerations Concerning Education, which he delivered to us, as a school, at the Universalist church last Sunday.

After Graduation—What?

As graduation is now at hand, we begin to think of what we shall do when we leave school. Many of us have ambitiously dreamed of filling positions reached only by the few. Some of our number will continue their studies in college, but there are many who will never enter school as scholars after June 23. It is for these to be thinking now of their future course in life. Will they merely settle down and consider their education finished, or will they place themselves in positions where they can be continually learning something and thus benefiting both themselves and others?

In Milford, with its many educational advantages, it is not a very difficult undertaking to continue studies even if out of school. There is the town library with its extensive collection of books. Seek good books and read them—books of history, science and travels, biographies and standard novels, all of which will improve the mind. The Chautauqua circle is doing good work and is a means of mental culture. To study in company with others is much more interesting than to study alone. What combines pleasure with instruction more intimately than a reading club of young people, meeting once a week? For the young ladies, we would advise courses in music, painting, or some modern language, as French or German. Before the free text-book system was introduced into the schools, it was much easier to review what has been learned; but now, when we close our school career, we leave behind us our books which would often be so convenient for reference. To few of us will be given the power of leading other minds, yet to all is given the responsibility of making the best of our opportunities. All church societies are open to any of us who are willing to lend a helping hand. Join one of them, identify yourself with some movement for the public good. Be of some account and remember that success in life depends on excellence in one's chosen career, whatever it may be.

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	'82.	'83.	'84.	'85.	'86.	'87.
Tallest	6 ft.	5 ft 10½ in.	————	6 ft.	6 ft.	5 ft. 10 in.
Shortest	5 ft.	5 ft. 1½ in.	————	3 ft 8 in.	5 ft. 1½ in.	4 ft. 9 in.
Average	5 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 5½ in.	————	5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 4 in.
Heaviest	150 lbs.	158 lbs.	————	142 lbs.	190 lbs.	139 lbs.
Lightest	90 lbs.	97 lbs.	————	47 lbs.	96 lbs.	86 lbs.
Average	117½ lbs.	121 lbs.	————	110½ lbs.	125 lbs.	115 lbs.
Oldest	20 y. 5 m.	20 y. 6 m.	19 y. 7 m.	19 y. 5 m.	20 y. 2 m.	20 y. 10 m.
Youngest	16 y. 7 m.	15 y. 6 m.	15 y. 9 m.	15 y. 10 m.	16 y. 2 m.	15 y. 10 m.
Average	18 y. 7 m.	17 y. 5 m.	18 y. 3 m.	17 y. 5 m.	17 y. 8 m.	17 y. 2 m.
Admitted	71	57	55	71	78	62
Graduates, 2 yrs.	6	5	7	12	11	13
Graduates, 4 yrs.	28	23	30	27	33	17

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fairs will be promptly attended to. Prices as low as
the lowest.

✂ SCISSORS. ✂

"Active shears gather no rust."

What is the most marked feature
of the school room?—The black-board,
of course.

"When you stick on conversation's
burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those
dreadful *urs*.—[Holmes.

Cornell students in natural history
are making a practical study of apicul-
ture by each having charge of a hive
of bees.

Man has subdued the world but
woman has subdued man. Mind and
muscle have won *his* victories; love
and loveliness have gained *hers*.—
Gail Hamilton.

This interpretation of "The Marble
Fann" is said to have been the most
pleasing to Hawthorne:—

"Miriam represents the human soul;
Hilda, the conscience; Kenyon, the
reason; Donatello, the animal nature;
the old monk, temptation."

How many times have we repeated
in our grammar school days, "A verb
must agree with its subject, etc.;" but
the common English verb shows this
agreement only twice out of the thir-
ty-six agreements of its Latin relative
and we wonder if it was time wasted.

You don't suppose that my remarks
are like so many postage stamps,—
each to be only once uttered? Why,
the truths a man carries about with
him are his tools; and do you think a
carpenter is bound to use the same
plane but once to smooth a knotty
board with, or to hang up his hammer
after it has driven its first nail!—[O.
W. Holmes.

Evelyn is the name of the new college
for women in Princeton. A new
building after the Queen Anne style
has been prepared for the reception of
young women as students, and fur-
nished with all the conveniences of
college life. The college will open
next September. Substantially the
same course will be pursued as in the
classical and scientific departments in
Princeton College.

The number *eighteen* played an im-
portant part in the life of the poet
Longfellow. He was *eighteen* years
old when he graduated from college;
eighteen years afterward he married a
second time; he lived with his wife
eighteen years, and at the age of sev-
enty-two it had been *eighteen* years
since she died. Four *eighteens*
make up his life at this point, and he
had been *eighteen* years professor at
Harvard College, and had published
just *eighteen* separate volumes of
poems.—[Journal of Education.

A. L. SMITH

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Veni, Vide, Ridens Lee.

James Blake

Volume IV.



SEPTEMBER, 1887.

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CORN REMOVER

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AND IF IT EVER DOES FAIL, BRING
BACK THE BOTTLE, STATE THE CASE
AND THE MONEY WILL BE CHEER-
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STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

VOL. IV.

MILFORD, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1887.

No. 1

September.

The year is getting to feel rich, for his golden fruits are ripening fast, and he has a large balance in the barns, which are his banks. The members of his family have found out that he is well to do in the world. September is dressing herself in showy dahlias and splendid marigolds and starry zinnias.—[O. W. Holmes.

The Enchanted Land of Books.

"Good honey is my book to me,
My author is good honey bee;
Good honey and because 'tis sweet
That is the reason that I eat."

Books are precious ores of priceless value, and he who from the mines of unlimited wealth seeks knowledge, will be amply rewarded. They are rich stores of learning from the profound wisdom of sage philosophers and romantic poets. They are ladders by which we scale the summit of knowledge. To read—not alone for the knowledge we glean, but also for the pleasure to be gained—thereby is a delightful and profitable entertainment. The learned Plato, the unrivaled Shakespeare, and many other talented writers of bygone ages, have left us these inheritances, which will live, not for days, nor years, but forever. Poets and authors have handed down to us the results of the divine genius with which they were gifted, and ours is the duty to read, study and admire them. It has been well said, "A dark world would this be were all books destroyed." But how dark, we, who have always been accustomed to the treasures, cannot realize. No, we cannot even imagine!

Once in the world's history, books were so few that they were classed with precious gems and other treasures, and although now it seems difficult to believe, yet in those days a man might work all his life for the possession of a single book. Ah, how

precious must he have considered that one volume for which he had striven so long. Surely books must have been appreciated then.

These guides to true culture and refinement direct the judgment, educate and draw out our finer feelings, comfort in affliction, delight in pleasure, and teach us to realize that there are heights yet unattained to which we should ever aspire. In solitude, they afford us companionship; even in the bustle of the world we turn aside to their calm enjoyment; for surrounded by a few standard authors who converse with us in friendly manner, we stand, as it were, on a mountain summit, apart from the world, far above the commonplace realities of life.

Without books, what of our schools and colleges? And without these, what of our means of education? There was a time in the early ages when the student was obliged to rely upon tradition for his learning. Suppose, for a moment, we were compelled to depend solely upon instruction, handed down verbally, from generation to generation. Do you not think history would be a little confused? The influence of a good book is spread far and wide, and as one of our poets has said, "may chance to spring up as armed men." Where would our enlightened people stand today if books had never been known? Surely, not among the foremost nations of the world. Did you ever think of the thousands of minds one great book can arouse to action? Harriet Beecher Stowe did more for our cause in the late war by her patriotic writings than many active participants in the strife, either statesmen or generals. A good book is a friend that will remain true through all changes of fortune. One who has always been accustomed to their society cannot enter with spirit into the baser pleasures of life. Then let us all love good books

and seek to cultivate their acquaintance. The number of such books is now so great and life so short that we can only read a few, and hence this rule of Ralph Waldo Emerson is a good one to follow: "Never read any but famed books."

Every book we read has a power over us, either for good or evil. More than that, others are affected by what we read, for every individual exerts an influence over his fellow companions. One bad book may do more harm in a brief period of time than can be undone in years. The cheap novel has wrought more harm than almost any other book. Many vigorous and youthful minds have been sadly blighted by these destroyers of innocent thoughts and deeds. Many a prisoner can trace his ruin back to these banes of society.

Before us lies the open book of nature, worthy the careful study of the deepest thinkers; and yet how few can read it understandingly! It is after the writer has embodied the leafless tree, the withered branch, the sluggish stream with a peculiar charm of its own, that we gaze upon the scene spread out before us with appreciation. Need I remind you of the Book of books, in which are God's revelations to man, the great principles of Christian faith,—the book which has civilized nations and has ever been the companion of our great and good?

The breadth of my subject leads me on from thought to thought, but time is fleeting and I must leave it, only stopping to say with Wordsworth:—

Books are gems
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies,
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
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L. F. N., '87.

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WINNE-NIPE-KEES-AUKE.

PROLOGUE.

They come! the merry summer months of beauty, song and flowers;
They come! the glad some months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling eark and eare aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Sean through its leaves the eloudless sky in rapt tranquility.

—William Motherwell.

Yes, the "summer months" and vacation, too, have come, and once
more we have turned our faces northward for our annual canoe trip.
"Away, chalk dust and the vitiated air of the schoolroom!" said the
"scribe," as he expanded his lungs. "The same to noxious drugs and poison-
ous herbs!" exclaimed the "artist," as he fondled his camera upon his knees.

Some one has said: "There is more in the way one spends his vacation
than in the locality in which it is spent." In our case, however, we
intended to combine both the best way and the pleasantest place; for the
way was to be twelve days of camp life with canoe, tent and camera, and
the place, New Hampshire's fairest scenes,—

"Gems of the Northland, never yet
Were lakes in lovelier valleys set;
Glassing the granite and the pines
That mark New Hampshire's mountain lines."

The particular gem, in our case, was Winnepesaukee, the "Pleasant
Water in a High Place." Yes, pleasant and dear to the heart of the
Indian and to all lovers of the beautiful in nature, and also, to be more
prosaic, pleasant to the great manufacturers who, however blind to nature's
charms, see in this lake a mighty reservoir to feed the greedy mill races
far to the south. We might translate our lake's name, as many do, "The
Smile of the Great Spirit." This is more poetical, but, we fear, less accu-
rate; yet, under the bright rays of a July sun, such a mis-translation may
easily be pardoned, for the waters seem to smile with their "crystal waves
'mid rock and isle" back upon the Great Spirit who here created the lake
in answer to the prayer of the dying Indian chief.

All our plans have been perfected, we have learned how to spell the
Winnepesaukee, (there are only one hundred and thirty-one different ways,)
and at last the long expected day is at hand.

FIRST DAY.

Still, when the sun of summer burns,
My longing for the hills returns;
And northward, leaving at my back
The warm vale of the Merrimack,
I go to meet the winds of morn,
Blown down the hill-gaps, mountain-born;
Breathe the scent of pines, and satisfy
The hunger of a lowland eye.

—Whittier.

Manchester Station, 6.45 a. m. Excursion to Weirs and return, only
one dollar! Only one dollar! Such was the information given us at the
station. The return had no interest for us; but as the regular fare one
way was half as much more, we felt the happiness of a "penny saved," as
we entered upon our accounts fifty-five cents profit. Such liberal rates, of
course, attracted a crowd, and we "pulled out," as the conductor would
say, in company with eight car-loads of humanity free for a day from the
loom, the anxieties of the store and the household cares. First along the
the eastern and then, after crossing at Hooksett, by the western bank of
the Merrimack, we wheeled northward to Concord without slackening speed,
arriving before we were fairly settled down to the ride. This latter state-
ment might seem to imply that we were loaded with bundles, (which was a
fact,) and our sensitive feelings were hurt by a young lady who remarked
that we had a very feminine appearance.

Anxiously did we watch the heavens for "Golden Apollo," for we
feared that Aurora had been lax in her duty, and that her father was
taking an extra morning nap. He came not, and so we turned from things
celestial to mundane affairs and sought consolation in a harmony in black
and white called the Manchester Union, which gave it at three cents per
consolation. Therein "Old Prob." boldly asserted that it would be a fair
day, and we had faith to believe him.

We amused ourselves by taking imaginary pictures with the camera
view-finder. The rapid movement of the foreground, with the more stately
procession of the distant objects, was by it made more noticeable. Above
Concord we turned away from the "River of Spindles," but soon struck
one of its double heads, the Winnepesaukee river. The beautiful glimpses

O. A. K.

of this and the many bays and lakes through which it hastens promised a rich treat on our descent towards the sea.

"Weirs! Weirs!" shouted the conductor, and we hastened to the platform, where we found our canoes impatiently awaiting our arrival, having anticipated us by an hour or two. Launching and loading were first in order and afforded entertainment for man and beast—the beast being a dog. This first unpacking and loading requires patience; for, somehow, the most ill-assorted articles seem to be nearest at hand. Salt pork, Ben Hur, stockings and apple-turnovers are incongruous, and demand different and separate treatment. After this performance "our special artist" tramped up the hill to the west of the station for a study of nature adorned and unadorned; while "our special correspondent" put his pencil behind his ear, sampled the provisions to see if mother's bread was as good as in childhood's days, and also watched for items. "What a travelling generation this of ours is!" was his thought, as three trains arrived in quick succession, left their quotas of tourists and sped onward to the mountains; and when, soon after, as many more came from the north, equally as well filled with those seeking the seashore and the cities.

With the departure of the noonday trains we, too, paddled off to the southeast, with only a momentary glance at the outlet, as we expected to leave the lake by it the next week. We skirted the well-known pine grove, its cottages and camps, and quickly sought a good landing-place; for the inner man began to object to the continued attractions for the outer, and to quiet its rebelling we sought a friendly shade and lunched upon the box of good things thoughtfully prepared at home. Soon we pushed off and paddled thence into the narrowing waters between the main-land and Governor's island, and under the drawbridge which links them together. The clearness of the water caused frequent expressions of delight, and errors of judgment as to depth. The bottom was so distinctly visible that every object upon it was clearly defined to the eye. Another peculiarity was the sudden change of depth, which must be dangerous to inexperienced swimmers. Great sunken bowls, so to speak, twenty to thirty feet in diameter, with well defined walls, would suddenly present themselves to view. Over these the canoe,—

"Floating on, she knew not whither,
The tawny sands beneath her,
The great hills watching o'er her,"

glided so buoyantly that we fell to quoting Doctor Bartol's description of a lake of the Tyrol: "Into the pellucid water glides our little boat. As I gazed, I felt almost unsafe, suspended at some dizzy height; for it was as if only the thinnest, finest layer of gossamer fabric were stretched there for a horizontal veil or floor. What keeps her from falling down? On what mysterious support does she ride between these rival skies?"

The shores were wooded with a second growth, and we looked in vain for "picturesque monarchs of the forest." With our maps spread out before us, we got our bearings by the islands at our left. The Witch was sighted, overtaken and left behind during the next hour, without anything ominous happening. Then we laid our course for Smith's neck (not John's, for Pocahontas had anticipated us there), which we rounded, and found to our surprise that what seemed to be a part of the shore was in reality an island. In the next cove stood a farm house, which we sought with pail and can in hand. Milk could be obtained, if we desired two quarts, but no one-quart business was carried on. The hens were on a strike, and so the product of their labor could not be secured. Southeast we then steered, into coves and around headlands, with straining eyes eager to catch the new perspective that would there open to us; but the sinking sun warned us that the dews of evening would shortly fall, and, if a dry bed was to be expected, a camping-place must be sought. A clump of white birches fronting another of pines offered the necessary shelter, and between them was level ground for our tent. After pitching, and while the fire was doing its work, a plunge into the lake cooled the temperature of our bodies, which had been well baked by the exceedingly hot sun and in

(See October number.)

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

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BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School.
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BUSINESS EDITORS.

GRACE L. BLOOD and LYDIA A. ROBERTS.

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EDITORIAL.

GENERAL EDITORS.

OLIE L. BROWN AND LILLIAN E. THOMPSON.

No cases of sickness or accident have occurred among our schoolmates during our long vacation. All have returned refreshed from their visits to the country and sea shore, or from the attractions of mountains, and are, we trust, ready to resume their studies.

It was the unanimous vote of the class of '88 to continue the O. L. & I. The class are taking great pride in the paper and are striving to make it a success and a pleasure to their patrons. The public has always favored the classes by advertising and subscribing, and their kindness has been duly appreciated. We sincerely hope that they will do the same by us. We not only need the public's patronage but that of the lower classes in the school. Every scholar should be a subscriber. It is unnecessary to add that the alumni will certainly do their part.

As we return to school this month we meet but two of the teachers from whom we parted last June. Miss A. C. Jones, who has piloted us safely through the shoals of declensions and conjugations, has left us, much to our sorrow and regret. It is our earnest desire that she may make as many friends in Abington as she has here. However we trust that her place will be ably filled by Miss Sarah Leavens, who is a graduate of Smith's College and comes highly recommended. There is still another change. Supt. W. T. Leonard having resigned, Mr. Blodgett of Southboro has been appointed to the position. We are already assured that Mr. Blodgett will discharge his duties as faithfully here as at his former place.

As one who from dark locks plucks the first white hair and sighs to think how fast his youth is fleeting; so when embosomed in its frame of green the first reddening leaves of September meet the eye, we regretfully turn from vacation's entrancing pleasures to our school books, saddened by the thought that summer has gone and the snows of winter will soon whiten the ground.

Photographer Temple took pictures of the front of the schoolhouse and the scholars at recess-time last week. The work was well done, but he had to contend with too many mouths. As a study of smiles it is a great success; for there are all varieties from the delicate, faint suggestion to the wide extending, ear-reaching variety. In fact, in several cases, the smile seems to have a human body below and to be surmounted by a hat above.

The three upper classes of this school by this time have quietly settled down to their duties, but the new fourth class is just beginning to learn the ways of the school. The recitations are made doubly interesting by outside matters and helps, and the changing of rooms and teachers are entirely different from grammar school methods. The scholars come here as equals, and they themselves by their actions determine what will be their reputations in the school. Regardless of their standing with their former teachers, all here must make a new record, and this ought to be a good one, not merely for their own sakes, but for that of the school; for the misbehavior of one scholar may affect the good name of 130.

The studies of the senior class this term are as interesting as instructive. The story of the crust of the earth, including its different minerals, which man puts to hundreds of uses, and the different ages with their fossils, which prove that divers species of animals existed long before the birth of man, are causing us to open our eyes in wonder. In another study we learn not only about this earth of ours, but even the whole universe. What is a more beautiful study than that of the heavens with its innumerable stars, and of the planets and their satellites or moons! Our classical mates are either exposing the conspiracy of Cataline under the leadership of Cicero, or singing the wrath of Achilles. French is continued this year, and we are about to read Picciola. The lessons for each day are as follows:—Lundi—Lisant a vne. Mardi—La grammaire, des verbes. Mercredi—Une conte. Jeudi—Berlitz Méthode. Vendredi—Un poëme. La traduction tous les jours.

Respectfully submitted to the fourth class:—

"All flesh is grass," an ancient truth,
By which it will be seen
That in the springtime of our youth
We are "so jolly green."

A few days after the graduation of the class of '87, our principal found himself the happy possessor of an edition, library binding, of the works of Irving and Lowell. The former were from an individual member and the latter from the class. His two little daughters were also remembered by still another member.

On account of the increase of our number from 110 to 131, the committee have given us an extra assistant, Miss Lucy Patrick of Hopedale, who formerly was in one of the Cincinnati high schools. The third class in Geometry and Physics and the two divisions of the fourth class in their three studies are still large, but the burden upon our teachers is much reduced. Our recitation periods can now be extended to fifty minutes each and we, as well as our teachers, are grateful for the change.

We suggest that, inasmuch as the fire alarm is now given upon the new steam gong, the committee also make arrangements with the fire engineer to give the notice of no school during the coming winter upon the same. We also humbly add that if the alarm were given before the scholars of this school had traversed more than half the distance to the schoolhouse, they would return to their homes with drier feet. Again we suggest that there are now three public clocks (the one that strikes is always wrong) which are not always in agreement, and if this same gong were sounded fifteen minutes before each session every day it would enable all the teachers, scholars and parents to know the exact time, and thus tardiness would be prevented.

A Card.—Mlle Skeleton announces to the members of the Fourth Class, Milford High School, that she is now making her annual visitation to this school and is ready to receive calls from eight to one o'clock each day, except Saturdays and Sundays. She claims to be proficient in boneology, and refers by permission to the members of the Thurber Medical Association. She will be pleased to exhibit at the hours named; but, at the request of the principal of the school, will give special interviews, if necessary, at 3 o'clock p. m. P. S.—The scholars may have no fear of any harm, as Mlle Skeleton has moved in the best society and her anatomy is above reproach.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY
NELLIE BROWN AND HAROLD E. FALES.

Surely that poet was never a school teacher, who wrote,—

"Her voice was soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

If this department Fales to be a success it will at least be done Brown.

Hale to the leap-year class! It is of good Blood, but rather *two* Brown.

We say "*Belfast* is in Maine but our linen comes from *Belfast*, Ireland.

Astronomy I. declares that Satan still moves among the heavenly bodies.

Our class, which on entering the high school numbered 59, now contains but 17 members.

We notice by the white ribbon badges that the Milford "Y's" are well represented in our school.

History II. Another warning to the intemperate. Julius Caesar died of too many Roman punches.

Monday morning we were encouraged to be industrious, as there were only thirty-nine more weeks of school before the long vacation.

Impatient teacher (to scholar who is studying out an answer from a knot-hole in the floor)—Can't you say yes or no? Scholar—No sir.

In what respects do boys and girls resemble each other, when in company? The boys are more gallant and the girls are more buoyant.

From a conversation with Physiology IV., the impression is made that our markets furnish gristle, fat and tendons for our dinner tables.

The senior class has organized, with Philip H. Tirrell president; Minnie F. Bicknell vice-president, and Florence E. Hale secretary and treasurer.

We gratefully acknowledge our debt to the Knights of Labor, and thank them for the new holiday, which was celebrated in this state September 5.

French I. must brace up, put on higher dickies and more French twists in order to impress the teacher that they have long since learned their a, b, c's.

Had he been obliged to strain his ears to catch that soft and gentle voice sifted through 45 feet of the dense atmosphere of a school-room, he would have changed his tune.

Flora has been propitious this term, and has furnished us pretty decorations for the piano. The golden-rod has brightened the rooms with its splendor during the dull weather.

The class of '88, like that of '87, numbers 17.

The paper fund amounts to \$5.75. The sum needed this term is \$7.28.

The young men of the senior class have no reason to quarrel about the back seats.

The Merrimac empties into Long Island Sound this year according to Geology I.

For Phys. Geog. III.—An exchange says:—A stopped up geyser is an ex-spurt in its way.

According to Physiology IV., the number of Mlle Skeleton's wrist-bones vary from three to nine, in as many minutes.

Thanks are due to the mother who contributed the two large and handsome bouquets of wild flowers that adorned our piano Thursday morning.

One complete set of Vol. II. of the O. L. and I. and two sets of Vol. III. can be obtained of the editors or at J. Allen Rice's drug store for 50 cents apiece.

We should think that some of Physiology IV. had learned the blacksmith's trade by the way they lift the foot of Mlle Skeleton to count the tarsals.

Stationery is stationary, but stationary is not stationery; and yet stationery is often a quire, though a choir is not stationary. This is English, you know.

Teacher—Name some of the organs. (Scholar names the heart and stops, satisfied.)

Teacher—That is singular number, but perhaps you have two. Some have.

Teacher—What is the largest bone of the arm?

Scholar—The humerus.

Teacher—How do you spell the last syllable?

Scholar—O-u-s.

Teacher—I have heard of a funny bone before.

Scholar—Please may I have some hydrochloric acid in my bottle to take the lime out of this bone?

Teacher (turning away)—Yes; put in about a spoonful.

Scholar—Where is the spoon?

This young lady will meet with success if she is as precise in all her undertakings.

There is a good time coming, for now we certainly shall have a sidewalk and a street crossing. It ought to be granted to the scholars, if only as a compromise for shocking their modesty by compelling them to view the scenery about the square twice a day.

PERSONAL.

EDITED BY
MARY L. TOOHEY AND PATRICK J. LAWLESS.

Fred J. Aylward, '87, is employed at Saunders' shoe store.

Lillian F. Hill, '87, is recovering from a severe illness.

Walter Parkhurst, '87, is drafting at Norcross Bros.' quarry.

Amy L. Harris, '87, is attending the Laselle Seminary in Auburndale.

Napoleon E. Tougas, '86, is employed in the Hopedale Machine shop.

Louis J. Johnson, '83, and Frank L. Fales, '85, are engaged on the state survey.

Austin Roberts, once of '88, is clerking at the Boston Grocery and Tea house.

Julia M. Barry, '74, has resigned her position here and is now teaching in Abington.

Florence E. Harvell, '75, was married to Fred E. Ball of Winchendon, September 15.

H. Maude Hapgood, once of '88, has returned to the Friends' school in Providence.

Miss Kate M. Ranahan, '77, and Lawrence E. Doherty, '80, were married September 15.

Alice N. Vant, '83, Wellesley, '87, is to teach English Literature in Mrs. Shaw's school, Boston.

William W. Phipps, '87, holds a position as clerk in a carpet store on Washington street, Boston.

Effie J. Craige, '86, and Lucy F. McNamara, once of '86, are attending the Framingham Normal school.

Emmie L. Eldridge, '87, Florence Leonard, '86, and Maude Dickinson, '86, entered Wellesley this month.

Frank L. Fales, '85, and Willard L. Fales, '86, took the qualitative course in Chemistry at Harvard this summer.

Joseph H. Ambrose, '78, foreman at Spaulding's straw shop, was married in July to Maud A. Gould of Portland.

Mrs. Fred Swasey, '75, Otis B. Barker, '76, and Harry N. Tyler, once of '88, will pass the winter in South Pasadena, California.

Inez L. Gay, Harriet A. Smith, Maggie L. Minon, '85, and Ellen M. Waters, '84, have just been elected teachers in town.

Harry J. Wood, '82, Harvard '87, has been taken into the firm of C. B. Woods & Sons, manufacturers of specialties in furniture, Boston.

We are pained to announce the death of W. H. Tingley, once of '85, William E. Hickey, once of '87, and Timothy J. Dempsey, '82.

Popular Crazes.

What a people we of this generation are! Never satisfied with what is before us, but always struggling for something new. Since this is so universal a characteristic, one might think we had inherited it, and what history tells us of our ancestors, seems to prove it so. However this may be, we of today run mad after every new craze which arises. We're all absorbed in it for a day—it may be for a month, but something else soon presents itself, which makes the former a thing of the past. As the butterfly flits from flower to flower, so we flit from one craze to another. This is true not only of the young but also of the old. We work all day to earn money to spend for some new craze, and perhaps even sacrifice a necessity for a luxury. A new thing tickles our fancy, and we are willing to give our time, our money, even our health, to possess it.

Of all the crazes, fashion heads the list. Now doesn't it seem ridiculous that we change our style of dress as often as we do? We visit our grandparents during the summer, and of a rainy day we mount to the garret, where is hung up an array of old style costumes. How we laugh at such queer looking clothing! At the cocked hat, the buckled shoes, the wig our grandfather wore; at our grandmother's dresses, with their full skirts and puffed sleeves, made of a peculiar shade of purple, with a bright figure upon it, as large as your hand; then the huge bonnet extending in front and trimmed with an abundance of gay-colored flowers. But it is not necessary to go back so far. Look at any photograph album of even the last ten years. Modes of dressing the hair will there perhaps seem the most ridiculous. They vary from huge burdens of true and false with their crimps and bangs and curls even to the craze of the past winter, when many went to the opposite extreme and sacrificed to the shears their silken tresses. What slurs has the hat received during the past year, in all the papers—the hat that towered toward heaven; the hat that could eclipse the whole stage. We make fun of our ancestors for the peculiar styles they adopted, but we must expect our descendants also to ridicule us, as they will have every reason to do. What will they say of a lady dressed in the height of fashion, carrying under her arm a savage looking pug dog.

What is the history of the skating rink? It arose, it spread, and like a shooting star it disappeared. Only think of the money squandered upon it during its ephemeral existence. Huge buildings were erected for rinks,

great factories were built for manufacturing skates, but yet how soon it all passed, until today very little, if anything, is heard of it. This was a craze in the broadest sense, and brought with it ruin, both financially and morally. Tobogganing was the craze of the past winter. Fashionable society of New England must all go to Canada. Then there must be a slide at home. Money must be lavishly spent for its erection. Each individual must have an expensive toboggan, and, of course, a costume. Night after night, the crazy enthusiast toils up hill to ride down. Frightful accidents may happen, but they only spur on the pleasure seekers. The velocipede of former years, which has now become extinct, was a craze; but this term can with less reason be applied to the bicycle of today. In one respect it falls under this head, for so many spent their time and money upon the new invention, as soon as it was introduced. Every boy must find employment to purchase this two-wheeled horse. As it is of so great assistance to men in going to and from their place of business, and also to messengers and letter carriers, we think this a reasonable craze.

We read a notice in the newspaper the other day, that the ladies' sewing-circle meets today, and so let us drop in. What do they do there, anything except talk? O yes, many are employed on some fancy article. Here's something we all recognize, a crazy quilt, named from its structure, and well named too. How fast this furor spread until nearly every one had a crazy quilt. We wonder that the person making one isn't afflicted with a similar disease. What can that lady be doing with her husband's silk hat? That, to be a crazy patch-work-basket! I should think it was crazy, for who ever thought of such an idea. It must indeed be a very useful article. But just look at the host of crazy table-scarfs, the crazy sofa-pillows, the crazy-lambrequins, the crazy wall-banners, the crazy hand-bags, and those nuisances to all men, the crazy tidies.

I suppose all these things are to be sold at the coming crazy fair, which begins with a sale of crazy articles, followed by a crazy supper, concluded by a crazy entertainment. Only 25 cents admission to buy the very article you made. Everything crazy, except the admission.

The progressive euchre parties of the past winter and spring have almost necessitated the addition of another day to the week, or the publication of another weekly paper to record their doings. There are assembled people of all vocations, merchants, clergymen, scholars. There

are old and young. There are men, women and children. What would be the attraction if a prize were not offered? Almost invariably the game is followed by a collation. By the way, collations are becoming quite indispensable accompaniments, and perhaps they ought to be put on the list, for now, if ever, it seems true that mankind live to eat, rather than eat to live.

Thus runs the world away. Time would fail me were I even to attempt to catalogue the crazes of the day. Think of them and ask yourselves whither such manias will take us. Is it a sign of weakness which forebodes evil, or is it only a desire on the part of man to brighten the stern realities of life? I leave the answer to you.

M. E. W., '87.

Anatomy.

The following jingle was cut from an old paper and may be of interest to the Physiology class:—

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Four in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind?
Two in each,—one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one; two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each; like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the kneecap, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each, we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes, half a score?
Twenty-eight and there are no more.

And now altogether, these many bones wait,
And they count, in a body, two hundred and eight.

The first printing done in America was in the City of Mexico, in 1539. There were then two-hundred printing-offices in Europe. The second press was set up in Lima, Peru, and the third in Cambridge, Mass., in 1639.

A Mid-Summer Day's Dream.

Below my open window runs a noisy little tributary river; today hardly more than a bed of smoothly-rounded rocks with rivulets meandering between them; but after a rain, or when the reservoir's gate has been raised among the hills, then it rushes headlong, splashing and foaming with many a backward-whirling eddy. It seems to fret and worry, as if every obstacle only served to increase its impatience, and, as soon as it overcomes the opposing rock or trunk of fallen tree, away it goes faster than ever. As I sit in a half-conscious state, my book hanging from one listless hand, my pencil and paper at my feet, my head yields to the pull of gravity and everything becomes enveloped in a haze of indistinctness. Soon the river's roar becomes a confusion of voices; but now and then one is audible, and the waters seem to be having an indignation meeting. I strain my ears to catch the words; but soon they begin to burn, for the exclamations are rather personal. My utter disregard for all things terrestrial produced the same effect upon the water-drops toiling under the mid-summer sun that the red mantle does in the Spanish bull fight. "See the lazy fellow up there wasting the precious minutes!" said a drop worn so thin that it could hardly cast a shadow. "Yes," said a second, trying to regain his breath after being unceremoniously thrown into the air by a projecting ledge, "the sight of us workers ought to shame him to action." Then Number Three came to the assault, then Four, and then a perfect rabble got together in a shallow behind a rock and shouted up all sorts of tantalizing insults. "Why doesn't he carry that wood into the shed?" "Why doesn't he pick up those stones, and rake up, and take some pride in his surroundings?" "Why doesn't he hoe that garden? Just see the weeds!" So it went on.

I am naturally of a phlegmatic temperament; but, after a half-hour of these oxide-of-hydrogen taunts, I snoreously growled in stomachy tones well flavored with corn, beans, beats, cucumbers and other "garden sass." "What business is it of yours anyway? What have you done that gives you the right to call me names? How about glass houses and stones?" "Glass houses and stones!" they shouted in concert, "hear him: what have *we* done? Isn't that cool?" "Yes, a great deal cooler than you are," I growled. "What have we done?" said an aldermanic drop; "let me tell you; we've been turning the great wheels which have blocked our course ever since we reached the river, and

our shoulders are black and blue with the marks of our struggles." "I've been so sore ever since I helped to turn that chalk-box factory wheel that I can't sit down," said another. Then every mother's son of them began to boast of what he had done and each claimed the leadership. A confused mixture of match factory, saw mills, knife handles, grist mills, stockings, wool carding, leather machines and pulp works came flying at me, and, as if the present were not sufficient, some arrogant ones began to tell of what they were going to do when they had reached the spindle-turning river further on. How long this rasping of my nerves would have continued, I cannot say; but my book slipped from my hand on my foot and I awoke. As I straightened out joint after joint and wiped away any traces of shame that might have accidentally visited my cheeks, I resolved to turn over a new leaf; but while I was resolving I made the mistake of turning myself over instead of the leaf, and was asleep before I formulated the resolution.

N. B. When I *voluntarily* become a farmer, I shall buy a stone-crusher, lay plank walks between the corn hills, and make that scolding water furnish electricity for heating.

Yours lazily,
O. L. I.

Sleep.

A chemical theory of sleep is explained in a recent number of Science, and we have selected the following as of interest to the physiology class:—All work, muscular or cerebral, produces waste products. These accumulate, make work more and more difficult: this is fatigue. As the process continues, the waste products intoxicate the higher nerve-centres (just as a dose of morphine does), and render them incapable of action: this is sleep. There is a constant struggle against the fatigue, which for a time, may succeed. We probably never arrive at the extreme limit of work; the sensation of fatigue intervenes to prevent such a disaster. Fatigue, as is well known, may extend from muscle to nerve, and from nerve to nerve-centre. We may be very tired from repeatedly lifting a weight, and not be sleepy, and may be generally sleepy without any considerable local fatigue. As the waste products accumulate in the centres, motion and sensation become more and more sluggish until the time comes when the ordinary stimulation no longer arouses them, and we sleep. On waking, if the body is rested, these substances have disappeared.

Be sure and patronize our patrons.

EXCHANGES.

"Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told,"

And once more we come with a cordial "salve" for all exchanges which we—are going to receive. May none of the old be missing from the list, and may many new ones come and spend the year with us.

Believing thoroughly in the exchange column, but having received, as yet, no exchanges to praise or blame, we can show our loyalty to the idea only in filling this space with declarations of future intentions. After the rest of the long vacation, and while our lungs are filled with the "mellow freshness" of autumn, we feel quite like attacking the delicate problem of how and how much to criticize our contemporaries in the field of school journalism, and quite like settling it all by saying with Tiny Tim, "Bless us every one."

"Herr Most was refused a declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States." We are glad to know that a line is drawn somewhere and that "moral character" stills means something. That man who becomes naturalized, simply because some one needs his vote and is willing to pay the bills, and such men as Herr Most represents, are certainly, to say the least, undesirable as citizens of a free republic.

We are pleased to record three visitors even thus early in the term. We do not include in this number the little five-year-old who, misled no doubt by the size of some of the new class, thought himself large enough to occupy a seat in the *high* school, nor do we count the member of the genus *Bos* who sought our "pastures sweet." It is hardly necessary to say that parents and friends are always welcome and we esteem it a favor to us if they will come and see what we are doing.

September 17.—It is one hundred years since the adoption of the Constitution of the United States at Philadelphia. A centennial has been held in that city and the original thirteen states have participated in the celebration. Massachusetts was the sixth state to ratify the constitution, and therefore sixth in the procession. The date is also memorable for two other events in the history of the United States. The foundation of the city of Boston, then called Trimountain from its three hills, and the battle of Antietam, one of the severest battles of the Civil War. This battle protected the North from invasion and Washington from any danger of attack.

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"Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection, must finish him."

"The hearts of men are in their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence."

"All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been, is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books."

A young man who makes good books his friends and companions, is on the high way to general intelligence, and is in little danger from the allurements of vice.

A pupil was complaining to his teacher because she kept him after school for whispering, saying he could not help it. "Oh, I think you can help it if you will; boys can do what they have a mind to, if they set about it." "Yes," answered the pupil, "but you won't let us do what we have a mind to."

Not only the schools, but the pulpit, the Sunday-school, the press, public speeches, the lecturer, agricultural and literary societies are all educators, and should be liberally invoked, patronized and fostered. Our people ought to read more of newspapers and periodicals. Every family should have a newspaper if they expect, or care, to keep pace with the current of events in this fast moving age.

Toledo—Corn city. St. Paul—Gem city. Mobile—Shell city. Duluth—Zenith city. New York—Gotham. Holyoke—Paper city. Louisville—Falls city. Chicago—Garden city. New Haven—Elm city. St. Louis—Mound city. Pittsburg—Smoky city. Cleveland—Forest city. Nashville—city of Rocks. Lowell—city of Spindles. Madison, Wis.—Lake city. Little Rock—city of Roses. Detroit—city of the Straits. Denver—city of the Plains. Philadelphia—Quaker city. Indianapolis—Railroad city. New Orleans—Crescent city. Brooklyn—city of Churches. Kansas City—Mushroomopolis. Cincinnati—Queen city—Porkopolis. Boston—Modern Athens—The Hub. Minneapolis—city of Flour and Sawdust. Baltimore—Monumental city—Mob city. Washington—city of Magnificent Distances. Milwaukee—Cream city—city of Beer and Bricks.

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A Debate.

Resolved: That Silicon is of greater value to man than Calcium.

SILICON.

I maintain that silicon is of greater value to man than calcium, and I can give my reasons for my belief. I am willing to grant to my opponent that there is a great deal of calcium in the world; but silicon, while existing in rocks abundantly as quartz, is also nearly one third of all the other minerals, limestones excepted. One authority even says that it constitutes one fourth of the earth's crust, and is the most abundant of all minerals. Compare the hardness of silicon to that of calcium, and you will see its superiority. Because of this quality, it can scratch glass, and when struck with steel will give off sparks of fire. Silicon occupies the chief place among the building materials of the globe. By its great hardness, its insolubility, its resistance to atmospheric agents, and its infusibility, it has power to withstand the variations of heat and cold and wear of waters better than any other mineral. It is also the prevailing constituent of sands and the movable materials of the earth's surface. Its uses in world-making are therefore exceedingly various. When once fixed, however, it gives great stability and solidity. I assert that there is no mineral whatever which takes on so many forms and colors as silicon. In the jeweller's store you will find many examples of this fact, among which is the rock crystal, which he cuts and uses in his eye-glasses and other optical instruments. Amethysts, the supposed charm against intoxication, are also highly prized, as is also the opal, the most important of which is the precious variety, which displays to the

eye all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. What are the stones used in our grist-mills but a variety of silicon, the tenacity and shape of whose cells and the hardness and roughness of whose surfaces give them a valuable grinding power, combined with great durability. Think of the amount of flour and meal that we use, all of which has been crushed and ground by this most important of all minerals.

Granite, a form of silicon, is one of the most valuable and enduring of building stones. Our Memorial Hall well illustrates this use of granite. In its quarrying, Massachusetts ranks the first state in the union, and millions of dollars are derived from this source. For granite, Milford has a national reputation. Think of the large amount of it used in Pittsburg and in Boston. Do you realize the power silicon has of enduring? Egyptian obelisks have stood the wear of the elements for thousands of years. Estimate, if you can, the amount of it which is used in paving the streets of our large cities. What large quantities, too, are used in our porcelain and earthen-ware factories.

What is glass but an artificial silicate, which can be readily worked and moulded into countless forms for man's use. When heated glass is dipped into hot oil and then cooled it becomes toughened, and hence its great value as table-ware. Glass is so easily colored that it delights our fancy and beautifies our surroundings. Glass resists all common re-agents, even those that will dissolve gold, the king of all metals, and therefore is of untold value to the chemist. Hydrofluoric acid, however, will eat it, and to this fact is due the great industry of glass etching. Recall the number of optical instruments, from the common mirrors, through

the long list of eye-glasses and spectacles, which almost give sight to the blind, to the kaleidoscope, the friend of the designer, to the microscope, the treasure of the scientist, even to the huge telescope, which extends man's vision far out into the bounds of the universe. The great abundance of silicon signifies its importance in nature. It is essential to the growth of vegetation, for many plants, especially the grasses and grains, cannot live without it. It is silicon which gives firmness to their stems, and in some cases they are so abundantly supplied with it that they are used for polishing powder. If I continue my illustrations further I fear that I may weary you, and so I shall simply ask you this question: Considering the seemingly unlimited amount of silicon in nature, and the multitude of uses to which man has put it, am I not justified in maintaining that silicon's claim to superiority is greater than that of calcium? E. F. R., '87.

CALCIUM.

I do not deny the great importance of silicon. I do not deny the fact that we derive very many benefits from it; but when it is to be compared with calcium, then it is my belief that the latter is by far the more important to man. The illustrations are so numerous that it is difficult to tell where to begin. On looking around me, first I see the ceilings and walls covered with plaster. This plaster is mostly calcium, commonly called quicklime; how much more pleasing to the eye than the rough walls of our great-grandfathers' homes. By the addition of stucco work, that compound called gypsum, our ceilings and walls are often beautified and adorned; the whitewash which is spread over the

plastering is of the same material. The foundations of this very building are bound together by means of a cement also containing a large amount of it. Go with me to our homes and there you will find numerous other uses of this valuable mineral; in the form of marble, we see it on every hand; our centre-tables are marble-topped; our mantel-shelves are made of the same material; our lamps have polished marble bases, which not only are an ornament, but give them greater stability; our clocks, too, have marble cases, and in fact, in this decorative age, you will find the rooms of a modern house filled with bric-a-brac made from some form of calcium; it may be powdered gypsum, as plaster of Paris, or the crystalline carbonate, as marble.

Now that we have examined the interior, let us go outside the house and continue investigations; we notice the gardens full of fruits, vegetables and flowers; think what our life would be without them, and yet we would be thus deprived if there were no phosphate of lime in the soil to give nourishment to their roots. In the straw-shops for making the hat blocks, in the gas-house for purifying the gas, in the refinery for whitening the sugar, in leather-tanning for removing the hair from the hides, and in the foundry both as a flux for lowering the melting temperature of the ore and for making the moulds, we shall find still other practical applications of calcium, either in the sulphate or carbonate.

Necklaces and other ornaments made from corals and pearls are examples of nearly pure calcium. Corals are the skeletons of polyps which have become fastened together, and pearls are merely coatings of carbonate of lime given to foreign substances (like grains of sand) which have become lodged within the shells of mollusks.

Perhaps you sometimes indulge in a glass of cool soda (a misnomer, by the way, for there is no soda in it); but you probably do not stop to think that you largely owe your pleasing drink to calcium; for, by adding acid to marble, carbonic acid gas is generated, which, forced into water, is sold under the erroneous name of soda water. The fountain itself is made of handsomely polished marble; of this material we also build steps, floors, store fronts, even entire houses. When lime is strongly heated, it gives off an intense white light which has been seen 30 miles out at sea. On this account, it is of great importance in the light-

house and in the magic lantern or stereopticon. In our schools we use chalk, a form of calcium so soft that it leaves a part of itself behind whenever it is touched. The geologists say that the lower half of Florida as well as many islands in the Pacific ocean are known to have coral or lime foundations.

If you go into the art museums, you see the result of the old Grecian sculptors' skill in the shape of magnificent marble statues; in our parks, we erect great national monuments in honor of our dead patriots and statesmen. For example, the monument in honor of Washington at the capitol is made of glistening white marble. In our own Memorial Hall, we have, cut in marble, the names of our valiant soldiers. We employ the artist with his chisel to decorate our private and public grounds. All over our land, in the cities of the dead, millions of dollars have been spent in beautifying the last resting places of our dear departed ones. So we might continue our almost endless task of mentioning the applications of calcium in the various arts and trades; but why go away from ourselves? The very bones, the framework of our bodies, our teeth, our cartilages, even our muscles and our blood, are all supplied with lime.

And now having presented to you many of the principal uses of this mineral, I trust that you have fully appreciated them, and I have no doubt that you will agree with me when I say, "Calcium is the element!"

W. P., '87.

Wanderings in Literature.

The first year the class of '88 were in the High School, we crossed the ocean with Washington Irving, visited many ruins of chateaux, and saw the vine covered churches of England. We also paid a visit to Westminster Abbey. There we spent much time, for the place was so interesting we could not leave it without a thorough inspection. We passed some time in the Poets' Corner, reading the inscriptions on the monuments. From there we wandered towards that part of the Abbey that contains the sepulchers of the kings. How still and silent everything seemed as we loitered around the tombs on which were quaint effigies, some of nobles with their robes and coronets, and others of warriors. Thence we went from tomb to tomb and from chapel to chapel until it was almost dark and we were obliged to leave the Abbey and journey towards home.

After resting, we next visited the

poor, dilapidated home of Rip Van Winkle, who, to escape his wife's scoldings, went up into the mountains and fell asleep. Tradition said he slept twenty years, but the story seems incredible to many. On returning we passed the memorable school-house in which Ichabod Crane taught contrary to the golden maxim "Spare the rod and spoil the child." But those days are gone by, for the building is nearly fallen to decay, and the children are grown to manhood and womanhood.

Our journey of the next year was with Longfellow to Acadia, now known as Nova Scotia. Our first visit to Grand Pré was very interesting. There we saw the thatched roof houses built of hemlocks and strong oaks; but when we returned after looking up other places of interest, nothing was left but ruins.

"Where is the thatched roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers?

Waste are those pleasant farms and the farmers forever departed."

As the winter was approaching we went with Whittier to his home, and there spent many evenings in telling stories, cracking nuts and watching the red flames as they shot up from the fire.

We always had a strong desire to visit a tournament, and by invitation of Sir Walter Scott, we next went to one. It was a magnificent sight to see the knights and barons all glittering in their armors and riding their war horses; but we have not space enough to write about all the sights we saw, and do them justice. When in England we formed the acquaintance of Dickens and with him we went to France. At this time the French Revolution was breaking out, and the guillotine was doing its work with an earnest will. What misery was the lot of the poor people, and what tyranny disgraced the nobles! The sights were so dreadful that we did not care to remain, and hurried off to Venice. There the next year we met Shakespeare, and under his escort visited the court where Antonio was being tried on his bond. Who is the person who whets his knife so earnestly? It is Shylock, the Jew.

"Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?"

* * * * *

"To cut that forfeit from that bankrupt there."

If one were not acquainted with the cause, it could easily be learned by watching the movements of this Jew. There he stood with the balances in his hand, and knife ready to cut his pound of flesh.

" 'Ay, his breast;
So says the bond. Doth it not, noble
judge?
Nearest his heart: those are the very
words.'
" 'Are the balances here to weigh the
flesh?'
" 'I have them ready.' "

One cannot but say "O thou inex-
orable dog! After watching the
proceedings, we gave up all hopes
for the life of Antonio; but when the
Doctor appeared, the whole case
was changed, and it was surprising
to see the audacity and wicked pur-
pose of Shylock disappear. He was
no longer a warrior but a coward.
Would it not have been better if he
had taken the six thousand ducats
that were offered him for his bond
than to lose all he possessed?

"If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my
bond.

* * * * *

Give me my principal and let me go from
hence; I am not well;
Send the deed after me and I will sign it."

After this interesting visit we
next took a longer journey and vis-
ited the Senate House, where Caesar
was assassinated. We wandered
around about the statue of Pompey,
at the base of which mighty Caesar
fell. Shakespeare told us many sto-
ries of his glory and good will; of
the victories he had won, and the
works he had accomplished. This
was the last place we had planned to
see, and well satisfied with our wander-
ings, we returned to our homes just
at the end of our junior year, deeply
indebted to her whose kind hand
had led us so pleasantly through the
broad fields of literature.

L. E. T., '88.

EXCHANGES.

When we look at the column of
Town Notes in the High School
Medium, we feel like saying, "Hands
off!"

The new heliotrope dress of the
Lawrence Bulletin is very becoming,
and the article on "The Ancient and
Modern Hero" shows solid good
sense.

The Albany Cue takes us to the
Adirondacks with such a telling hit
that we wish we might stay there
longer, but it cannot be. Examina-
tions are coming, even as the Cue
tells us: "As the leaves fall from
their lofty positions on an autumn
day, so the spirits of many of our fel-
low students will descend, never to
rise again, under similar circum-
stances, when the announcement of
promotions is made in the near fu-
ture."

Orange High School Record starts
out well, although its good looks are
rather injured by breaking the col-
umns of reading matter with adver-
tisements. The reasons why the
giving of prizes should not be dis-
couraged are well put. We bid you
welcome.

The Academy Student from Ver-
mont formulates a good idea in re-
gard to the Ex. column. We'll show
our appreciation of its value by par-
tially adopting it—farther along.
But in the name of all that's ancient,
what do "'87 Ada, '87 Mary, '85
Anna, and '86 Mabel," mean?

Will some one be so kind as to
knock down a portion of "China's
Great Wall," so that if the exchanges
must write about it, they may favor
us with a little variation from the
five hundred times repeated article
on that subject? Crescent, why not
lead the way?

The new cover of the Dayton
High School Times would, in our
opinion, be improved if a little of
the inky black were taken from it.
The ground-work of the motto is
much neater than that of the title.
And what are all those streamers ra-
diating from the motto? Are they
intended for a burlesque on Victor
Hugo's devil fish?

The Ex.-editor of the College Mes-
sage (Missouri) gains our respect by
the very courteous, although decided,
manner in which he differs from a
writer in the University Mirror.
The article in the September num-
ber on "The Moral in Art" is excel-
lent. We would like to quote several
of the finest passages, which are well
worth remembering, but want of
space forbids.

The Argo and the Reporter both
claim to represent the interests of
Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas.
The former, the monthly, is an old
acquaintance, the latter makes its in-
troductory bow to us now—a weekly
bow—almost *weakly*, when compared
with the Argo. Prenez garde, Mes-
sieurs, or the gentlemen *and* ladies
of the Argo will distance you in the
race.

The people who live farthest from
church invariably get there first. So
has it been with our exchanges this
year. California, Kansas, Dakota
and Colorado were the first heard
from, while some of our nearest
neighbors, as the Newton and Med-
way high schools, have not even yet
sent us a reminder that the journal-
istic life-blood still ebbs and flows in
their veins. We hope to hear from
them soon.

Eureka! the ancient problem of how
to "navigate the ether" has been at
last solved in the simplest and clear-
est manner possible, by the Yank-
ton student. Grasshoppers have
been hopping and flying in the
faces of scientists almost since the
insect world began, but no one has
been found before with sufficient
genius of penetration to interpret
their pantomime. When the first
hopper starts on its first trial may
we be there to see, but all good fates
preserve us from being in the way
when it puts its juggernaut foot to
earth, for the second impulse of
flight.

The writer of "Bad Orthography"
in the Niagara Index for October
gives some good advice to bad spell-
ers; but will he kindly explain some
grammatical constructions in the fol-
lowing sentences taken from the arti-
cle in question? "That system has
not been adopted as yet, and we
hope never will, (been adopted?) as
these very bad spellers will even
write words more distortedly." (Sic?)
And in this: "Yo Young students
take advise,—learn to spell correctly,
for in after life when you will have
to write for the public, or even to
any particular private person—if done
badly—will cast upon you the brand
of ignominy, the stigma of disgrace."
Will the Index enlighten our ignor-
ance as to what or who may be "done
badly"—whether that phrase refers
to taking advice, to learning to spell
correctly, to writing for the public,
or whether some "particular private
person" is to be "done" in that man-
ner? Again, pardon our dullness,
but what is intended to be the sub-
ject of the verb "will cast"? We ask
in the full assurance of receiving a
satisfactory reply, as the Niagara In-
dex is the only school or college
paper in the United States which
claims never to be guilty of making
a grammatical error.

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THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

OCTOBER, 1887.

Published Monthly During the School Year.

BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School.

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BUSINESS EDITORS.

GRACE L. BLOOD and LYDIA A. ROBERTS.

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EDITORIALS.

GENERAL EDITORS.

OLIE L. BROWN AND LILLIAN E. THOMPSON.

The drawing this term is under the supervision of Mary B. Smith of Melrose. The fourth class are studying working drawings, which are made so interesting that they are not regarded as a task. A class for designing has been formed from the upper classes and good work is expected. Much admiration is expressed for the energy and pleasant ways of the teacher, and we ought to give in return good attention and appreciation.

The following record reflects great credit on this school: Lewis J. Johnson, '83, Harvard, '87, when graduated A. B. magna cum laude from Harvard University, had honorable mention in Mathematics, Natural History, and Art. Mach., also second year honors in Mathematics. Harry J. Wood, '82, Harvard, '87, had honorable mention in History and was graduated an A. B., cum laude. Aaron C. Thayer, '83, Harvard, '87, had honorable mention in Political Economy and was granted a disquisition; he is also an A. B. and was graduated cum laude.

"I must win the approval of James A. Garfield, for with him I must daily live and have communion." If every scholar would take to himself the spirit of the above quotation, how greatly indeed would he be benefited! Each one ought to have some personal pride and then he will have no reason to complain that he is not appreciated; for respect for one's self commands the respect of others. When performing his duties, however small, let him strive to act in a manner which will thoroughly satisfy himself, and thus he will make his life much broader and much more satisfactory.

To the Southbridge Journal, the Merrimac Budget and to the Milford Daily News we return our thanks for their encouragement and kindly approval. We trust that their brother editors will deal as gently with them, and that their patrons will be many. The Daily News is placed on file every morning and is well patronized by the scholars.

To those brought up in the woods a compass is no more a necessity than a watch. Scott tells in the Antiquary with what accuracy Edie Ochiltree could tell the time of day almost to the minute; and the hunter, a recent paper says, can tell the points in these three ways: Three fourths of the moss on trees grows on the north side; the heaviest boughs on spruce trees are always on the south side; and thirdly, the topmost twig of every uninjured hemlock tree tips to the east.

Let not the young man despair of greatness because he has no middle name; for he may be referred to such great lights as Webster, Clay, Sumner, Lincoln and Washington. In fact, it seems a queer coincidence that so many of our greatest statesmen lacked this third name. Speaking of middle names, we also add, that, when possible, they should mean something, and not be given simply because they jingle with the others. It is well to remember some distinguished ancestor, or dear friend, or, better still, in this way keep the mother's maiden name fresh in the minds of the children.

Henry Ward Beecher says that "he has no sympathy for an eight-hour man with a fourteen-hour wife." Such an expression, coming from so able and educated a man as this eminent preacher was, is gratifying to the women of our country; for they seem to have the sympathy of one of America's greatest sons. Remember that a woman's work is never done, but a man has certain hours of work and then complete rest with no thousand-and-one household cares to worry him. The most of us think that there will be a time, we cannot tell how near, when the women will have their rights and honors, too, long since due to them. But in the mean time, if we could lighten their burdens, balance the scales more fairly, and change the division of labor, woman's condition physically and mentally would be improved. The odds are already too great for the "fourteen-hour woman;" but if she could have a compensation proportionate to her hours, her condition would be less objectionable.

Mrs. Partington has not the exclusive right of abusing the Queen's English, as the following remarks made to a doctor who did not wish to undertake a difficult surgical operation will prove: "Yer aint much of a *sturgeon*, be ye? P'raps yer know how ter, but don't like it. Wall, I come np to get ye to *subscribe* for my wife."

We recently followed, with our eyes, a newsboy through a railroad car, and watched to see if we could guess from outward appearances who would buy a daily paper. We were surprised to see what a large proportion of his patrons was of the feminine gender; in fact, though this was no doubt an exception, the majority of his purchasers was of this sex. What a striking commentary of the times! Surely, if woman shows such interest in the welfare of the country, the time is not far distant when she will stand in places of trust and honor, before judge and jury, and at the polls equal to man.

The strong, natural inclination of children who are learning to talk to make all verbs regular is quite noticeable. They certainly have the sympathy of older children, (of just about our age, for example,) who find it no easy task to remember the irregular and seemingly absurd past tenses and perfect participles of many of our monosyllabic verbs. We wonder if this tendency to simplify our verbs is not a correct instinct; at all events, we hope so and are willing to give our vote for such a change. To our ears, not over-sensitive we are aware, drinked, begunned, teached, hitted and the like would soon sound sufficiently classical to allow us to enjoy life.

During the vacation we have been reading two novels, one by Bulwer and the other by Macdonald, wherein a leading character in each deals with nature's hidden mysteries, sometimes called the black art, and we turn from them with a feeling of wonder at the great change of these later days among the people at large in regard to the wonders of science. Today the schoolboy handles physical and chemical apparatus, performs experiments, constructs machines, and is acquainted with applied forces of nature that once would have ostracised him from home and friends or might have burned him at the stake. Our wonder, we emphasize, is not that great minds have labored to such good purpose in spite of public prejudice; but that the great mass of the people have been so lifted to this higher level that not only a knowledge of science does not ally one with the "prince of darkness," but the scientist is now regarded a benefactor.

❖LOCALS.❖

EDITED BY
NELLIE BROWN AND HAROLD E. FALES.

"Summer has fled,
The flowers have closed their tender leaves
and died."

An egg is an unhatched chicken,
according to Physiology IV.

A number of Physiology IV. still
have a perfect record.

If there is any word universally
mispronounced in Milford, it is laun-
dry.

However poor the lesson may be,
we always have one Wright answer
from the fourth class.

According to '91, the desire to
play marbles should cease at the age
of twenty-one.

What says Physiology IV. to this?
Does a boy's 'funny-bone' enable him
to laugh in his sleeve?

Teacher—What are three divisions
of one muscle? Scholar—The biceps
and—and—I don't know any more.

For our graduation ode, words,
and music consult French I., who
have an excellent sample copy.

Astronomy I. Teacher—Where
is the meridian of Greenwich? Schol-
ar at atlas—Why, I always thought
it was in Greenland.

Surnames beginning with C are
very prevalent in the fourth class.
One fourth of the young men's names
thus begin.

Teacher—Then you do not know
what it is? Scholar—Yes, sir.
Teacher—What is it? Scholar
(much surprised)—No, sir.

Teacher—What are Italian beg-
gars called? Scholar—They are
called lazzaroni, or macaroni, or some
such name.

Latin IV. about this time are find-
ing their lessons *in-tense-ly* difficult
and would gladly *decline* to *root* any
further.

"Dirt is decomposed earth." "The
pull of gravity is greater at the poles
than at the equator, because you
would weigh more there."

The Physiology class have sug-
gested a most inviting course for a
dinner. It consists of pig, shin-
steak, and spear-fish.

Physiology IV. have been study-
ing the different methods of prevent-
ing the decay of food, but we heard
no one suggest leaving it within the
reach of active children.

Alfred the Great would be sur-
prised to see himself, as he exists in
the minds of Physiology IV., armed
with a Winchester rifle and the pos-
sessor of a Waterbury watch.

Now that we are being called upon
to pot plants for the school-room we
realize the force of that slang expres-
sion, "He wants the earth."

Vulcan is running two new busi-
ness concerns according to Geology
I.,—that of wheelwright and liquor
dealer.

Isn't it rather strange that the
young ladies' side of the school-room
is so quiet, seeing that there are so
many "bangs" over there.

"Me too," "pull the string" and
"over the garden wall," are often on
the lips of French I. What a pity it
is to revive again those ancient
phrases.

Teacher—What is hair? Scholar—
Hair is an oily substance like a
thread and it grows right out.
Teacher—How is that? Scholar—
That's straight.

It is suggested that specimens for
the telescope may be preserved in
mica. How interesting it would be
to see the sun and moon in a mica
box to be studied at leisure.

Teacher—In which way do I accom-
plish the greater work; by lifting a
barrel directly into the wagon or by
rolling it up an inclined plane?
Scholar—It makes no difference. It
gets there just the same.

The season for preserving fruits
has nearly passed. We have heard
on every side about jellies, pickles
and preserves of all kinds, and even
in the Cicero class we heard the oth-
er day about preserving Catiline.

We are glad to hear our senti-
ments expressed in reference to play-
ing checkers. "After a game I feel
like going to bed," says a hard work-
ing student. We wonder who won
the game.

Teacher—What is salt? Scholar—
I was told that it was composed of
three poisons. Teacher—The man
who told you that didn't know any-
thing about it. Scholar—It wasn't
a man, it was a lady.

We were horror-stricken one morn-
ing on approaching the schoolhouse
to find on one of the large stone
posts in front, the waving tresses of
a woman's hair. It seemed at first
that the scalp of an unfortunate
victim had been left on the block;
but on closer inspection, it was
found to be only a "switch." Was
it left there for the benefit of French
I. in answer to our suggestion of last
month, or was it lost by a passer-by?
If the latter, we can imagine her
surprise on missing the appendage;
if the former, we are very grateful,
but suggest that the lighter shades
are more in demand.

PERSONALS.

EDITED BY
MARY L. TOOHEY AND PATRICK J. LAWLESS.

Willard L. Fales, '86, has gone to Pas-
adena, California, to spend the winter.

Irving W. Sweet, '82, has been ap-
pointed a public weigher.

Nellie A. Warfield, '82, has changed
her name to Mrs. Edson H. Norton.

Rev. Eugene W. Stoddard, '78,
preached at the Orthodox church,
Sunday, October 9.

Mary J. Kelly, '72, is taking an
enforced vacation on account of ill
health.

Harry W. Haven, English '82, is
clerk at R. C. Eldridge's jewelry
store.

Lottie A. Jones, '86, has entered
the Monroe School of Oratory, Bos-
ton.

Grace P. Field, '86, is organist,
and Nellie Brown, '88, is chorister of
the newly organized Loyal Legion.

A. L. Hodges, our sub-master in
'85 and '86, has been re-elected prin-
cipal of the Somerset high school.

George C. Dean, Amherst '87, and
Aaron C. Thayer, Harvard '87, both
of '83, have entered the Harvard
Law School.

Maude L. Wilkinson, '84, and Al-
bert S. Bassett were married Octo-
ber 3. On their return from their
bridal trip, Mr. and Mrs. Bassett
will reside in Orchard street.

Rev. Elias Nason, the first prin-
cipal of our school, (beginning his du-
ties here in 1850,) died after the is-
sue of our June number. His was a
busy life, and as a teacher, writer,
lecturer, and minister he left behind
him the records of a powerful mind.
The obituary notices of the great
Boston dailies were very complimen-
tary, but space forbids our copying
them.

Of Possible Interest to the Alumni.

"Pa, what does the printer live off
of?" "Why do you ask?" "Oh, be-
cause you haven't paid the subscrip-
tion for two years."

A Query.

If an executress is a female execu-
tor, why is redress not a female re-
der.

For Us All.

On to should never come together:
"The boat ran *on* (to) the rock." This
is one of the easiest blunders to make,
but one of the most senseless.

A Fact.

The children of today will be the
architects of our country's destiny in
1900.

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WINNE-NIPE-KEES-AUKE.

(First Day, continued.)

After pitching camp and while the fire was doing its work, a plunge into the lake cooled the temperature of our bodies, which had been well baked by the exceedingly hot sun, and in the exposed parts were poetically as red as a rose, or, more vulgarly, as a boiled lobster.

It was soon evident that the mosquito was abroad in the land. We say *the* mosquito, as a representative of unknown quantities. It was not only abroad, but very local, as old Prob. says, and evidently had made little use of *its* lancet lately. We are well aware that only the female bites; but we use the neuter gender to express our contempt. It came empty; it went away filled with blue blood.—Caution: This b— b— does not refer to royalty, or to "Boston born," but simply to the blood in our veins.—But not every one of the genus *Culex* went away. We took satisfaction of many a one, as the carcasses upon the ground testified. With fitful snatch of sleep and sudden, energetic slap of hands, we worried the hours away and wondered if Bryant was in a similar position when he wrote:—

Fair insect, that with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sails't about,
In pitiless ears, full many a plaintive thing,
And tell'st how little our large veins should bleed
Would we but yield them freely to thy need.

SECOND DAY.

Night's candles are burned out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

—Shakespeare.

We awoke in a heavy mist, but the wind and sun soon dispersed it. The mountains, as on yesterday, were only dimly outlined, and we were denied even the flitting view of Mt. Washington that we obtained then. Diamond island was our first goal, and then a longer run to put Rattlesnake Major behind us. Of course we skirted it at a respectful distance, having in mind the many alarming stories told of it, and every minute expecting to hear the distant rattles. At times, when the wind is in the right direction, smooth tracks may be seen on the surface of the water, extending to the mainland. These show where the snakes (we beg the reader's pardon, we should have said "a pair of snakes;" for, according to accepted tradition, they were always seen in pairs) used to cross on the ice to the houses of the neighboring farmers, to warm themselves at their generous fireplaces during an exceptionally cold snap. The farmers' children enjoyed the visits much; for the obliging visitors often let the young folks play with their rattles while they basked in the bosom of the family. Without doubt the story in the old Latin readers of our school-days, about the farmer, and the snake warmed to life in his bosom, had its origin in this truth-loving land. N. B.—Two bipeds of the genus *homo* of different nationalities once met, whereupon one boasted of the great historical writers of his country. "True," said the other, "but my countrymen performed the deeds." We, in our pleasing story, both *make* and *record* our facts, and so combine the double honors.

On Little Rattlesnake we landed a moment for a picture, and we pushed off with the feeling that if this were a fitting home for "the lowest reptile of the dust," we were too fastidious to crowd it out. Under the lee of this island was another, Red Head, but why so called was not apparent; for any other of the seven prismatic colors would have done as well.

We knew that Little Mark island was the watch dog at the entrance to Merrymeeting bay, and therefore were on the lookout for it. Land ahead! was soon the cry, and as we ran it down and left it on our port side—that sounds salty, we steered to the south and went dipping our way along in this bay so well known in the annals of border warfare and early pioneer life. As we doubled another point, a queer looking object upon the western shore attracted our wandering eyes, and we turned the bow that way. To our surprise it proved to be the chimney of a burned summer cottage and hunter's camp. It was situated in a delightful position and, as the ruins testified, had been well equipped. Somebody with an eye for the beautiful had added to its natural beauty by building rustic arbors, fences and seats. A barn and ice-house were still standing, and between the peninsula and the shore was a walled harbor for the boats. We afterwards learned that the name of the place was Saints' Rest, that it belonged to a company of hunters and fishers, and that it was burned during the last winter, together with a valuable hunting dog.

What could be more appropriate than this place as a *rest* for these two—canoeists? Dry wood in abundance, a cool spring, a shady retreat

for an imaginary table, and four continuous hours of paddling, made dinner seem an immediate necessity. We had it, hot and hearty, with "pielets" for dessert, and went on our way rejoicing in our freedom; for we were "far from gay cities and the ways of men." Two hours later the steamer Mt. Washington of the Boston and Maine line, together with the Kelpie and Trident, our canoes, drew up at the wharf at Alton Bay, a village of camp-meeting fame, situated at the head of Merrymeeting bay.

While views were being secured, the scribe sought the country store, where everything from second hand writing-books to goose yokes is kept, to replenish the larder. Chief of our purchases was a piece of mosquito netting to cover the open end of the tent,—for in this case we thought discretion *more* than the *better* part of valor. We delayed a moment to see the steamer turned about within its own length, which was a slow and careful undertaking because of the narrowness of the channel, and then held our course slowly to the north along the eastern shore in search of a suitable place for a camp. Had we known that it was to be our home for the next three days, it could not have been better selected. Within a mile of the village, and none too soon was it found, for a sudden shower was the forerunner of a rainy night. All day, in fact, the sun had seemed to be in constant debate with himself as to whether he would, or would not, shine, and had left the decision until sunset.

The tent was pitched on ground slightly inclined towards the lake, under a grove of large pine and oak trees so placed that they seemed to guard its four corners, and to hold out their broad branches to serve as an umbrella, thus turning aside the fast falling rain. Warm cocoa sent us to bed in cheerful spirits, with the thought that it was only a shower, and on the morrow we would make an early start for Wolfeborough.

THIRD DAY.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

It's safe to say that Longfellow did not write this stanza after getting up at three o'clock in the morning and trenching a tent with the help of a hatchet and a sharp stick. "How wet is the rain!" was our exclamation, as the quickly falling drops warned us that the starry hosts were emptying their wash-tubs, and we were underneath. The trench and tent did their duty well, and after we had re-arranged our baggage to keep it as dry as possible, we turned in for a morning nap. Later, the artist gave a few small places, where falling drops showed that the paraffine coating of last year had worn off, a salt pork poultice; but it was of little assistance. However, our tin plates caught the drops, and thus we kept the ground dry. A board from a defunct fence furnished fuel to cook our breakfast during a temporary lull in the storm (making three in all), and afterward we settled down to a restful day with our books and the writing of our journal of deeds and misdeeds, as well as letters to our friends to let them know that, to the best of our knowledge, we were still *un-drowned*. Thus we killed time, with a nibble at a cracker now and then, until, to relieve the monotony, the scribe donned his rubber suit and started for town to see if milk and a Boston paper could be secured. It is ridiculous to think how eager we were to escape from civilization, and yet how greedily we picked up all scraps of news from it. Poor hermits would we be!—that is, for more than twenty-four hours at a time.

The number of cottages here is astonishingly large, considering the attractions, and the manner in which they are crowded together would suggest that land cost a dollar per foot, or that here heaven's first law had fallen down the scale.

A difference between this lake and Memphremagog is the swell, when the wind blows, instead of white-caps. If there were only a little salt in the air, it would seem quite ocean-like. Another difference is our poor luck in fishing; it must be because we have neither worms, coffee nor whiskey with us. Who ever heard of any one's camping without at least one of these!

At the time we should have seen the sun sink behind the hills, we sank behind our netting, one on either side of the leaky places. With derisive laugh at our enemy, the mosquito, who whetted her lancet in vain, we fell asleep with hopes of an early start in the morning, although we had no fair weather probabilities on which to base these hopes.

(See November number.)

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This is the old version, but below is the new and truer:—

'Common men's work is from sun to sun;
Women's and schoolteachers' is never done.'

"Nothing wastes time like miscalculation. It negatives all results. It is the parent of incompleteness, the great author of the unfinished and the unserviceable."

Knowledge is not what you learn, but what you remember. It is not what you eat, but what you digest that makes you grow. It is not the money you handle, but what you keep that makes you rich.

An old-fashioned lady wants to know why the graduates of Vassar, and other female colleges, always have their ages printed after their names in reports of alumni meetings,—Miss I. Smith, president ('70); Miss Jones, vice-president, ('60); Mrs. Robinson, secretary, ('78); etc.

Of the fifty men who signed the Declaration of Independence, only six were members of the convention which adopted the Constitution. Evidently in those days statesmen were numerous, for there were eighty-three men in the thirteen states, having a population of some 3,500,000, who could safely be intrusted with questions of such importance as were decided July 4, '76 and September 17, '87.

The writer in the Forum who draws up this indictment against American geographical names has our sympathy. He claims that the "idiotic abuse of words and things" shown in our nomenclature, is "not merely a nuisance, but an injury to mind and character, and to the manners of the people." For instance, he finds that school children get sadly mixed up in their ancient history, by means of the great preponderance of classical names, without any show of reason, throughout New York. The map of the State of New York, he declares, resembles nothing so much as a crazy quilt, "made up of rags and patches of the Old World." And this is the more to be regretted as these names have displaced those originally given to localities by the Iroquois nations, which were not only musical, but descriptive. Another point in the indictment is the tendency to repeat and reduplicate names and parts of names, which not only impoverishes our nomenclature, but "creates a habit of beggarly imitation."

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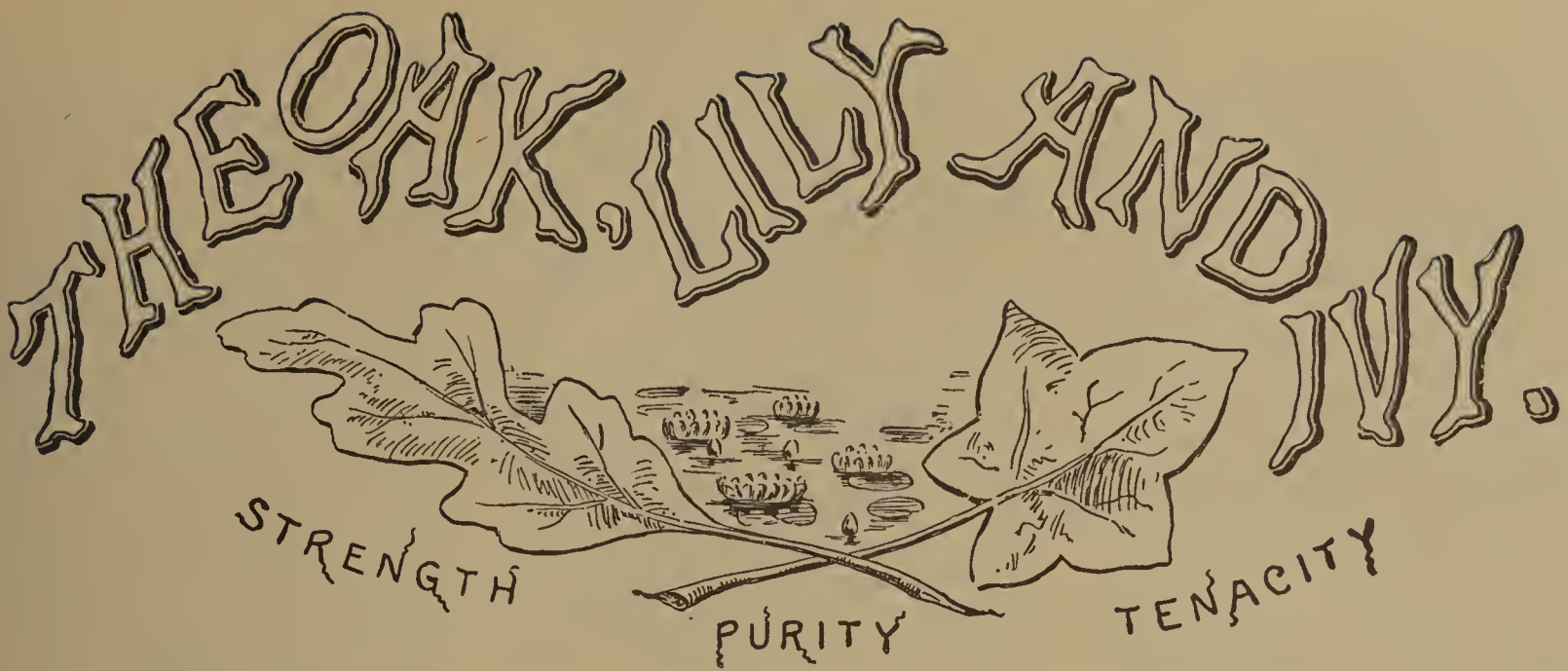
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"A Fine Old English Gentleman."

Bracebridge Hall, one of Irving's most celebrated works, is an exceedingly interesting book and will well repay any one for the time spent in reading it. Treating as it does of English characters, customs, and manners, it should perhaps be of the greater interest to us, because so many Americans trace there descent from the English. It should, too, make us desire a better knowledge than we generally have of those ancestors. In reading the various sketches of this volume, one cannot but respect and admire many of the noble traits of character, as set forth in the life of Squire Bracebridge of Bracebridge Hall. Perhaps it would not be amiss for us briefly to review the external and internal characteristics of this man. Behold a fine old English gentleman! Let us picture him, just starting out for the chase, his dogs leaping and barking about him. He has just mounted his horse and sits grasping the reins, a picture of good health and contentment, erect in form, perhaps a little heavy in weight, due to high living, and florid of face because of his out-of-door life; and yet his features reveal a kind and benevolent disposition.

We must not confound the squire with those overbearing and haughty English lords of whom we hear so much, but we may consider him a good specimen of an English gentleman who has retired to his estate, and seldom, if ever, goes into the world of society and money-making, but takes the greatest pleasure in trying to make other people happy. Descended from a very ancient family, he is proud of his ancestors, and carefully treasures in the old family manor house, the helmets, portraits, and swords of his sires. Everyone of these is sacred in his eyes, surrounded as it were by a halo of ancestral

glory. The village people all look up to the squire with great reverence, as well they may; for going among them he helps and encourages them, and takes a fatherly interest in all their proceedings. Whenever any culprit is to be tried, they appeal to the squire, and by him the penalty is fixed; but very often the offender is allowed to go free with a slight reproof, for the squire has a tender heart and dislikes to make even the guilty suffer for his deed.

We must admit that the squire is rather odd in some things, but we all have this fault in common. He especially delights in old customs and manners, and exerts every influence possible to retain them, such as falconry, the chase, May Day, and others. He reads authors of two or three centuries ago, and has even been known to express a wish that he had been born in those olden days when England was in her prime. His particular grievance against the advancement of knowledge is the invention of gun-powder. He says that English soldiers have never been the men they were in the days of the crossbow, when they depended upon the strength of the arm. Perhaps he is right if we consider all the evil which new habits and customs bring with them; but that is not in accordance with the progressive thought of the nineteenth century.

In the education of his sons, the squire has shown good sense and judgment. Fearing lest their mother might spoil them, he took charge of them, turned them loose like young colts in the open air and sunshine, taught them to ride horseback, and trained them in all manly sports, so that later he had the pleasure of seeing them start out on their life work with a good, strong constitution. Methinks we should all like to visit Bracebridge Hall, for never was there

a more hospitable person than the squire. The old manor house is very ancient, built in the old style, very picturesque and striking with its road bordered with huge trees leading to the house. These are the special objects of his devotion, and whenever it is necessary for one to be cut down, he mourns as over the death of a friend. He considers them true memorials of his ancestors, and, to quote Irving's words—"An avenue of oaks or elms is the true colonnade which should lead to a gentleman's house. As to stone or marble—any one can rear them at once; they are the work of a day; but commend to me the colonnades which have grown great and old with the family, and tell by their grandeur how long the family has endured."

The squire's household consists of servants, many of whom have been brought up on the estate, and consider it a great honor to be a member of the family. He enjoys good times and likes nothing better than to gather the whole family together on winter nights, telling stories and passing the evening in pleasant conversation.

So he lives on, a benefit and a comfort to all around him, a contented old man, who has discovered that in this world there is no purpose nobler than to make people around him happy; and in seeking for this, true happiness is obtained. When he shall bid farewell to this world, he will leave a memory more eloquent than that of glorious deeds—that of a true gentleman. May not we, as we go forth to scenes of active life, full of worrying cares and vexations, learn a lesson from the examples of this noble man's life; and in all our failures and successes, remember that only in doing our duty shall we obtain that longed for prize, true happiness.

E. L. E., '87.

The Modern Church.

"I declar to gracions fo't, Elmiry, ef it don't beat all how them metropolisses do go ahead. Naow Sunday mornin, I started out on a tower to that 'ere new meetin-house on the hill where Lucy lives, and, why Elmiry, 'twas jest like a new fangled hotel. 'Twas an Orthodox, but I'm blamed if you'd a knowed it. Waal, I hed my feet-warmer, that soapstone you give me, all wrapped up in a flannel, and that meetin-house was nearest, so I went in, walked up the big isle, and took the fifth seat from the parson. I didn't take much comfort in sittin' down, though, for I was awfully afraid of squashing them cushions. I didn't have no need for my feet-warmer, fur thar was a pipe 'round the inside of the pew, and 'twas so hot you c'd feel the warmth from it. Gness thar was lighted gas in it, or sunthin' like it.

"After meetin', Lucy's husband took me all around the meetin'-house, and I tell you 'twas a stunner. First I went into the parson's study, where there was a great big desk, two huge book-cases, and pictures all raound the walls; then I went into the ladies' parlor where they sew, an' talk, an' hev meetin's. That led into the dinin'-room, an' that was first class. They hed silver knives, forks, 'n spoons, in fact, everything you could want thar. In the kitchen thar was a great big cookin' stove and a sink, where if you turned some eranks, cold water would come out o' one pipe, an' bilin' hot water out of another. Must hev been a hot spring somewhar, and thet made me kind o' skeery. When we was a-leaving' the kitchen, Lucy's husband walked ahead, and when we come to a door that led into a room I hedn't seen, he stopped short, and, sez he to me, sez he, "Now Ezekiel, here's sunthin' thet'll open your eyes. By George, Elmiry,—no, no, I don't mean to swar, but I guess you'd say sunthin' like thet ef you was in my place,—waa, ef thar wasn't piles on piles of books, all numbered an' lettered, and sez I, turnin' to Lucy's husband, sez I, 'I jest hev a little curiosity to learn haow long it took your city to accmberlate them books.' He turned to me and sez he, 'City, Ezekiel! I'd jest a-like to know what your a-talkin' about anyways. This ere's our Sunday-skewl library, belongs to the church, you know.' Waal, Elmiry, of course I hed to pass it off as ef I knowed all abaout it; but I'll jest leave it to your common sense ef jest one solitery church could hev a lib'ry bigger nor that of our town.

"Did I tell yer 'baout th' organ? 'Twas a sight, an' no mistake, ez much ez I could see. The player set on a big bench with his back to the congregation, and faced two rows o' black an' white things one above t'other. He plyed with one hand on one set an' one on t'other, an' he crossed 'em erisseross an' ev'ry way, an' he kicked it till it roared like the dam down to Deacon Crockett's. Thar wus pipes an' pipes in front of him, an' the top was a slantin' down from the middle one of the lot, an' thar seemed to be slices taken out of 'em jest ez ef some one hed taken a knife and cut a notch out of 'em. At times great stirrin' music come out of 'em and filled the whole meetin' house with noise, and then agin, quick as lightnin', 'twould go down and be so sweet an' low thet you'd almos' want to cry. Bless me! Here's sunthin' thet'll mek your old eyes open,—thet organ was in the front of the meetin'-house, marm. Jest think of it, right side of the preacher!

"When I went into the Sunday skewl, on the walls in certin places was signs fixed to long handles. Come to think of it, I believe they called 'em banners, and they was all colors, and words of scripiter wus on 'em. 'Twas the prettiest sight you ever see, all them signs a hangin' up, and I was remarkin' on't when one banner ketched my eye an' it looked as ef it sed 'Patent Medicines.' I jest gasped out sort of sorrowful like, 'Heaven help us, thet this sh'd occur in a church;' and Lucy's husband give me a look and sed: 'Air ye blind, can't ye see nothin'? Thet sez. I'd hev you know, "Patient Wanderers," and it is written in Old English.' I didn't say nothin' after thet, I c'n tell yeou.

"The church and rooms and downstairs part was all on a level,—neow heow's thet?—an' built o' granite; and thar was three bells in the steeple all a ringin' to onet, but it sounded putty. Thar wus one thing that I thought warn't very nice, and that wus havin' pictnres of faries and sich made of stained glass in the winders. I can jest say that I didn't hev no chance to go to sleep in thet meetin'. Seems to me thet t'wouldn't be a bad idee if we could go ahead and do something like that. Wa-al, I s'pose—" and the old farmer remained mute, for his thoughts were too deep for words.

O. L. B., '88.

This world was made for poor men and therefore the greatest part of it was left out of doors, where everybody could enjoy it.—[Beecher.

An Old Schoolhouse.

It was our good fortune during the summer vacation to run across a typical old fashioned schoolhouse. It needed but a glance to prove that its ventilation was superior to that of the modern building; for its five windows that once cut off the "snow-cold winds and wintry blasts" were no more. Their diminutive panes and worm-eaten frames might have resisted the wear and tear of the elements for years; but the missiles of the small boy—who must have come from afar, judging by the outlook from the schoolhouse door—had anticipated this trial of strength with the elements. As for paint, neither outside nor in ever knew it; and as for location, it corresponded with the usual custom of "ye olden times,"—the only question which seemed to have been asked was: "Is the land good for anything else?" When it was answered in the negative, then the schoolhouse was built.

Let us step within. A closet-like place for wood, but doorless, meets the eye; then through a second doorway we enter the schoolroom, twelve by fourteen feet. There is no raised platform for the teacher; but, directly in front of where it is placed today, are two wooden benches built out from the two opposite sides of the room toward the centre, and having for their backs the first row of desks made as simply as desks can be. There is only a centre aisle, and in imagination we see the graceful manner in which the great, over-grown boys, whose schooling is limited to the three winter months, crowd by those near the aisle to reach their own seats farther on, and we can hear the fairy-like sounds of the cow-hides. We think of the buxom maidens, anyone of whom can throw out of the window the fledgeling who tries to meet his college expenses by taking his life in his hands, so to speak, as he labors to instruct and maintain order at the will and pleasure of the "big boys and girls."

There are three rows of desks, and they stand upon a slanting floor so steep that the boy on the back row can touch the ceiling while sitting in his seat; but by this statement we must not suggest a high room, for the teacher standing at his station can also touch it with upraised hand. This sloping floor makes it easier for us to understand some of the accidents (?) of those earlier days,—the mysterious rolling down front of apples and other movables. Of course, we are not so disrespectful as to harbor the thought for a moment that these progenitors of ours were anything save the typical good boys and girls who

"get run over and die young;" but, my schoolmates, if you can *honorably* overbear father and mother talking over the old days with some former friend, keep your ears wide open; you may get a point for future use.

We are wandering again. Behind the teacher's table in the great fireplace once roared a hot fire, which roasted those on the front seats, but caused no inconvenience to those farther back. We wonder that some inventive genius didn't build a revolving floor and thus equalize the temperature, as was done when cooking meat by the spit. As we look around no great head-work is required to prove that jack-knives were plenty long ago, and strong, large-bladed knives, too; for "no vest-pocket editions" could have done so good execution as is before us. Thus we stood there and dreamed with eyes wide open, seeing in fancy the nail-head being delicately held down, and the contracted biceps holding at arms' length the big dictionary, or choking with the smoke rolled out into the room by a board on the chimney top as we dodge the speeding spit-ball, until the warning cry from without of "all those who are going get aboard" brought us back to consciousness, and we ran for a board. O. L. I.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges for this month bring us a feast of good things, but in such profusion that we can only glance at most of them. The subjects written upon enter the fields of literature, religion, and politics, and reach from affairs of a simply local, to those of a national interest. As a rule, all of our former exchanges have improved, while the new ones, with scarcely an exception, start out well.

Is it possible that benighted Boston does not see *Punch*, *Puck*, the *Sun*, the *Judge*, etc.? We think the English High School Record does not pay a very high compliment to its readers when it fills its columns with quotations from such well-known papers. The poem "Twilight" is a good imitation of Gray.

The strangers, with whom we hope to become well acquainted, are fifteen or sixteen in number. The first one which comes to our notice is the *Trinity Hall Record*, a neat little magazine from the round-topped hills of southwestern Pennsylvania, and represents the interest of Trinity Hall School, in Washington. Although new to us and marked Vol. I. No. 1, it seems to have had a previous existence under another form.

We thought that old story of the student translating Vergil and getting only as far as his arms around her neck, had died of extreme old age, but O dear! and O dear! if two of our exchanges haven't dug it up from the musty past, and now they wave it before our disgusted eyes as something new. Perhaps the figures are rather mixed, but the occasion will excuse a little mental confusion.

We congratulate the Literary Monthly on the "tone" of their exchanges. After speaking of two college exchanges in one short paragraph, the rest of two columns is devoted to giving us poor mortals who, of course, never see the *Century* and *St. Nicholas*, a partial list of the contents of those two magazines for October, with a few edifying remarks. To what a dizzy height has the L. M. attained!

We welcome back *The Stylus*. We should like it for its externals alone, its artistic cover, its tinted paper, clear type and broad margins,—if that were all; but its thought and expression—its soul—are fully in keeping with its beautiful externals. It contains always something not only to interest but to instruct. We enjoyed the enthusiasm of the writer of "Phædrus" in the October number.

We welcome also for the first time,—we hope not for the last—the *North Western College Chronicle*, Naperville, Ill., with its fine literary department and well-conducted exchange column; the *University Courier* from Lawrence, Kansas; the *Purdue*, Lafayette, Ind., containing, among other good things, a very poetical prose article entitled "An Autumn Fantasy;" the *Johnsonian*, Andover, Mass.; the *Budget*, a professional weekly that honors us; and last, but not least, the new *News* from our own town.

We congratulate ourselves that we may write, instead of being obliged to pronounce, the name of the next one, the *Messachorean*, from Atchison, Kansas, a very readable publication, but perhaps a little inconsistent in its leading editorial, as witness the two following quotations:—

We shall endeavor to make the *Messachorean* pre-eminently a college journal.

We hope to give to our readers, from time to time, well-written articles from prominent Kansas authors.

In our next issue we expect to present to our readers an article on tariff, by one of the most eminent writers in the country.

Turning the leaf, we feel that some one has taken the fatal "step from the sublime" etc., when we read, as the first two items of the locals, "Polly" and "Wally doodle."

Eastman's Journal, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has made us its regular visit, and is, as usual, brimming over with enthusiastic accounts by the alumni and others of the good results accomplished by the college in the past and those which the present and future must develop.

The *Hornet*, Ottawa, Illinois, the *D. H. S. Item*, Dorchester, Mass., the *Deltan*, Grand Rapids, Mich., *The Literary Journal*, Winsor, Conn., *The Young Educator*, Portland, Maine, and *West Pitch Echoes*, Lewiston, Maine, are all initial numbers. We can speak well of them all; we wish them all success, and hope to see them all regularly. New to us is the *Pine Grove Echoes*, from Harwich, Mass. The name is suggestive of moanings and wailings, and the suggestion is carried out by the many black lines which disfigure the pages. But "cranberry vacation,"—what is it? How I wish we could have one!—"Sunny Dispositions," and titles of some of the other articles savor of something rather pleasanter than "the wail of the forest."

The ex-editor of the *College Message* has a long word to say about the *Niagara Index*. We do not quite agree with the first paragraph, but think he is very right in all the rest. We think he a little over-estimates the excellence of the paper, because not rarely are there violations of the rules of rhetoric and grammar in some of its literary contributions, such as no college paper ought to permit to enter its columns. The ex-editor reminds us of Gniteau,—he is bound to be talked about, if not for his good deeds, why, then, for his bad ones. But he forgets himself at the end of the exchange column in the issue of Nov. 15, or else his stock of slang and abuse is exhausted. Unconditional praise from the exchange editor of the *Niagara Index*! The paragraph in question ought to be framed.

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NOVEMBER, 1887.

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BY
The Senior Class of the Milford High School.
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GRACE L. BLOOD and LYDIA A. ROBERTS.

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EDITORIALS.

GENERAL EDITORS.
OLIE L. BROWN AND LILLIAN E. THOMPSON.

The amount of harm done by little things is enormous. Recently one little muskrat caused a damage in a canal that required three weeks to repair, and 3000 persons lost money and time. This is only one instance where the force of little things is manifested; but there would be far less sorrow, vain regrets, and loss of life if little things were not allowed so many times to pass unnoticed.

The good old fashioned virtue of keeping Thanksgiving is still preserved among Americans. The immediate cause for the first Thanksgiving was the surrender of General Burgoyne to General Gates. It was ordered by Congress and observed on Thursday, the 18th of December in 1777. This day did not become a national one, but was observed in New England, until the last civil war. None but the kindest feelings should accompany this day, and ties of love and friendship should be tightened.

"We might watch the sun at its rising: we might study it at its setting, but then—we don't. We *might* do a great many things, but then—we don't." Thus wrote "Elizabeth Eliza Peterkin" and we feel its truth. We wish that all would take this thought to themselves, and do what they can; for thus they would make manifest the full possibilities of their talents. A scholar, for example, can and ought to learn his lessons and thus prevent the trouble that he causes his teacher, and save much valuable time. It is what one does, and not what one may or can do, that makes his name remembered and honored by his countrymen.

Although there was no regular excursion of the school to the Mechanics' Fair at Boston, a number of us enjoyed a pleasant as well as instructive day there last Saturday. We found the Worcester High School there, and several agreeable meetings were the result.

The railroad companies would be pleased if our common clocks were made to reckon from one to twenty-four hours. If so divided, much confusion would be avoided, and therefore many lives would be saved. The Italians have adopted this method, and it is the mode of reckoning in the observatories with astronomical clocks. By this method a person would not be likely to become confused in using the same number to represent two different times of day. The Chinese avoid this trouble by dividing the day into twelve hours, but each equal to two of ours.

While reading a recent paper, we were surprised to learn to how many uses wood-pulp is adapted. What next will man invent? What would our forefathers, who built their dwellings of strong logs, think of us living in a paper house! Their surprise would not end here, for the home may contain many articles made of this material. A man may drink from a paper pail, eat from paper plates, wipe his face with a paper handkerchief, play on a paper piano, meet his death between or beneath paper wheels, and then be conveyed to his grave in a paper coffin. The coffin may be paid for with a piece of paper, and the death published on another piece of paper.

The school was entertained this month by ten scholars picked out by their teachers and schoolmates, as representatives of the different rhetorical classes. Below are given the names of the speakers thus honored. The exercises were made more entertaining by three musical selections which were much appreciated, and for which the performers have our thanks.

Master Thayer, '91,	Blue Beard.
Master Wright, '91,	The Victory of Perry.
Master McKay, '91,	Cornet solo, The
	Cricket on the Hearth.
Miss Godfrey, '91,	The Pride of Battery B.
Miss Wires, '91,	Two Villages.
Misses Brown, '88, and Quiggle, '91,	Song,
	Evening Bells.
Master Gibbons, '90,	Under a Radical
	Sign.
Miss Nickerson, '90,	A Medley.
Master Morgan, '89,	The Two Flags.
Miss Flaherty, '89,	For Bread.
Misses Hale, '88, and Cooke, '89,	Violin
	Duet, Divertissements.
Master Tirrell, '88,	Extract from Homer.
Miss Roberts, '88,	The Age.
	Accompaniments by Miss Roberts, '88.

The New York Tribune, speaking of Ives' financial juggleries, says: "He represents in an extreme form the thirst for riches that is too common with us. There is too much talk about millions and millionaires in the home circle as well as in the newspapers. The American boy is likely to hear much more about rich men than he is about great men, more about Wall street than about the church or the college; and it is no cause for wonder if he grows up with the feeling that the men who make huge fortunes quickly are the world's true heroes. It is unquestionably true that to a large class of young men the career of a man who grows rich even by doubtful methods, is able to own fast horses and a yacht, and is talked about in the newspapers, presents all the glory that is worth striving for." This, we fear, is far too true, and shows at least one reason why in most high schools (ours is an exception) the girls so far outnumber the boys. The boys are in such a hurry to accumulate riches that they cannot even wait to lay a foundation of a little learning, so that in later years, if they are so fortunate as to accomplish their purpose, they may enjoy their riches.

We were greatly astonished by a recent statement of Hon. John D. Long, that one half of the population of this state is situated in the cities. Our curiosity to know whether this is possible, led us to look up the matter, and we were then more surprised to find that *over* one half of the population are inhabitants of the twenty-three cities. It seems strange to us that, after these many years of fighting for liberty, men should voluntarily give it up and settle down, contented with a representative government. The town meeting, that came over in the Mayflower, "every man of its passengers carrying the seed of the ideal township in his heart," has done much for the people of New England. It is the nursery of individual freedom of thought and action. Why is it that so many of our young citizens become interested in a political career? It is simply because on town meeting day he may appear and appeal to his own neighbors, who have interests like himself, and engage in the struggle with his equals. In this manner he gains confidence in himself, and by degrees fits himself for higher duties. The town meeting has aided us in abolishing slavery, educating our people, and sustaining our prosperity, and affords the inhabitants the control and management for themselves, of their own local affairs.

❖LOCALS.❖

EDITED BY

NELLIE BROWN AND HAROLD E. FALES.

"The mellow year is hasting to its close; The little birds have almost sung their last."

Have you tried the new knives?

AD=AD by indentation, according to Geometry III.

Many people in Milford should correct their pronunciation of the word *placard*.

The boy was "left" at the foot in the Latin class when he said, "Puer claudus in relinquo pede est."

Can it be that a member of the drawing class has lost her bearings? She is inquiring for her compass.

One of our jewels (not the verdant one) says that the Atlantic cable is suspended over the ocean.

We advise some of the scholars to eat more granulated sugar, that they may not only be warmer, but have more grit.

It has been a great conundrum in the Philosophy class to tell how many times the minute hand goes around the clock in a day.

Imagine our surprise at hearing one of the young ladies of the senior class exclaim, "Oh for a man!" She would better wait until after graduation.

Valuable information from an examination paper: "Milk is a produce of a cow and can be made into cheese and butter into cheese you must rennet."

Teacher—Give an account of the Roman strife.

Scholar—Do you mean the strife between the Athenian and the Spartan?

Neptune, our most distant planet, was discovered forty-two years ago this month. During this, his anniversary month, he is the ruling planet in the evening sky.

Scholar—My translation of that verb was perfect.

Teacher—Yes, but if your translation of the verb had been imperfect, the whole translation would have been perfect.

Some little birds pay us daily visits on our windowsill. It is amusing to see them stretch their little necks to peep in through the window at us. We often think of the old song,—

I wish I was a birdie,

How quickly would I fly,

Away from school and study, etc.,

and we wonder if they are as interested in our school as they seem to be.

"Each of us was told to carry his books home," is the correct expression; not *our*, not *my*.

Physiology IV. maintains that there are two kinds of "perspire," sensible and insensible. It also has a jewel of a boy,—in fact a twenty-four jewel,—for he declares his teeth are covered with emerald.

According to Geology I., radiates are animals having arms. How inferior we are to the rizapods, which have dozens of arms. However, there is still hope of improvement, as we hear from French II. that all men have three arms.

This little incident happened in one of our lower grade schools a short time ago. The teacher was always referring to the remarkable pupils she used to teach in Xville, until one day after the usual harangue, a small boy pertly asked, "Please, marm, why didn't you stay there?"

We have received some excellent samples of bread made by members of Physiology IV. It was especially pleasing to us that some of the best of it came from the young men, one of whom, we understand, has for some time furnished the family with the staff of life. We judge from his sample that they are well provided.

Some of the pupils in French I. seem to be little acquainted with the ways of the world, for in the translations we find the principals in a duel stopping to make faces at each other. A temperance member translates "soupe a la biere," "egg fritters." Another calls "jeune homme," "jaune homme." The poor young man probably has the jaundice.

On our last examinations nearly one hundred different words were misspelled. These have been placed upon a black-board, and our principal intends to have an old-fashioned spelling lesson. Perspiratory leads the list with thirteen variations; saccharine next, with nine; casein or caseine follows with eight. Thermometer is distorted by four variations until it finally becomes thermonether.

Did you ever read the inside pages of the cover of Harper's Young People? What a mess! will probably be your first exclamation. It is lucky for the publishers that they do not take any responsibility in the transactions, for where in this wide world would they find a person possessing a knowledge of all the different trades mentioned? Yet we are glad to see that the young are interested in such practical matters; for they all educate as well as entertain.

PERSONALS.

EDITED BY

MARY L. TOOHEY AND PATRICK J. LAWLESS.

Mary P. Cox, '86, is at Portland, Me.

Henry D. Nelson, '78, has gone to Pasadena, Cal.

Lucy E. Gilfoyle, '84, is now teaching in Spencer.

Cora L. Snell, '86, is assistant teacher in the Park Grammar school.

Francis J. Moriarty, '87, will hereafter reside at Lyons, Nebraska.

Ellen A. Moriarty, '74, has been elected principal of a school at Hubbard, Nebraska.

George L. Hunter, once of '85, has just received a \$225 scholarship at Harvard.

Mary E. Whitney, '87, has been elected as assistant in the North Grammar school.

Bertie Severance, once of '90, is employed as night operator in the telephone exchange.

Minnie B. Carpenter, once of '79, was married on the 16th inst. to George H. Ketcham.

Thomas R. Egan, '83, employed at the Madison House, New York, is visiting his parents in town.

Florence V. Clark, '86, is canvassing for a book, "The Home." We wish her the best of success.

Hattie G. Wight, once of '85, has been elected teacher of music and English in the Shawmut and Melville schools, Dorchester district, Boston.

We record with sorrow the death of Mary J. Kelly, '72, one of Milford's most efficient teachers; who for many years gave her best efforts to the instruction of its children.

Lydia A. Roberts, '88, entertained about twenty of her friends at her home in Congress street on a recent Friday. A musical entertainment, choice refreshments and a delightful evening were the results.

Seeds.

What wonderful vitality seeds have! We have recently read of raspberries that were raised from seed taken from the stomach of a man who was buried in the time of the Emperor Hadrian; and also of seeds taken from under the foundations of an old house in Paris, probably from the original soil of the island, and therefore coeval with the city, which germinated and proved to be seeds of an indigenous plant of that soil.

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WINNE-NIPE-KEES-AUKE.

FOURTH DAY.

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary."

The singing of birds and the tinkling of cow-bells on the opposite shore were the first sounds to greet our ears on our return to consciousness on the morning of this day. As soon as we realized our surroundings, the question of "to rain or not to rain" was anxiously discussed, and it resulted in a tie-vote. That "Behind the clouds is the sun still shining" was no consolation to us, and so we fell back on our blankets for a morning nap, thinking it the easiest way of passing the time. Even sleeping loses its charms when too long continued, and we finally were obliged to arouse the lazily flowing blood. A quick plunge into the cold water, a hot breakfast, a false alarm,—caused by a rift in the thick clouds of mist resting upon the hills,—a picture of the camp, and then more rain, were the events of the forenoon. If we had been assured of a dry camping-place after a pull in the rain, we would have ventured on; but, as it was, we turned to our books again.

This Merrymeeting bay on whose shore we are lying is said, by those who have travelled in Norway, to resemble a fiörd, because of its narrow, river-like channel and its high lands on either side. What place could be better for dreaming over the past? If we shut our eyes and go back in thought two hundred years, it needs but little imagination to hear the cries and groans of Sarah Gerrish and her bleeding companions, as they are dragged by the relentless Indians along this very shore to the next point, which still bears her name. Before the mind's eye rises the stockade upon the neighboring promontory, and we can see the anxious sentinel, as he gazes intently on what seems to be only a leaf dancing upon the waves, but which he has good reason to fear may be canoes of French and Indian raiders; for this bay, be it known, was formerly the great highway for their attacks upon the pioneers of the Cocheco valley. We can almost hear their savage war-whoops, as we thus wander in thought, but are aroused to the realities of life by a C sharp mosquito and the unnatural high G of a passing diminutive propeller. Like the noise of small boys, the smaller the boat, the louder its whistle sounded.

At last—

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night;"

but we looked in vain to see all this fallen water—

"On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven
Opposite the setting sun."

FIFTH DAY.

For weary days I had not seen the sun;
O'er the chilled landscape hung the cloud veils dim;
And somber faces matched the somberer sky.
Gray as the mists that trooped in squadrons by.

—W. C. Richards.

The tent of cotton cloth did nobly for two days and two nights, but when the hours approached the fifties, it began to vent its despair by weeping more copiously upon us. Still, however, it kindly concentrated its lachrymose efforts in the central portions. We found no fault with it, for we remembered that the "golden globe of Florentine renown" did, finally, under great pressure, give an escape to the water within it, and in this case, too, the drops seemed fairly driven between the pores of the cloth.

We then realized the meaning of "Old Prob's local." Local means right over your head, within a foot of the tympanum, on which the rub-a-dub-dub of the drops reminded us of the attic's shingled roof of our grandfather's day, and the tattoo then heard. Here was a good chance for the elocutionist to study "How the water came down at Lodore."

The fifth day was Sunday, and, of course, it was religiously necessary that we should have *beans*. We had made provision for this by bringing a can of Boston's best, and as they were a little dry, we made good use of our tent-filtered water to moisten them. We made the mistake of building our fire too near the tent, and tearfully we lamented our error, as we struggled with the smoke from the damp wood.

Our library was, for the third day, our time-killer. It contained two of Scott's novels, Wallace's Ben Hur, Pictorial Effect in Photography, and the guide-books of the two great railroad corporations, the Boston and

I V Y .

Lowell and the Boston and Maine. Our field was broad, and ought to have satisfied all denominations. Gen. Lew Wallace has shown the same wonderful power in Ben Hur that made his Fair God so thrilling, and the Conquest of Mexico so real. In Ben Hur, he so puts us into the times, the ways, manners, thoughts, and conditions of the epoch with which he deals, that we hear, see, feel, and suffer with his characters, and if we can only put aside for a moment the prejudice of the nineteenth century, the Jews will have our sympathy at their great disappointment over the loss of a temporal king. We also studied our map and were pleased to see so many Indian words retained in naming the mountains. How much more sensible than those of the islands!

The day at last wore away in as quiet, orderly and *stormy* a manner as the most orthodox could desire. Near its close a visitor with two dogs stumbled upon us "just to see if we were drowned out." We assured him that we were "drowned in" and waiting to be "washed out." We retired (the word has a smack of civilization) with as good hopes of a departure in the morning as on the three previous nights.

SIXTH DAY.

Night wanes,—the vapors round the mountains curled
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.

—Byron.

We passed a comfortable night, although it was dripping every time we awoke. At six o'clock there were no signs of improvement, but "our blood was up," and we were going. We struck camp, launched and loaded, but kept one eye on the hills for any signs of the long lost sun. A blue streak of sky, here and there, began to appear, and later Old Sol himself, like a naughty child, peeped out from behind a dense cloud, as if half ashamed to show himself, but ready to be forgiven. We pretended not to see him, and, finally, he burst forth in all his splendor.

Close to the right shore and to the north lay our course, with the wind behind our backs. Half way down to Gerrish point, a rushing sound on the shore attracted our attention. A nearer view revealed a beautiful cascade at least forty feet high—some would say fifty, but, if we are anything, we are truthful, and the reader is welcome to the other ten feet. Here was a little return for the rain, as the mountain brook was swollen beyond its usual size and therefore wilder. It was broad in places, but where the great rocks crowded it together, the waters leaped away from them. Near the crest line it split into two parts, which further down reunited. Great, rough rocks and scraggy trunks broke its course, and the overhanging trees were just thick enough to beautify without obstructing the vision. In one place a tree had grown horizontally across the stream, and this, with all the other surroundings, made it a picture to delight the artist. Perhaps Willis had such a brook in mind when he wrote:—

"It was a mountain stream that with the leap
Of its impatient waters had worn out
A channel in the rock, and wash'd away
The earth that had upheld the tall old trees,
Till it was darken'd with the shadowy arch
Of the o'er-leaning branches. Here and there
It loitered in a broad and limpid pool
That circled round demurely, and anon
Sprung violently over where the rock
Fell suddenly and bore its bubbles on,
Till they were broken by the hanging moss,
As anger with a gentle word grows calm."

Just as we rounded Fort point, the historical stockade previously mentioned, (which commands a view of the longest and widest part of the lake free from islands,) came in sight, and also, in the far distance, the smoke of Wolfeborough. Between two islands, Great and Little Barn Door, was the straightest line, and with a cloudy memory of something in our geometries about straight lines and shortest distances, we pushed the left foot hard upon the steering gear, brought the bow around to them, and settled down for a two-hour paddle.

As we passed between the islands, before us lay the borough of Wolfe, named after this hero some ten years after his fall at Quebec. As we were then within a mile, we agreed to go to town, get our provisions and mail, and return to the neighboring point for dinner. We were more pleased with the place than with any other about the lake, and there seemed to be many others who were equally pleased. Having "done" the town, and, heavily laden with good things for the inner man, food for the digestive and letters for the cardiac apparatus, (the former including two loaves of home-made bread just out of the oven,) we started, just as the whistles blew for noon.

(See December number.)

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"Active shears gather no rust."

Who loves not knowledge; who shall
rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper!

Hurry and Cunning are the two
apprentices of Dispatch and of Skill,
but neither of them ever learn their
master's trade.

Next in importance to freedom and
justice is popular education, without
which neither justice nor freedom can
be permanently maintained.

A celebrated author has said that
histories make men wise, poems make
men witty, mathematics subtle, nat-
ural philosophy deep, logic and rhet-
oric able to contend.

We believe that the schools are the
moral, intellectual, and patriotic bul-
warks of the nation, and because of
such belief millions upon millions of
dollars are expended in their support.

Of the seventeen presidents of the
United States, eleven completed a col-
lege course; of the twenty vice presi-
dents, ten; of the twenty-nine secre-
taries of state, nineteen; and of the
forty-one associate justices of the
United States Supreme Court, thirty.

Writing or printing is like shoot-
ing with a rifle; you may hit your
reader's mind or miss it;—but talking
is like playing at a mark with the
pipe of an engine; if it is within
reach, and you have time enough, you
can't help hitting it.

The poet and romancer give back
more than they borrow from the
scenes which lend them their inspira-
tion. What was this broad stream
that runs by your walls before it was
peopled by the creative touch of your
story-teller's imagination. It is no
longer Hudson's river,—it is Irving's.

The colony of Rugby is located on
the Cumberland Plateau in Northern
Tennessee, about one hundred miles
from Nashville, and six or eight hours
by rail from Cincinnati. The colony
was formed in England by Thomas
Hughes, "Tom Brown," and is com-
posed of English gentlemen and their
wives, who have formed a settlement
on the principles of a co-operative so-
ciety. The avowed purpose of the
founders of the colony was to furnish
homes in America for persons of mod-
erate means, who could purchase
lands on a long credit, erect homes,
schoolhouses, churches, etc., at lowest
cost, and supply tools, provisions, etc.,
at a minimum of expense to the colo-
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Volume IV.



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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

Vol. IV.

MILFORD, MASS., DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 4

The Library and the School.

A WELL known literary journal says: "Among the forms of beneficence for which our own generation has been conspicuous, is the Free Library. * * * But it is no exaggeration to say that such well meant generosity has oftener than otherwise been chilled and discouraged by its results. Appreciative readers are few, the *best* books are largely let alone, and the cost of the 'plant' and the taste which are put into it are often in most painful contrast to the appreciation which they have received." Granting the above statement to be true, what are the means to be taken to make a public library of the greatest use to readers individually? If the best books are not read, is it because the reading public do not know what they are, or because the people are not educated to a sufficiently high standard to appreciate such works?

What are some of the essentials for making any library a success? The first relates to the library itself. A central location, pleasant surroundings, proper arrangements, tables for use in consulting books of reference, and, above all, a collection of works covering art, science, literature, history, etc., are of chief importance. Second, a librarian with a love for the books themselves, and a knowledge of their contents, as this makes him of the greatest possible help to any one seeking knowledge under these subjects. Third, a catalogue of all the books, so arranged that the readers themselves may select understandingly works on any subject.

As all great reforms are the result of education, so the habit of reading the best books must come from the same cause, and therefore in the public schools we expect the seed sown. Form in childhood a love for the best reading, and the end is accom-

plished, and a desire for trashy reading will be unknown. The attention that has been given this subject by the teachers and librarians of some of our large cities shows what can be done in that direction. In the Journal of Education we read: "Any companionship of books tends to call out the best in us. * * * But the teacher can greatly improve the influence of such companionship, if he will use the library with much care."

For the teacher to look after the individual needs of all his scholars would seem an almost hopeless task; but incidentally he can, without apparent effort, suggest authors and their books; and, better still, put into the pupil's hands the books. Special privileges should be allowed the teachers and scholars for extra work in connection with the studies. At the public library in Providence, manuscript references to reading, in addition to the text-books, are prepared when requested, and a separate room, with books on special topics, is set apart for classes in charge of their teachers. Special cards are also provided for teachers, on which extra books can be taken. By this method the teacher has the supervision of the books to which the scholar's attention is directed.

T. W. Higginson says: "Such methods as those of S. S. Greene, city librarian of Worcester, whose ways of making such an institution to all sorts and conditions of people, may take rank with Rowland Hill's improvement in postal service, as to their results on civilization, he has succeeded in joining the library and the public schools so closely that he and the teachers, acting together, have indirectly the control of the reading of the generation growing up there." There, also, the teachers and pupils have special privileges. There, too, many copies of one book

are sent to the school-rooms. For example, thirty copies of Carleton's "Boys of '76," and twenty-five of Mrs. Richardson's "History of the United States" were furnished the principals of the grammar schools. The same method is followed with other books, and the teachers report a large number who avail themselves of the extra reading. There the aim of the librarian is to consult the wishes of the teachers, and allow them to work in such ways as they think they can be most successful. This method in its fulness requires large funds; but much in this line can be accomplished even in small libraries with the hearty co-operation of teachers, trustees and librarian. Lists of books on any given subject can be furnished, and these can be used in connection with school-work, on special cards. The teachers can have such lists prepared for and by the scholars, and these, taken home, would have a tendency to call not only the attention of scholars, but of others to the valuable books, and in this way a great reading class would be organized. All libraries should be open daily, so that any teacher or scholar, or teachers and scholars together, could visit it, and have ample means to consult any of its works.

Has our town library any advantages to offer for the benefit of the public schools? Certainly it has, for we have commodious quarters in a beautiful building built for the purpose, and there are more than 7000 volumes upon its shelves, and we also have a catalogue arranged in a systematized manner. With these advantages, can the system adopted in other places be extended to our schools and library? With the union of teachers and librarian, no reason exists why the same result may not be obtained here as elsewhere.

E. B., '89.

Extracts from a Trojan Girl's Diary.
(No. II.)

MONDAY.

AH me! It's a long time since I have written in my diary. Let me see: the last time I wrote was the night on which I was taken prisoner by the Greeks in dear, old Troy. What a night that was! I shudder to think of it; but I must put such thoughts away, or I shall go crazy again. It must be a long time since I left Troy. Well, I have much to be thankful for here in Buthrotum; for Uncle Helenus is a very kind master. He has laid out our public grounds so that they seem a great deal like our native city. Pergamus is on the hill, and the Dardanian tower; and, just outside the city wall, is a pretty little grove through which runs a little stream similar in position to the sparkling waters of the Trojan Simois. We call it the Simois and enjoy sitting by its banks and dreaming we are once more living in peace, with our loved ones all about us. Tomorrow I am going down to the river with Andromache. She says I am her best hand-maid, and so she is going to take me with her when she goes down to the mound where she makes believe that Hector is buried. While she performs the funeral rites, I shall lie down by the water and dream that my brother is here with us. I wonder where he is. He used to be so kind to me, I cannot think he is dead and I shall keep on hoping to see him again.

TUESDAY.

What joy! Now I know what made me think so much about my brother yesterday. It was because he was so near me. Just to think, after all this time and after having been in so many different places, we should happen to find each other again away over here in Buthrotum! I was dreaming one of my day-dreams, when I heard Andromache scream. I jumped up and saw some strange men approaching, and that she had fainted dead away. I ran to help her and to see who the strangers were, when to my amazement I saw Æneas and some other old townspeople, but, above all, *my brother*. I immediately forgot Andromache and all the others; for that dreadful night came back in all its agony, when we were torn apart by the cruel Greeks. After he had quieted me he related how, in the confusion he had escaped, and, by good luck, had fallen in with Æneas. When they found that Troy was only a mass of smouldering embers, they gathered together the survivors,

passed the winter in building ships, and in the spring set sail. Little did they know what Fate had in store for them! In Thrace first they laid the foundation for a city; but Fortune did not smile upon it. When they were making the sacrifices, Æneas stripped off some myrtle branches to trim the altars, and blood ran right out of the twigs. How awful it must have been! He kept trying different pieces, but they were all alike. The last time a terrible groan came from the ground. It said, "Why are you tearing me to pieces, Æneas? Haven't you any respect for a buried friend? I am Polydorus. You'd better get out of this country as fast as you can." Everybody was frightened nearly to death; because this Polydorus was one of our kindred who had been traitorously killed for money by one of our old guest-friends. Alas, what will men not do for money! After performing the funeral ceremony, they put to sea again and went to that island where King Anius lived. They hadn't been there long when there was a great earthquake, and a voice from the sacred tripod said: "Do not stop here, Æneas. You must found your new kingdom where your first ancestor was born,—a kingdom to rule the world. Isn't that a glorious thought?"

Of course they at once went to Grandfather Anchises, to ask about our ancestors. Well, he thought it all over and decided that Crete was the place, and so they set out, expecting to get there in about three days. It was a lovely sail down by Naxos with its steep cliffs, and Olearos and Donysa, green with their spring foliage, and Parian's glistening white cliffs. They landed, and Æneas divided the homes among them and fixed the laws to suit himself. They might have known that such good luck could not last. Suddenly a tainted air blew over them, which killed all the trees and crops, and even the people. They didn't know what to do; but one night the household gods appeared to Æneas in his sleep. They told him that he had made a mistake, that in the Ausonian land he must found his city. They also gave him great encouragement, which the poor man greatly needed. He was so pleased that he jumped up and ran to tell his father. Anchises said, "Oh, yes! I remember now. There were two lines in our family, and I traced out the wrong one. Why didn't I think?" If I had been Æneas, I guess I would have scolded a trifle. What a state of things brought about just by that

little mistake! I can imagine how glad they were to leave that dreadful place.

When they were out of sight of land, a storm arose. The waves ran mountain high, and the thunder rolled. All was dark as night, except when the sky was rent with lightning. How discouraged the poor men must have been! It makes me ery to think of it. They were driven from their course, they knew not where, for three days; but, on the fourth day, it cleared up, and they saw some hills in the distance. They landed on one of the Strophades, and seeing herds of oxen and goats unguarded, they killed some of them, and spread their couches along the beach in anticipation of a big feast. When suddenly a flock of Harpies swooped down and began eating from the tables. My brother says he never saw anything so horrible! How it must have turned their stomachs to see such hideous creatures and to smell such an offensive odor as these creatures send forth! They soon flew away, and Æneas had a new feast prepared; but again the Harpies came. When the men tried to kill them with swords they were so tough that the swords did not hurt them, and yet they flew away, all but Celæno. She poised herself on a rock and screeched out; "Do you mean to come here and kill our herds, and then fight us when we come for our share? I am the eldest of the Furies." (I think from my brother's description of her, that she was right about it). She continued: "Mark what I say. Hurry up and go to Italy, for that is the place to which you are fated to go; but before you build the walls of your town you will be so hungry that you will eat your very wheaten plates." Then she flew away. I guess the men wished then that they could make their swords into prayers. Father Anchises did all he could by praying and sacrificing, and then ordered them into the ships. There was a good south wind and they went off in a hurry. By Zacynthos with its groves, Dulichium, Samos and Neritos, all covered with rocks, they skimmed. Ithaca they steered as far from as possible, that hateful old place where horrid Ulysses was born. They reached Actium in safety, and there they had a great time playing games. I wish I could have seen the wrestling match. As winter was coming on they set sail again and this morning they came right into our port and were as much surprised as we to find their old friends.

N. B. '88.

EXCHANGES.

The brightest rays of the November Sunbeam are in its exchange column.

We welcome as new exchanges, The Dartmouth, Hanover, N. H., and the Golden Eagle, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Ottawa Campus, from Kansas, ought to know, if it does not already, The Stranger, from North Bridgton, Maine, for they swing the same kind of a bird in the same kind of a frame, on their title pages.

Oak, Lily and Ivy, Richmond, Maine, High School, is as interesting as ever.—[Academy Journal.

We are glad our friend finds us interesting, but we were not aware that we had gone quite so far "down east."

Rudeness is the watchword of nations sunk into the mire of vice and impunity. Refinement is the beacon light of civilization and of progress.—[Niagara Index.

We recommend the above to the careful consideration of the exchange editor of the N. I.

At Harvard, work on college papers is allowed as a substitute for regular literary exercises.—[Ex.

Good plan. We would like to see it tried here.—[Dickersonian.

Ditto.—[U. W.

Here too.—[Pharos.

Count us in on that.—[Washburn Argo.

We are in.

The Portfolio says of us:—

The "Locals," we think, contain too much trashy nonsense heard in the recitation room from silly answers made to questions given by the teachers, which is not palpable to outside readers.

We really do not think our sisters intended to be exactly complimentary, but if our "trashy nonsense" is so spirituelle as to be "not palpable," how can we help feeling flattered by the above? Thanks awfully.

The High School Record, of Woonsocket, in a very sensible editorial on practical education versus Greek and Latin, offers a hint as to the best way of studying those languages, by which many of our classical students might profit. As the expression "practical education" is generally understood, we fully agree with the writer in calling it a "phantom." Properly pursued, the study of the much-abused classics is as practical as arithmetic, or either of the other of the three r's. Why is not the power to see clearly, to draw conclusions, to compare, to trace effects from causes, etc., of quite as much importance in business as the ability to add, subtract, multiply, and divide?

The Shattuck Cadet electrifies us by the very agreeable change in the color of its cover, but we no longer wonder at the pleasant shock when we turn the leaves and see how thoroughly electricity has been introduced into every part of the college buildings and grounds. The Cadet is bound to be brilliant.

Says the Washburn Argo:—

Students: You can find among our advertisers every kind of legitimate business men represented, except tobacco dealers and undertakers. Please patronize.

As a matter of curiosity we have searched the columns of the Argo for the ads. of the rumsellers, but fail to find them. We cordially hope the "students" may be as unsuccessful in their search after the rumsellers themselves, if they feel any desire to "patronize."

Is it the Adelphian and the Hamilton College Monthly who are each accusing the other of borrowing its motto? It may be that the Portfolio, the Academian or the Woonsocket High School Record is one of the disputants, for the motto in question, "Vita sine literis mors est," is claimed by all of the five above mentioned papers. The funny part to us is that one should accuse another of borrowing from *any* paper a proverb which long ago became as much the property of the literary world as the sun is of the natural.

What kind of almanac do you have in Minnesota, friend High School World? While the winds of December are howling around us here, and we are hovering about the radiators with our frames shaken with shivers, you coolly send us the *June* number of your magazine. If you had only sent along a little June weather with it, we wouldn't object. We might be led to think your December this year was "a pious fraud of the almanac," if you'd kindly keep your blizzards at home: but they seem to have a truer idea of the real season than you, and fail not to put in their customary appearance.

If we should rearrange our ads. to suit our friends,—and ourselves; but this is in a whisper,—by massing them together, what would some of our exchanges find to say about us? We are afraid they would be like the thirsty woman on the ears, who persisted in saying "I was so thirsty!" after her distracting "I am so thirsty!" had been silenced. We *think* we should read more than once "How much better the O. L. & I. looks now its ads. are separated from its reading matter!" We should miss the old criticism and

suggestion. They have become familiar and dear by frequent repetitions, so we will "bide a wee" before making the change.

The Horse.

OF all animals useful to man, the horse stands in the front rank, both for intelligence and usefulness. Whether used for pleasure or for business, he is an efficient helper. In the horse are combined strength, speed, and endurance, and he is considered the noblest and most beautiful animal that we possess. In ancient times, when there was no great wealth, the ass was preferred, because he was easier to manage, more hardy, and could be kept with less expense; but in later times, when wealth was more abundant, great attention was paid to the training of the horse. The form of the Greek horse is described in the writings of Xenophon, and is preserved by the friezes of the Parthenon in our National Museum. The Roman horses were inferior to those of the surrounding countries, and for this reason Caesar depended upon the Gallic horses, with which he could easily ride down those of Pompey. The ancient Arab horse was one of great endurance; which is also true today, and Arabia is supposed to be the birthplace of this animal. The British horse was very skilfully trained by the cruel Britons, especially for use in their famous war chariots.

The size and strength of the horse varies according to the climate of the country and the nature of the work he has to perform. At the present time, for heavy work the Percheron or Western horse is considered the best, although the Canadian horse possesses great hardiness and endurance. The American trotting horse is a fine example of what may be accomplished by keeping the same class of animals at the same work for generations. Only a short time ago, comparatively, a mile trotted in two minutes and forty seconds was considered excellent time; but it is now reduced by more than thirty seconds. For horseback riding a very fine horse comes from Kentucky, and the mustang, which is brought here wild from the West, is very easily trained to the saddle.

Almost every part of the horse after death is useful to man. His skin is valuable for gloves, his hair for making cloth, his bones for buttons and for grinding into fertilizers, his hoofs for making glue, and his flesh as food for hounds. In continental Europe this flesh is also considered a wholesome and nutritious food for man.

H. B. S., '89.

THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

DECEMBER, 1887.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School,
PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

BUSINESS EDITORS.

GRACE L. BLOOD and LYDIA A. ROBERTS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Ten Numbers.)

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents

This paper is for sale at the well-known drug store
of J. Allen Rice, where subscriptions for
the year will also be received, and
back numbers can be obtained.

Address all communications to

THE OAK, LILY AND IVY, Lock Box 137.

Entered at the Milford, Mass., Post-Office, as
second class matter.

EDITORIALS.

GENERAL EDITORS.

OLIE L. BROWN AND LILLIAN E. THOMPSON.

Eighty years ago the seventeenth of December, John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, was born at Amesbury. We do not propose to make an especial observance of the day; for some selections from his works are spoken on every rhetorical day. We have, however, remembered him by sending him a memorial in the shape of a book consisting of extracts from his poems written on gilt edged cards and tied with the class colors in a silk floss. A very pretty cover and title-page were designed by Miss Smith, our present drawing teacher. We have honored him still more by placing a laurel wreath, for which we are indebted to Miss Susie Sadler, over his picture which hangs upon our walls.

The fact was recently called to our notice by a school exchange that in some schools, scholars attaining eighty per cent. or more in daily work were not compelled to take an examination. In this school, according to the good (?) old custom, examinations are held the last of every half term. They are a source of worry to the pupils, and the labor of correction more than doubles the teachers' work. Scholars nervous and excitable do neither themselves nor their teachers justice. Without exception, every scholar would prefer being marked more rigorously in daily recitations, and then, if they succeed in obtaining the required per cent., not be compelled to take the examinations, to the other long continued method. This is respectfully submitted to our principal, superintendent, and committee.

The following may be of interest to Geometry III., who are perplexing their brains with lines and angles. "Who would have believed, 2000 years ago, that the sailor today would owe his life to a theory then conceived by men who thought of nothing but lines and angles? It is true, and by the exact calculation of longitude, shipwrecks are diminished and lives saved."

The upper Drawing classes are indebted for the handsome casts received last month. The designs are a Greek border, a cluster of apples, and a rosette. Good models which are pleasing to the eye are an incentive for good and neat work. In the fourth class, Geometry is the base of the regular lesson in working plans. There is a universal interest manifested in the work this term, which must be very gratifying to the teacher.

For several days the temperance period, just after the devotional exercises, has been devoted to experiments and explanations by our principal. So much care taken to make the lesson attractive merits the good attention of pupils. We could not fail to understand what "precipitate" meant, when we saw the red, yellow, orange, and white solid matter thrown to the bottom of the test tubes, as soon as a few drops of the re-agents were put into the various liquids, which were as clear as water. If seeing is believing, we also know the effect of alcohol upon egg, meat, liver, and pig's brain. While these illustrations remain in our memories, none of us will care to perform upon ourselves any experiments with the poison.

How contracted the country is compared with what it formerly was. Is it possible that it is getting smaller? This seems to be an absurd question at first, but, happily for us, it is true; for by the rapidity and vastness of our railway and telegraph systems, places at a distance are brought in communication sooner, the time lost in travelling to the distant place is now saved, and it is spent in the transaction of important business. The change of mode of travel from the ox-teams and heavy stages to our lightning express trains, has so greatly decreased the time required to reach our frontiers, that, paradoxical as it may seem, in spite of the spreading of the people into the far northwest, we are becoming more closely united. Today we are in Milford, but in one week can be in San Francisco.

During the summer vacation, we saw on a ball-field a heavy wire netting stretched across behind the catcher to stop all passed or wild balls. It did not obstruct the view and did not prove an eyesore to those passing by. Would not a similar arrangement be an improvement to the appearance of our park?

While looking over an old town report we found that the town had paid to one man \$1 for burying a cat, and to another \$1.50 for performing the same sad services for a dog. We wondered whether our principal ever handed in a little bill for laying to rest that mephitic Americana which died within our school bounds, and if so, what the amount was.

Young men, the coming year will be a busy one for politicians, and the papers will be full of platforms, candidates, gossip, scandal and bitter party wrangling. See to it that you make good use of the daily papers before you, and post yourselves from day to day as the struggle for the next presidential honors goes on. Remember that there are two sides to a discussion as well as two parties, and do not confine your reading to either the Globe or Journal.

We used to have our doubts in our childhood about the "old lady who lived in a shoe;" but if the story had read "a dry-goods box" it would have seemed more probable—that is judging by those that can be seen on our sidewalks every day; for they may well be called movable houses. However, as they tell of the prosperity of our merchants who have so generously assisted us, we rejoice to see them and trust that our schoolmates and their parents will patronize those who patronize us.

What Are We?

Chemically considered, man is composed of thirteen elements, five of which are gases and eight solids. The average man weighs 154 lbs., of which 97 are oxygen. Of hydrogen there is in the average man less than 15 lbs; of nitrogen, nearly 4 lbs.; chlorine, about 26 ounces; and fluorine $3\frac{1}{4}$ ounces. There being 48 lbs. of carbon this substance heads the lists of metalloids. Phosphorus comes next, with 26 ounces, and sulphur last with $3\frac{1}{4}$ ounces. Of the other solids the most abundant metal is calcium, of which there is more than three pounds; then follows potassium, $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces; sodium, $2\frac{1}{4}$ ounces; and lastly iron, $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces. Of course, the various combinations into which these elements enter are almost innumerable.—[Exchange.]

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

NELLIE BROWN AND HAROLD E. FALES.

We wish you a merry Christmas. Are those stockings in good condition?

Lit. II.—Does it *generally* rain during a shower? No. The rain in showers is *local*.

Some of the scholars seem to be very well acquainted with the Vienna Cafe, alias Vena Cava.

We think some *diseased* persons would object strongly to being called *deceased*.

Among the islands of the Mediterranean Sea we hear the *Slipery* Islands mentioned.

We object to bisecting a line in to five parts, even if the Drawing class makes the request.

We would advise some exercises for the development of the lungs of those who cannot hold their breath more than *half a second*.

Where is that mirror? First you see it and then you don't. It casts its reflected beams in turn, or out of turn, into all four dressing rooms.

For the Economy class: A man having a wart on the back of his neck, cultivated it and used it for a collar button.

Teacher—Why didn't Harvey discover the circulation of the blood?

Scholar—Because he died before he completed his work.

French I.—Take care what you write on those slates of the night school. A careless word might turn the head of an aspiring young life.

We wonder if in three hundred years the appearance of our beautiful morning star, Venus, will again be transformed into the Star of Bethlehem.

If a man should be made according to the directions of a young student, he would have the jaundice badly; for bile would be the principal fluid of the body.

How did you like the spelling match? It seemed like the good old days. Florence E. Hale, '88, had the honor of standing long after all the others had fallen. It was amusing to see how eager some were to spell "humerus" and "Ernest" words.

We wish to express our thanks to that Wellesley teacher, for the list of "common errors in grammar" which she has prepared for the benefit of her young ladies. Why, we have made some of those very errors ourselves! Fact.

"Here comes Winter. His robe torn from the backs of bears and bison, and fringed with wampum of rattling icicles."

How perplexing are some of the French sentences. We have a potpie garnished with "des marrons." Shall we translate it "curls of hair" or "chestnuts"?

Have you noticed the new chandeliers in the lower rooms, and the large lamps in the dressing-rooms? How convenient they will be when we have our class meetings!

We have heard of children swallowing their tongues and old people their teeth, but now we have found one who has inhaled her vocal cords into her lungs.

We listened to more than the usual number of selections from Whittier's poems last rhetorical day. This was a pleasing feature, as the poet's eightieth birthday is so near at hand.

This startling intelligence was found on an examination paper: "If you wish to know how closely the blood vessels are netted, take the web of a frog's foot and you cannot touch yourself without hitting one of them."

Teacher(pointing to a picture on the wall)—Who is that?

Scholar—A man.

The answer was not as childish as you may suppose; for the Mann was Horace.

What a strange language is ours! We say "look out," and mean "put your head out of the car window." Again we say "look out," and we mean "take your head in" or the coming train will take it off.

When we come down to the matter of fact, man is only a mud cake made of "twelve pounds of solid matter mixed in six parts of water;" but when you compare him with other animals, he is found to be the only one which "makes bargains."

May the wells of knowledge which are opened to us here in school result in many showers of wisdom in our later life, as the artesian wells opened in the Sahara Desert have caused rain to fall in places where it had never before been known.

We were startled a few mornings ago to hear one of our teachers exclaim that he had lost his heart. And imagine our horror on hearing that a lady had fried it that very morning. Great was our relief when we found that *his* heart was a pig's heart, which was intended for the Physiology class, as an object lesson.

PERSONALS.

EDITED BY

MARY L. TOOHEY AND PATRICK J. LAWLESS.

Blanche Sheldon, once of '86, has been visiting in town.

Jessie E. Grow, '86, has opened a dancing school in Holliston.

Thomas R. Egan, '83, has returned to his position in New York.

George C. Dean, '83, (Amherst '87), is preparing to write L. B. after his name.

Grace W. Eastman, '87, contemplates a journey to Chicago, Ill., in the near future.

Michael F. O'Connell and Frank W. Jackson, once of '88, are now attending Bryant & Stratton's school in Boston.

Caroline L. Carr, English '84, becoming weary of her surname, has changed it, with the help of religious rites, to Mrs. John Lawson.

Charlotte T. Field, '84, and Grace P. Field, '86, have gone to Santa Ana, California, where they will spend the winter months.

Mary E. Whitney, '87, Sarah M. Gorman, '87, Nellie M. Conely '85, and Lilla F. Hayward, '86, have just passed the teachers' examination and received their certificates.

Jennie L. Hunt, English '81, will now receive her letters in Worcester addressed to Mrs. Will H. Duncan. The happy change took place on Thanksgiving Day. Many congratulations.

Wm. E. Hatch, one of our former superintendents, has been elected to a like position in New Bedford at a salary of \$2500. He has our hearty congratulations for his promotion and we think New Bedford fortunate in securing the services of so energetic an educator.

The March Of Atoms.

To illustrate the ceaseless round of the eternal march of atoms from the composition of one body, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, to that of another, we quote a Chinese philosopher, who said: "Ere long I shall be decomposed. My left shoulder may become a cock, and I shall herald the approach of morn. My right shoulder will become a cross-bow and I shall be able to get broiled duck. My buttocks will become wheels, and with my soul for a horse, I shall be able to ride in my own chariot. I am now working out my destiny on earth. I shall then be completing it in the inevitable."

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WINNE-NIPE-KEES-AUKE

(Sixth Day. continued.)

On the point selected for our dinner was an unoccupied summer cot-
tage with a broad piazza, and about it a plenty of dry wood. We needed
no urging when dinner was announced, for its odors were very alluring.
At this time the two large steamers passed in, and also a wood-scow,
heavily loaded, which was forced along by a horse walking up an inclined
plane, and thus giving motion to paddle-wheels eight feet in diameter. His
task was as tantalizing as that of Sisyphus of old; but those on board
seemed to be having a jolly time fishing and singing,—the horse neither
sang nor looked jolly. After a half hour's rest for taking pictures, we went
on, slowly feeling our way along, in search of the little swampy indentation
extending into the narrow peninsula which connects the shore with Wolfe-
borough Neck. The strong wind from the west had begun to pile up the
water before us, and if we could make a carry here, we would have quiet
paddling behind the neck, and thus save a little distance, but much time.
The place was soon found, the boats pushed in half the width of the
peninsula until stuck fast in the slimy ooze, then shoes and stockings were
pulled off, and a carry of a hundred feet put us into the deep water of
Tuftonborough bay, and under the lee of a beautifully wooded shore. We
were so much pleased with a little cove that we stopped for its picture and
a refreshing swim.

Skirting the shore, we finally reached the point of the neck, where we
spied a camp of Bostonians, who had a semi-circle of wall A-tents and a
boarded cook-house. They pass the summer months here every year, we
afterwards learned. Here we left the shelter of this friendly point, and
pulled for the opposite shore which is *its* counterpart on the north, and is
called Tuftonborough Neck. Rounding this, we tried for a long time to
find a camping-place. Many spots looked inviting at a distance, but were
so rocky that one would be obliged to assume the shape of an S to stretch
himself upon the ground. After several ventures, we felt obliged to take
the best of many poor places. It was a rocky side-hill shore, yet, strange
to say, a swampy one, and it was well for us that it was a pleasant night.
From the summit of this hill, we had a complete outline of the day's trip.
We had left a long stretch of water behind us, and, as soon as we had
“done our dishes,” we felt justified in locking up early for the night.
“Weariness is a good pillow,” says some wise man; but we recommend a
canoe-cushion in addition. The two will prove more restful.

TUFTONBOROUGH CAMP.

SEVENTH DAY.

“Ply the oars! away! away!”

In each dew-drop of the morning lies the promise of a day.”

It was a hazy, doubtful morning, but the word was *go*, and away we
went, at an unusually early hour, aiming for Cow Island. As there were
several little islands near Mother Cow, we supposed them “bossie islets.”
In a very deep cove, we landed, and, with camera in hand, scaled the hill,
where we obtained a fine view in all directions, and also three pictures;
one, of the windmill, which dates back almost to the War of 1812, and is a
noticeable object, dismantled, dilapidated, and minus its arms like a veteran
from the war, perched nearly two hundred feet above the lake. Of this
Longfellow might have sung:—

“Behold! a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.”

A second picture was of the deserted house, and a third, of four horses
feeding before the frame-work, which is all that remains of the old barn.
It was amusing to see the horses show their joy at our approach, and it
was difficult to keep them off after their first greetings. They probably
expected salt; but, as we had none, we thought it quite a compliment that
they followed us so persistently,—for evidently there was nothing *fresh*
about us. With the exception of these ruins, everything about the lake is
far from that “chronic state of decay which promotes picturesqueness,” and
it is to nature that we look for the attractions of this lake.

While skirting the Cow (skirts and cows don't seem to harmonize) on
our way to Ossipee, we ran into a host of water-lilies. From force of
habit, and true to man's greedy nature, we began to gather them. What
to do with them was then an open question, and at last it was suggested
that we photograph them. It was a happy thought, and so we crossed over

to the opposite shore to find a scraggy, old tree on which to hang them. The lily is said to be an emblem of peace; but, before we obtained the picture, we drew blood four times in setting the camera and clearing away obstructing limbs. During our search for this tree, it was saddening to think how few and far between the great trees were, and how soon they had disappeared.

"Their tortured limbs the axe and saw
Have changed to beams and trestles;
They rest in walls, they float on seas,
They rot in sunken vessels."

A long stretch of water was now before us, with Melvin Landing in view, but nothing on either side to break the monotony and apparently shorten the distance; while overhead shone the midday sun of one of the hottest days of July. There was no need of consulting the mercury to see if it were hot. The goal that seemed to flee before us we finally caught at eleven o'clock, and when we learned that Ossipee Mountain Park, owned by B. F. Shaw, of stocking fame, was only seven miles away by a good road, that a horse could be secured, and that the sun would be just right for the camera, we postponed dinner until evening, took a hurried lunch, forced the canoes up a brook into a secure hiding-place, and set out. The road was a great >. We traveled on the public road northward on one side to the vertex, and then retraced our way, but gradually ascending obliquely up the private road, until we were eight hundred feet above the level of the lake. As the park is a recess in the side of the Ossipee Mountains, it was a wonder to us where it could be, until we were fairly on, or rather into, it. A great deal of money has been expended by the proprietor in laying out and keeping in repair the miles of paths, and in constructing the many rustic seats, bridges, retreats and observatories. "It is diversified with mountain-tops, dells, crags, brooks, waterfalls, forests, fields and pastures, and commands views of the lake, its arms and islands, the country and the mountain rim around it, of surpassing grandeur." The Weelahka, said to be unrivaled in New Hampshire, flows through the park, and when we say that its "glen is an enchantment," we shall not only agree with the guide-book, but also with Whittier, and a host of others of less renown; for in this glen the Weelahka, by several beautiful falls, spanned by artistic bridges which harmonize well with the natural scenery, tumbles down two hundred and fifty feet before it has travelled lakeward a mile. No two of these falls are so much alike that they do not present some new beauty to the eye, and, you may be sure, our artist was happy.

But we anticipate, for we had not yet paid twenty-five cents and received our ticket of admission, with the ironclad commandments upon it; neither had we presented to Mrs. Shaw the letter of introduction with which we had provided ourselves in order that we might use the camera. As we came in sight of the buildings, we began to "fix up." The artist turned down his shirt sleeves and buttoned the collar; while the scribe tied his shoes and took an extra hitch in his belt. Both had forgotten to wash before starting, but we were now so thoroughly baked by the sun that it made no difference. We were kindly received and given the freedom of the grounds. Studying our new commandments, we carefully began the ascent to the observatory, thirteen hundred and fifty-nine feet above the ocean, and eight hundred and eighty-five feet above the lake. "Thou shalt not" and "a constable on the premises," on first thought, rather provoked us; but when we looked around and saw the great exertions of the owner to keep the natural beauties of the place intact, and then recalled the various acts of vandalism of which we were cognizant, we thought Mr. Shaw wholly justified in making these most stringent rules which dealt with the smallest matters; we also considered it a sad commentary upon the lawless, half-civilized state of the modern tourist.

Having viewed the lake and its mountain setting—

"Bosomed in hills and bright with isles,"

from this coigne of vantage, we descended the southern side of the mountain-spr into the gorge previously mentioned, and were so delighted with the work of nature and of man, that we voted it superior to the flame at Franconia. Then could we look back upon the three days of rain with some complacency; for the river displayed all the beauties of early spring, with its torrent of water. Here it leaped in unbroken fall, and there in such a thin sheet that the water was well named the "Veil Falls." Where there was the greatest descent, there was a low, plaintive cry, as it seemed to us, but it was named the "Falls of Song."

(See January number.)

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Plutarch says: "Hunger and salt were the only sauces known to the ancients." The very word sauce is derived from the Latin word *salsus*, salted.

Music teacher—You see the note with an open space? that's a whole note. Can you remember that?

Scholar—Yes'm. A whole note is a note with a hole in it.

Teacher, to well-informed scholar—What is the derivation of ostracism?

W. I. S.—Ostra—oyster; cism—shell. Oyster-shell.

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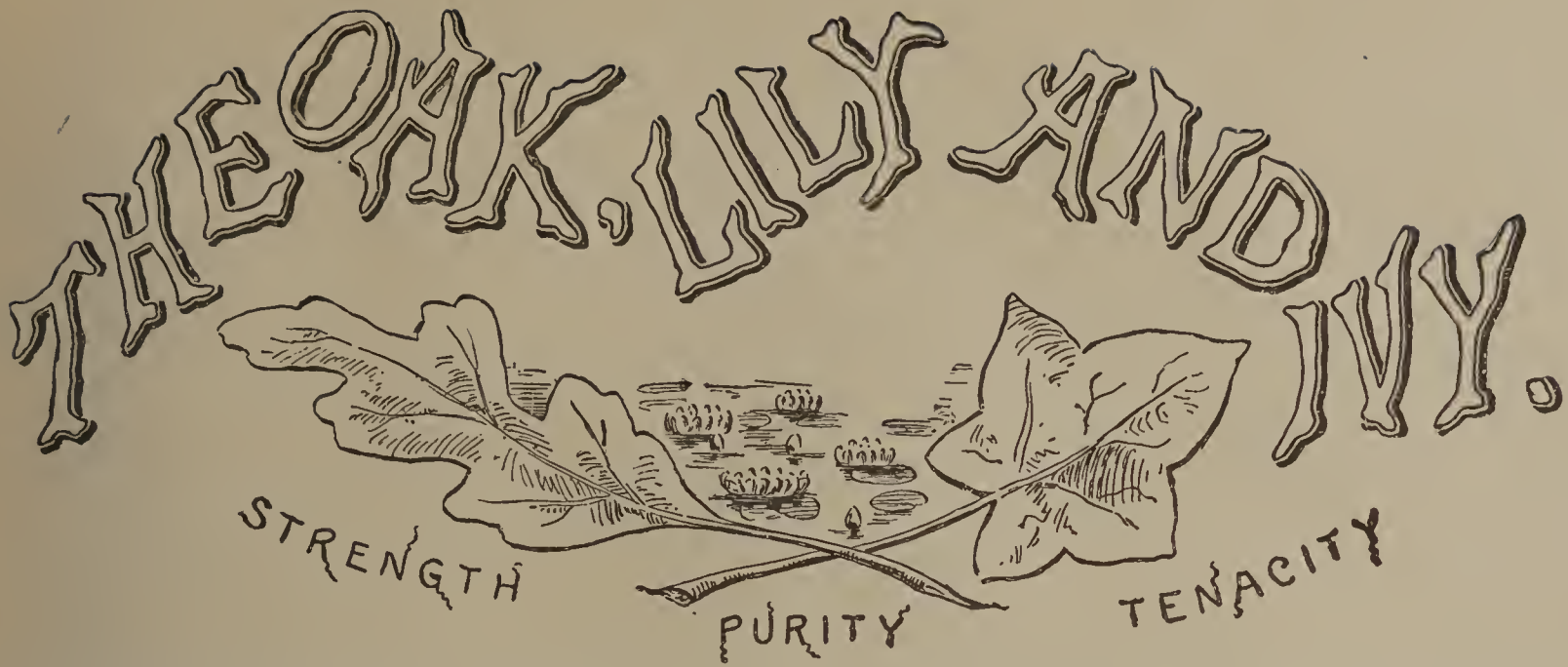
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The Leaf.

Translated from the French of Arnault.

Leaf, from thy stem now broken,
 Poor shriveled and withered token,
 Where think you that you 're going?
 —Oh, of that there is no knowing.
 The storm has reft the tree,
 Which alone supported me.
 The boistrous, fickle wind,
 With its power quite unconfined—
 Since that unhappy day
 Has blown me its own way.
 From forests on the one hand
 To the broad and fertile low land,
 From the summit of the mountains,
 To the valleys moist with fountains;
 All timid fright disdaining
 I drift without complaining;
 To that certain goal I'm wending
 Toward which all life is tending.
 The laurel leaf will go there,
 And the rose leaf, bright and fair.

N. B., '88.

Volcanoes.

VOLCANO was the name bestowed by the ancients on a fire-mountain in the Mediterranean, but it is now given to all similar phenomena. The word volcano generally conveys to most minds the idea of a huge, inwardly-burning mountain, pouring forth masses of steam, molten rock, and ashes. This, however, is a false idea, as a volcano is not always of mountainous origin, but indeed, more often a hole in the ground, formed by the fracturing of the earth's crust, when the earth was passing from a molten to a solidified condition. These holes became visible as fissures in the crust, at first pouring forth steam; then, as the holes grew deeper and the force from below more powerful, on account of the nearness to the centre of the earth, rocks were sent forth. The deeper the fissures become the more violent the ejections, and these holes are now the craters about which the mountains have been formed. The ancients knew only the volcanoes of the Mediterranean,

but now there are more than five times that number here in North America, of which St. Elias in Alaska and Popocatepetl in Mexico are the highest. Of those known to the ancients, Stromboli, on the island of Strombolia, was called the lighthouse of the Mediterranean because of its flashing light at night, as it was in continual action.

Who of us thinks of a volcanic eruption except as something terrible, bearing death and destruction to everything within its range? Yet what can be more grand when witnessed at a distance? As the masses of red or white hot stones are hurled into the air thousands of feet, and fall back, they are crumbled into ashes; then comes the shower of ashes and dust finer than snow, sifting into the smallest seams and niches. At the eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, some of the inhabitants went into the cellars, which were different in many respects from ours of today, as they were cemented so tightly that not even a ray of sunlight could enter, and many of them were very far under ground. Even here the ashes sifted and the gases entered, suffocating and burying the prisoners.

Different volcanoes eject different materials, masses of silicon, slate, limestone, alumina, slate, or granite being often found among them. These comprise most of the solid materials, and go towards building mountains of huge dimensions, such as Vesuvius and Chimborazo; those throwing forth molten masses are of a more gentle slope, as the material flows off like the water of our street gutters. It is to this molten mass that the term "lava" is properly applied. When lava is cooled it resembles the slag and clinkers of our

furnaces, and is used in making ornaments which are sold at Naples. By mixing these materials with water, it was found by the ancients that they were serviceable as a mortar, and the volcanic mud so settled as to form rocks, "tuffa," from which the city of Naples is built.

The most important gases emitted are carbonic acid gas, boracic acid and ammonia. These, acting upon the different rock materials, crystallize them and also effect some wonderful changes. Limestone is changed to statuary marble; sandstone, to quartzite, and clay to the hardness and lustre of porcelain. The action of the acid gases upon silicon crystallizes it and forms the amethyst and many other gems. By the same process the diamond, crystallized carbon, the ruby and sapphire, crystallized alumina, are formed. Together with these are found agate and onyx.

Iceland-spars and rock-crystals are found in these underground laboratories. To this country are annually brought tons of pumice-stone and sulphur for our manufactories and our households.

All the mountains and hills are fast traveling oceanward under the erosive and carrying power of falling and running water; and, if it were not for the up-building and lifting power of volcanic action, we might, possibly, go back to that long-ago time when there was one universal ocean.

Even the life of man depends on volcanoes. This may seem ridiculous at first; but as they are the great source of carbonic acid gas, which is the food of the whole vegetable kingdom, the statement is easily proved. Therefore by the seemingly all-destructive volcano is added life, beauty, and wealth to the world.

S. T. M., '88.

Misnomers.

WHAT a day I have had! Everything has been so provoking! I've just been down town shopping, and in the first store I asked the clerk for some lead pencils; he said: "We have none in the store." As I turned to leave, he said: "I beg your pardon, but perhaps you are looking for pencils with graphite in them." I remarked that I supposed that was it, but they had always been called lead pencils ever since I could remember. Although I wanted some sealing-wax, too, I knew of other places where it could be bought, and, as I felt a little provoked, I went on. "I should like to see some sealing-wax," said I, in a second store. After a moment the clerk handed a box to me saying: "I suppose this is what you want, but it is not wax at all; this is a mixture of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinabar." I told him that whatever it was I wanted it. I left as soon as I could, for I could see that he was amused at my embarrassment.

I next went into a jewelry store to look at some thimbles. I saw a very pretty one and immediately asked the price; adding, "I suppose this is good silver, is it not?" "Oh yes, it is German silver," he said. I replied that it was just as good, if it *was* imported. When I got home I found that I a third time had shown my ignorance. Perhaps you can imagine my wrath when I found I had a thimble made of an alloy of zinc, copper and nickel, and no silver in it.

In a dry goods store I asked for some whale-bone. The clerk said, "I am sorry to say we haven't any." "Then I must try at another store," I said. The clerk happened to remember that they had something in the store which people called whale-bone, but which, he said, did not contain any property of bone, and therefore is not bone. As soon as I saw it, I knew it was what I wanted, and so I told him that it would serve as well for my purpose as what I had asked for,—at the same time trying to seem indifferent, but to little purpose, I fear.

Our pump needed fixing, and as I was passing by the hard-ware store, I stepped in and said that we had a pump at the house which needed fixing. The man who waited on me said, "What kind of a pump?" "A suction pump, of course," I replied. "Well, of all wonders, yours is the only family in town which has one; that is, that I know of," he said. "I guess not," I said. "Maybe," he answered, "the word suction does not mean the same to you as to

me; but, as the water in the pump is pushed up, I do not feel like calling it a suction pump." "Well, I do not care *how* the water is brought, but I want you to fix that pump;" was my rather petulant answer.

By this time I needed some stimulant, and so stepped into a drug store near by for a glass of soda water. The young man who waited on me seemed to be very bright, in fact, as I soon found, too bright for me. He said he did not keep it; but, if I waited, he would dissolve some soda in water for me. Seeing that I was on the point of leaving, he said: "Madame, I suppose you want what people call soda, but you are drinking what you do not ask for. This is carbonic acid gas in water with a certain flavoring syrup, and it contains no soda; but the gas used is often generated from bicarbonate of soda." I drank the mixture (and the information) and thought it tasted as well as usual.

A friend who is visiting me is troubled with rheumatism, and knowing that Burgundy pitch is very good for this disease, I asked for some. The clerk said that he had none, but that he had *resin* which came from *Norway*, which was marked "Burgundy pitch." I told him that I thought that I would not take it. "O, it is all right," he said, "every one calls it by that name."

Remembering that I wanted some flowers to wear tonight, I took my way towards the hot-house and ordered roses of different kinds, among them tube-roses. The florist said: "I have none of them." Noticing my surprise, he then explained that what I called tube-roses were not roses at all, but that he had some of the so-called tube-roses.

By this time I thought it would be just as well for me to finish my shopping some other day; but on my way home I saw some very nice strawberries, and as it was near tea-time, decided to buy some. "I wish two boxes of your strawberries," was my greeting to the storeman. "I have none," said he. "But you have," I said, "I see them in the window now." "O, those are not berries; they are merely nuclei." "They are what I call strawberries, anyway, and I will take them."

I started home, thoroughly disgusted with myself, and on arriving immediately sat down to see if I could find any more wrongly named articles, so that the next time I went shopping I would know what I wanted. In looking over my books I found a list of other misnomers, and that you, my reader, may not ex-

perience the same chagrin, I add the following:—

The artery, from its derivation, means air carrier, but it carries blood. Archipelago ought to mean a chief sea, but it means to us now any narrow sea interspersed with many islands; for this word was applied to the Ægæan Sea, which had these peculiarities. Cuttle-bone is only chalk found in the fossil remains of extinct cuttle-fish. Centrifugal force is not a force at all, but only a form of Newton's first law of motion. We often hear of persons dying from a broken neck, but it is not because the neck is broken, but because the bone of the neck pierces the little ganglion of gray matter which controls respiration. Brazilian grass is nothing but stripes of palm-leaf, and does not come from Brazil, as the name would suggest. Baths always make us think of water, but there are certain kinds called Turkish baths, which are simply heated rooms and did not originate in Turkey as we naturally suppose. Cat gut is made from the entrails of sheep. The whale is always popularly classed with the fish, but is a mammal. The cuttle-fish is not a fish, although it resembles it in form. I also find that Cleopatra's Needle was not erected to Cleopatra's memory, and "Pompey's Pillar" was not in the least connected with Pompey. This error of calling things by wrong names has even reached the rocks. We who pride ourselves on our granite will be pained to know it is syenite. Still we are not the only unfortunate ones, for Quincy is with us.

My head aches to think how much I have to unlearn, and, as you may also be sympathizing with me, I'll save the rest for another time.

M. F. B., '88.

Froude says: "History is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last; not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long lived, but doomsday comes at last to them, in French revolutions and other terrible ways."

It is not what you study, but what you remember and reflect upon that makes you learned.

EXCHANGES.

The exchange column of the Sunbeam is above the ordinary.

The cover of the Phi-Rhonian prebends le gateau for neatness. Is slang slang if you say it in another language?

The December Academician contains a graphic description of Byron's "Mazeppa," with a forceful application to intemperance.

We like the article on H. H. in the Arms Student. The writer, F. A. Tupper, shows a sympathetic appreciation of her character and work.

In the Literary Monthly, Parkville, Mo., Charles F. Winchell has a short article on the private ownership of land, which contains an able argument against the Henry George land theory.

Juvenis Vade Mecum modestly demands *three*, and politely requests *two more* copies of every exchange for one of its own! It does not want the earth! Oh, no! it will be quite contented with the whole solar system!

The Academy Journal, Alexandria, Va., is quite excusable for sending us a little farther Down East than we belong. If we made no worse mistakes than that we would give ourselves a congratulatory pat on the back.

When the prize articles appear in the Randolph-Macon Monthly we may expect an improvement even on the good things of the December number. Among the latter is "Expression," which has a rather strong Emersonian flavor—but then, Emerson is always good, even at second hand.

The editors of the Niagara Index seem to have been somewhat elated over the prospect of vacation, and the general hilarity must have reached the proof reader, too. How else can one account for "ancestors," "delectible," "precipitately," and "degress," all in five consecutive lines.

Had we not read "The Antocrat of the Breakfast Table," we would much admire the originality of "Tea Table Papers" in the December Ottawa Campus. In the same number J. B. exalts the Meaning of Life above its ordinary interpretation. He says: "This, then, is what life should and may mean to us; a cultivated mind, in a sound body, under the dominion of a pure, powerful soul."

The College Reflector from Miss., the Golden Eagle from Binghamton, N. Y., the Volunteer, Concord, N. H., a bright school paper *with* an exchange column, High School Gatherings, Whitinsville, Mass.,—the name a happy hit,—and the Ideal, Philadelphia, we have not seen before, but hope to greet regularly hereafter.

The Academe, Worcester, Mass., we cordially welcome back. We had supposed it dead, for neither have we seen it before this year, nor have we seen it mentioned in any of our exchanges, which number nearly a hundred. Judging by some of the "Notes," the high school keeps up its reputation for enterprise and original ideas.

A word to certain others of our exchanges. Do you not know that it is regarded as a gross insult to have the name of your exchange in Roman type instead of Italics?—[Shurtleff College Review.]

Perhaps someone else, instead of the Shurtleff College Review, is "most ignorant of what he's most assured," but the example of some of the best publishing houses in the country is sufficiently good for us to follow.

The selection of life-work should be the result of a conviction of fitness. Do not start out in any profession or business until you find that you can become *fully competent* to succeed in it. If you set out conscious of only a partial fancy for the work, you are likely to be unsuccessful.—[Chauncy Hall Abstract.]

The Cue, Albany, has a bright little poem in last month's issue called "My Friends." This number excels in its poetical contributions. As they are not accredited to any one, we suppose them to be original with the writers for the paper. The author of "Fancy Fact" deserves much credit, but when the ex-ed. says the Cue's exchange column "numbers several excellent papers," we fail to understand just what his idea of an exchange column is.

The High School Annual of Newark, N. J., is full of interesting matter, and is emphatically what it assumes to be, a *school* journal. Among many well-written articles, the one on "Prometheus Bound" shows well digested study and thought on the part of the writer. "The statistics of the gentlemen of the senior class" are particularly entertaining, but, shades of John Wesley! of what is that embryo Methodist minister thinking, to boldly declare Byron his favorite poet!

We see that the Wilmington Collegian takes the same ground that we do on the "Vita sine literis mors est" dispute. We see also that it not only takes the same ground, but expresses the same sentiment, and, what is rather flattering to us, considering that the Collegian is the organ of a college, while we simply represent a high school, expresses them in the same *words*.

Nature has her compensations. How happy is that revelation of the microscope which shows us that the activity of the flea is partly caused by the parasites which live upon its own body. Science is consoling.

Whittier has written the following inscription for the Milton window in Westminster, presented by G. W. Childs of Philadelphia:—

The New World honors him whose lofty
plea
For England's freedom made her own
more sure,
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both
worlds endure.

Prof. Proctor says of our growth that the most retarded state for the boy is about 13, and the age of most rapid growth (after the first two or three years) is about 16, the corresponding ages for girls seems to be about 12 and 13 respectively. During the time from birth to the age of 17, boys, as a rule, acquire a smaller portion of their full growth than girls do between birth and the age of 15. In the great majority of cases girls add very little to their height after 15. Boys, on the other hand, usually add two or three inches to their height after 17.

The intoxicating property of all liquors is due to the presence of alcohol, which is not one of God's "good creatures" the result of life and growth. It is the product of decay and death. Observe how carefully nature guards against its production. This is the meaning of the purple skin of the grape, the varnished covering of the apple, the leathery case of the banana, and the polished rind of the melon,—all arranged to prevent the admission of the fermenting oxygen. Indeed, if the saccharine substance is allowed to complete its decomposition even, we shall not have alcohol, but acetic acid. Any sugary substance, when fermented, breaks up into two poisons,—alcohol and carbonic acid gas,—the former deadly if taken into the stomach, the latter if inhaled.

THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

JANUARY, 1888.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY
The Senior Class of the Milford High School
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GRACE L. BLOOD and LYDIA A. ROBERTS.

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EDITORIALS.

GENERAL EDITORS.
OLIE L. BROWN AND LILLIAN E. THOMPSON.

Happy on account of our Christmas presents, we all came back to school. A number of the scholars have new watches. They count the time, and are ready to inform the bell ringers when the hour is up, especially if it is their turn to recite next on a lesson which they have neglected.

The belated teacher and her two scholars put their knowledge of electricity to a practical application at a late hour one afternoon last week. One at the crank of the electrical machine, another on the insulated stool, and the third at the gas fixture quickly caused the darkness to vanish,—a result very desirable in their matchless condition.

Brute force has gone to the wall. This is the age of the mental powers. Hence the great necessity of an education, and hence, too, the need of those studies which cultivate habits of close attention, the power of reasoning, and the ability to draw correct conclusions. The study of Latin, of mathematics, and of the sciences will develop and strengthen these mental qualities, and therefore all high school courses include them. Energy is an excellent quality; industry, and close application, and perseverance are all good; but men often fail in their business because they cannot wrestle with some mental problem, when the premises are right before their eyes, and draw a correct conclusion. Then let us apply ourselves to our daily work with renewed effort, so that the results of the second term, just beginning, may be more satisfactory than those of the first.

An additional duty might be mentioned among the services of several of our town officers; namely, that of informing the members of the Civil Government class about the town management.

The first ten in scholarship AND deportment for the last term were as follows:—

First class: Thayer, Coburn, Tirrell, Toohey, Hale, O. Brown, Thompson, Crosby, Bicknell, Miller.

Second class: Blake, Spaulding, Goldsmith, Clark, Whitney, Conely and Waterman, Connolly, Bradford, Mayhew.

Third class: Bartlett, Mathewson, Sullivan, Shea, Collins, Wilber, McDermott, Barry, Smith, Holbrook.

Fourth class: Johnson (Miss), Godfrey, Wright, Ballou, Morgan, M. Foley, Gilmore, Bass and Eames, Coffee.

We have all declaimed again and ten more scholars have been honored. Miss Clark of '89 rendered a vocal selection, accompanied by Miss Roberts. Program:—

Master Fales, '88, Webster, by John D. Long.

Miss Brown, O., '88, The Smack in School
Master Martin, '89, Extract from Julius Caesar.

Miss Toomy, '89, True Heroism
Miss Clark, '89,—Song, Climbing up the Garret Stairs.

Master Lamson, '90, Prep's Soliloquy
Misses Smith and Nickerson, '90, The Story of Experience.

Master Burns, '91, How We Celebrated the Day.

Miss Coffee, '91, The Legend of Bregenz
Master Noyes, '91, The Babies
Miss Quiggle, '91, Little Jim

The time for resolutions has indeed come. With great strength of purpose our besetting sins are recorded, in order to keep them before us, and we sign our names to our pledges with strong and honest determination to keep them *this* year. Let not the senior class think because there are only two terms before leaving this school, that they have no need of resolving to do better. Our teachers' and schoolmates' opinions of us are based on what we *do*, not on what we *can* do, and we now have an opportunity of leaving a good and lasting impression behind us. Let us try in every way to be faithful in our work, and thus pay the debt we owe to the town for its school privileges and to our parents for their sacrifices.

For the second term, beginning with this month, there is a radical change in the studies. The senior class have two new studies, Review and Civil Government. The second class in Literature take up the all-

absorbing tale of Ivanhoe, and its inquisitive chemists, dressed in their customary suits of bed-ticking, are beginning to find that powders and fluids are not as innocent as they look—as the noise from the laboratory bore witness not long ago. The third class have entered upon electricity in Physics, and commenced Rhetoric and History. The fourth class have taken Book-keeping for their new study, and are already in full war paint of red and black. If they would only confine themselves to themselves, and not smear desks and floor, they might be forgiven.

The school now has in its possession two valuable autograph letters from two of our greatest American poets, Holmes and Whittier. The letter of the former was received by the class of '85, while that of Whittier was received during the latter part of last month, in acknowledgment of an "autograph testimonial" from the present senior class, testifying their respect for the octogenarian poet; the letter was as follows:—

Danvers, Mass.,
12 mo., 15, 1887.

To the High School,
Milford, Mass.:—

I gratefully accept your tasteful and well-arranged autograph testimonial, and you have my sincere wishes for your future happiness and success; and that the world I am about to leave may be better for your living.

Your friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The letters, which are highly prized, are tastefully framed together and are hanging on the walls of the large room.

Why not have the books of our Town Library covered with different colored paper? For example, assign a color to the different departments and thus at a glance a book in a reader's hand would prove the class of reading on which he was feeding his mind. If cheap fiction were covered with fiery red, some, we think, would hesitate to be seen in our streets with such books in their possession. In the British Museum the different classes of books are bound in separate colored bindings, but it is not necessary for us to go to such useless expense. If this method were adopted, more books of instruction and less of fiction would be read both by old and young. Persons who profess to be educated would be somewhat ashamed to carry to and fro from the library books that were of no value to them, but rather of injury. Perhaps, too, this might influence the kind of books that are added to our library, and in time no books not useful would be found there.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

NELLIE BROWN AND HAROLD E. FALES.

January, 13.

"Each traveller who enters here
Finds what he pleases, stones or bread:
I am the gateway of the year."

Milford has 36 teachers and 1263 scholars.

Revised edition: "Go to the cat,
thou sluggard."

"Man is dominant because he gets
his power from vegetables."

Logic from Geometry III.: $A=B$,
 $B=C$; therefore $C=AB$.

A definition of compasses is, "two
points fastened together."

It is feared that one of the Elec-
tricity class is *physic(s)ally* sick.

Go to the Philosophy class for defi-
nite instructions concerning *sparks*.

For the past week we have been
an unLeaven(s)ed lump, owing to
the mumps.

He surely wasn't a Jew who de-
fined lard as the kind of grease used
in cooking.

A young lady in her Latin exami-
nation agrees to mark all the "phea-
nants."

Slow music is very depressing.
We object to whole notes, especially
on our recitation cards.

"Who sits here?" why, no one;
but I sit next." Ergo: the said
scholar must be next to no one.

One of our young astronomers in-
forms us that the earth now revolves
on the milky way for its axis.

We are glad to record that in a
recent Latin examination there was
one paper which was all *Wright*.

A strange phenomenon! The low-
est man has sixty-eight cubic inches
of brain, and the highest thirty-four.

Query: When Dick three I's ex-
claimed, "A horse! A horse! My
kingdom for a horse!" was he trying
to read Archias, Chap. VI.?

Some members of Drawing IV.
have succeeded in making something
useful as well as ornamental. From
dictation they have made working
drawings of a lyre, and cut the forms
in wood or pasteboard, to be used as
easels.

English IV.—"Joan of Arch was
born in the year '28 and belonged to
the Dark family. She lived until
she died. After she died she was
led by the Maid of Orleans. She
was burnt at a stake and captured a
few times. She was the mother of
four children."

According to one authority (?) the
walls of our schoolroom are "ciscoed."

Teacher—Name some of the bones
of the head.

Scholar—Frontal, occipital and
parental.

We think the toboggan cap must
be very comfortable, as one of our
members seems loth to part with his,
even in the schoolroom.

When the January thaw pours a
small river across our way to school,
we are living proofs that it is *leap*
year.

A free translation for "cinq de-
pots," in a rendering given fr m
hearing the words pronounced, was
"without boots."

"I am very much attached to
you," said the plaster to the patient
as he was endeavoring to cause a
separation.

It has been so cold on the north side
of the room some mornings that the
young ladies have been attracted to
the *sonny* side of the room.

We are thankful that French I.
does not control all the affairs of the
world. For our part we should ob-
ject to washing on Christmas day.

We are sorry to record the fact
that one of the Chemistry class has
forgotten something that no chemist
has yet discovered.

Our pupils from the suburbs know
more about the operations in the
centre of our town than those who
live next door. These things ought
not so to be.

Have you tried yet to see if your
lungs have the capacity of a pig's?
It must have been a fine animal
which breathed with the pair that
we have had for examination.

We have some very fine manikins
made after the large Yaggy model,
by pupils of Physiology IV. Those
made by Misses Wires and Sumner
are worthy of special mention.

As the new year opens and Janus
again sounds his war trumpet, let us
each make some good resolutions,
and fight out the battle, at least dur-
ing the month that he reigns.

Teacher—Give three objects of re-
flex action of the spinal-cord.

Scholar—Hydrophobia, lock-jaw,
and St. Vitus dance.

Teacher—The Creator must have
made a mistake in me.

French I. have been reckoning the
number of guests that there would
probably be to sit down to father
Priam's table Thanksgiving Day.
We pity mother Hecuba, if she had
to do the cooking for them all.

A thought: Only seven colors, only
nine digits, only seventy-one ele-
ments, only twenty-six letters, and
yet—well, think.

The reflex action of the spinal
cord is attracting the *attention* of
the Physiology class at present, but
the reflection cast by their teacher
seems to indicate unsatisfactory
work.

A young lady of the first class
thinks she would displace more
alcohol than water. We suppose
that is because she would feel *larger*
to be immersed in anything so ex-
pensive as alcohol.

In the Geology class she said that
fishing was restricted by law, lest
fish should become extinct. Why,
she said, she had been fishing herself!
But when she told how many she
caught, we thought it would be a
useless expense to employ officers to
enforce the law.

PERSONALS.

EDITED BY

MARY L. TOOHEY AND PATRICK J. LAWLESS.

Sarah M. Gorman, '87, is employed
at J. F. Hickey's.

Irving H. Fairbanks, '86, is em-
ployed by the Clinton Beef Co.

Francis J. Moriarty, '87, is teach-
ing school in Dakota City, Neb.

Bernard Kelley, '76, is employed
in the office of the Daily News.

Aaron H. Mayhew, English '85,
is clerking for M. A. Saunders.

Mary E. Taft, English '84, became
Mrs. William H. Trevett, Dec. 23,
1887.

Nellie M. Conely, '85, has been
elected assistant at the evening
school.

Patrick J. Donohoe, '84, one of
our druggists, is assisted by John J.
Casey, '89.

Martin J. Kelley, '80, has resigned
his position as librarian, to take ef-
fect Feb. 4.

H. Maude Hapgood, once of '88,
has returned to the Friends' School,
Providence.

Jennie L. Goodrich, '77, was mar-
ried to J. E. Vollmer of Poughkeep-
sie, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1887.

Fred E. Cook, once of '88, a grad-
uate of Comer's College, Boston, is
keeping books at Roslindale, Mass.

Prof. Wright of Oberlin says that
Lake Erie is but a very large glacial
mill-pond which the Niagara river
will ultimately drain dry, and that
but for the ice dam, where Lowell
now is, the Merrimack river would
have met the sea near Boston.

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WINNE-NIPE-KEES-AUKE.

(Seventh Day. continued.)

Here and there, over the numerous falls, the æsthetic bridges, over which had been wrought weird, gnarled and fantastic supports and decorations of natural roots, limbs, and twisted, mis-shapen trunks, carried the path from side to side, and gave distant views. Then the path wound around to the eastern side, and thence up to the house and lodge. All the paths, seats, places of interest, et cetera, are distinctly marked, and the line of travel indicated. We were amused at the preponderance of female names; everything was feminine. Whether the sterner sex was thought too uncultured to be thus honored, we leave to the ladies for an answer. On second thought, we did see Whittier's name once, and the date August 10, 1884; but it looked lonesome. Seven views were "caught on glass," and with the feeling that it had been an afternoon well spent, we hastened back to the landing, as fast as a hungry horse could carry us. We found that we had made our trip of sixteen miles, including the walk around the park, and it was only seven o'clock.

EIGHTH DAY.

"I know how fair your morns can break,
In rosy light on isle and lake;
How over wooded slopes can run
The noonday play of cloud and sun."

A beautiful sunrise, and the only one we had during the twelve days, greeted our opening eyes. The tent, inside and out, as well as all other objects, was drenched with the heavy dew that generally had hung in the morning air as a dense mist which hid within itself everything. Soon after starting, we ran close by the old wood-scow propelled by horse-power, and had an inside view. We did not take its capacity, but were sure that the one, solitary horse thought it eords and eords, before he had "footed" it away over to Wolfeborough and back home.

This must be a very loony year, for we were constantly greeted by the peculiar cries of loons. When we were hungry, dry, and tired, as the sun poured down its heat,

"The loon's weird laughter far away"

seemed particularly derisive, and we felt a strong inclination to "talk back."

Our eyes were next on the alert to catch sight of the bridge which connects Moultonborough Neck and Long Island, for under it lay our course. Point after point was turned, before it came in view, and then we skirted a long, irregular shore to reach the bay at whose head is Centre Harbor. Here a confusion of islands, of assorted sizes, in continuous succession, was scattered about. We had a general idea of our direction, and following our canoes' noses, we picked our way among them, seeking the shade when possible, until at mid-afternoon, on the sloping hillside at our left, a fair scene, the end of our day's stint, appeared before us; but minus its central attraction, the large summer hotel, which had been burned the week before.

When a mile out, we were hailed from the shore by campers, who mistook us for some expected friends; and to atone for the error, they treated us to doughnuts and ice-water. The latter was particularly acceptable, as during the day we had often cried with Baconspeare, "My canoe for a drink!" Thus refreshed, we attempted the remaining distance, under a sun that—well, never mind; the less said, the less to be forgiven. Having made ourselves known at the post-office, performed our usual duties at the stores, and drawn a few restful breaths, we swung around toward home, somewhat distant, to be sure. This was our highest latitude, or north pole, so to speak, and from this time our trip was to the southward.

While skirting the first island, we ran under some blueberry bushes loaded with luscious berries, which were within arms' length as we sat in the canoes. Soon a good camping-ground was found, near a brook, and while one pitched camp, the other, with pail in hand, took a little stroll in search of a farm-house. Luckily, as he thought, one was found within a quarter of a mile. "Milk? Don't have enough for our own use." "No, that house down the road can't supply you." "The one up the road? No." "What, that one on the hill, through the woods? No cow there." "Where in Centre Harbor can you get it?" "Go straight back the main road, over the bridge, and through that piece of woods, and at the fourth house on the left you may possibly get some." "Yes, the fourth house." Now in this part of the world, the fourth house may be a half mile off, a

mile, or, perhaps, in the next township. In his despair, the weary canoeist consigned the whole neighborhood to the "milky way," and took up his march and then the countermarch; for the "babes in the woods" must have milk, although it was after six o'clock. A farmer with no cow seemed to him a ridiculous state of affairs, and he suggested a goat, or a cocoanut tree. The supper was eaten by artificial light this night. We must not forget to mention the whip-poor-will's all night legato in A minor—we believe that is a very proper expression, though we can't vouch for its accuracy; but we are sure it *was* a whip-poor-will.

NINTH DAY.

The Boteman strait
Held on his course with stayed steadfastness,
Ne ever shroneke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tryed armes for toylesome wearinesse;
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernessse.

—Spenser.

A restful night and an early launch were the records of the ninth morning. The sun's great heat was somewhat lessened by a head-wind; yet arms toughened by a week's exposure began to blister, and "Like sly water-rats we stole along nearer the shore" to avoid its direct rays. We divided our attention between the scenery of the shore and the islands, especially Pine, Bear, and Mark. As we sped along, we realized that money was not *all* of life; for the wide-spread lake, the clustering isles, "each silver hemmed," and the mountain wall were ours. The greatest beauty of the lake is its irregularity, for it thus unites the delights of lake and river without the vexatious delays caused by dams and rapids. From Mark, we fought the waves over to the northern side of Governor's Island,—it was the southern side we followed the first day. Although we were bound for Weirs, we chose the two short legs of a triangle, instead of the hypotenuse, to avoid the strong wind which resisted every stroke of the paddle.—How strange it is, that, if a long walk must be taken in a given direction, all the carriages are going in the opposite! Only once during the twelve days did the courses of the wind and the canoes agree.—Refreshed by a swim in the clear water, we dipped deep and strong, and arrived at the wharf in season to mingle with the usual throng which greets the mountain trains.

The three hotels, the many boarding-houses, the beautiful summer cottages, the artistic regimental buildings of New Hampshire's veterans, the pretty station and restaurant, the numerous steamers, both large and small, the large collection of good boats, the camp-grounds and the many assemblies which frequent them, and last, but not least, the grand views of the lake, make "The Weirs," or Alhquedaukenash (stopping-places), a summer resort of great popularity.

Our stay was short; for we found that the excessive heat and long distances of the last few days demanded a rest, and so, as we had made up the time lost by the rain, we determined to camp early. We first paddled into the middle of the outlet, to see the well-known "Endicott Rock." We knew it by the great iron bolt which binds it together to keep it intact from the force of the frost. If the surveyors were correct, on the first of August, two hundred and thirty-five years ago, its latitude was 43 deg., 40 min., 12 sec. This survey was an important matter in those early days, for then it fixed this point as the head of the Merrimack, and settled the ownership of many square miles of land. Immediately, we passed under the Weirs Bridge, through water roughened by the conflict of current and wind, and on the left bank found an abandoned camping-place, with a pile of split wood and a brook near by.

As we and the sun sank to rest, the sound of distant thunder promised a wet night. Our tent, no doubt, was pitched on the very spot where many an Indian had set his wigwam, for this place was a favorite resort of the aborigines. Gone were the weirs, arrow-heads, hatchets, pestles and mortars; but we were lying, as the poet of the mountain sings:—

"Where the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the young
To the pike and the white perch their baited lines flung;
Where the boy shaped his arrow, and where the shy maid
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum braid."

Here the children of the forest lived, fished, and died, and, in the language of Thoreau, "Their mouldering elements are slowly preparing for another metamorphosis, to serve new masters, and what was the Indian's, will, ere long, be the white man's sinew."

(See February number.)

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Till statesmen use grammar,
And dunces are dead!
Till no one dare say
In this land of the free
'I done' for 'I did,'
Or 'It's her' for 'It's she.'

No good are all the 'had beens,' for in
country and in town.
Nobody cares how high you've been, when
once you have come down.
When once you have been President, and
are President no more,
You may run a farm, or teach a school, or
keep a country store;
No one will ask about you; you never will
be missed,—
The mill will only grind for you while you
supply the grist.

He is masculine.
He-r is feminine.
He-ro is masculine.
He-roine is feminine.

Asbestos cloth is being used for
wearing apparel by the firemen in
Paris.

Niagara is compounded of two
Indian words, *Niag hera*, hark to
the thunder!

Dickens' power of application was
truly wonderful; for he wrote "All
the Year Round."

A thread has been produced from
the common nettle so fine that a
length of sixty miles weighs only two
and a half pounds.

Fortune knocks once at every
man's door; but she doesn't go hunt-
ing through beer saloons for him, if
the man happens to be out.

It is an old story, but worth re-
membering—the Quaker's considera-
tion for his better half: "All the
world is very queer except thee and
me, and thee is a *little* queer."

Take a tumbler and pour water in-
to it; by-and-by you can pour no
more; it is full. It is not so with
the mind. You cannot fill it with
knowledge in a whole lifetime.

The organ-blower works harder
with his muscles than the organ-
player, and may perhaps be exasper-
ated into thinking himself a down-
trodden martyr because he does not
receive the same pay for his servi-
ces.—[O. W. H.]

In Algeria there is a small stream
which the chemistry of nature has
converted into true ink. It is formed
by the union of two rivulets, one of
which is very strongly impregnated
with iron, while the other, meander-
ing through a peat marsh, imbibes
gallic acid, another ingredient in the
formation of ink.

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ly beneficial results. Sent by
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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

Vol. IV.

MILFORD, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 6

Three Typical Greeks.

“Wine bibber, with the forehead of a dog
And a deer’s heart! Thou never yet hast
dared
To arm thyself for battle with the rest,
Nor join the other chiefs prepared to lie
In ambush,—such thy craven fear of
death.”

SUCH were the words you might have heard, had you been standing on the sea-shore of Troy, two thousand years ago. Who was the speaker? Achilles, the hero of the Iliad, a man who had a wider range of character than any other of the Greeks. He was angry with Agamemnon, the commander of the Grecian forces, who had threatened to take away his prize. Growing more angry as the quarrel continued, he was restrained from immediate deeds of violence only by divine interposition. Yet, when Agamemnon sent heralds to the tent of Achilles to take his prize, he received them kindly and gave it to them, thus showing his obedience and courtesy.

As we shall see, however, the wrong was not forgotten. For though he was the bravest warrior of all the Greeks, and the one the Trojans feared above all others; and though he was longing to engage in the battles as before, he was too angry and had too much self respect to indulge his wish. Not until his friend Patroclus had been killed by Trojan Hector did his proud spirit relent. Then his fierce anger was turned from the Greeks to the Trojans, and he returned to the fight, avenging his friend’s fall by the death of Hector. But when Hector’s father, Priam, came and begged the body of his son, Achilles not only respected the helpless old man and granted his request, but also promised to refrain from the fight during the eleven days of the funer-

al ceremonies.

Let us turn to a brighter side of his character. He was a man who hated falsehood and denounced it in the strongest terms; a man who was open and truthful in his dealings with his associates. As an orator he was very out-spoken. We learn also that he was a filial son and a loving father. We see many of today, who, like him, possessing an intense nature, find it hard to forgive when they are injured.

But who is that who stands in chest and shoulders above the others, who—

“From place to place
Walks round among the ranks of soldiery,
As when the thick-fleeced father of the
flocks
Moves through the multitude of his white
sheep?”
“That is Ulysses, the man of many arts,
Of shrewd device and action wisely
planned.”

Place him next among the heroes of the Iliad. Although he is not Achilles’ equal, he ranks next to no other hero. Imagine to yourself the man as Homer paints him when—

“He stood with eyes cast down, and fixed
on earth,
And neither moved his sceptre to the right
Nor to the left, but held it motionless,
Like one unused to public speech. He
seemed
An idiot out of humor. But when
He sent from his full lungs his mighty
voice,
And words came like a fall of snow,
No mortal then would dare to strive with
him
For mastery in speech.” * * * * *

His hearers were lost in wonder and gave him their close attention, forgetting all about his personal appearance. His words were never wasted, but were to the point, and when he referred to himself, it was only to make his statement stronger. He spoke at times of crises, when prompt, decided action was needed,

—he it was who said the right thing at the right time.

What a daring deed it was for him to enter Troy in disguise and carry off the Palladium! Then what inventive genius he showed in contriving and building that mammoth horse, a piece of stratagem, by which Troy was at last taken. What wonderful self-command and courage he must have had to keep himself and the others quiet, within the horse, when the Trojans were standing around, wondering what it was for and threatening to destroy it. How he longed to be restored to his home during his twenty long years of absence! What a wide experience those misfortunes must have given him! How quick to see a way out of danger! How much greater an ability to plan and perform than he had before!

Ulysses is a man who excels in many things. A man of great inventive genius, with a nature balanced between prudence and daring. We find him represented, in one side of his character, by the inventors of this day. They have the ready wit and the power to carry out what they plan; and some, too, may learn from him a lesson of patience and perseverance.

“Now uprose
Nestor, the master of persuasive speech,
The clear-toned Pylian orator, whose
tongue
Dropped words more sweet than honey.
He had seen
Two generations, that grew up and lived
With him on Sandy Pylos, pass away,
And now he ruled the third.”

Nestor has not as broad a character as Achilles or Ulysses. At first glance, one might think him similar to Ulysses in some respects; but he was not. True, he was an orator; but one of an entirely different stamp. He used his gentle, flowing

eloquence to offer suggestions, to give good advice, or to calm their angry counsels, especially when Achilles and Agamemnon quarreled in the Assembly. He was egotistical, to be sure, but spoke with authority. A great warrior in his younger days, he fought with some of the most warlike men on the earth. We find his stamp of oratory in few men of the present day. Such men, however, attract the people and have tremendous influence with them. When men who have this quality use it on the right side they are a power for good.

Achilles, Ulysses, Nestor,—these three immortal Greeks I place before you. If the elements of their characters could be combined in one man of a Christian character, what a power for good would that man be to the state, what a blessing to the town in which he lived! How he would be consulted and followed! Today there is so much need of such men—men of strong minds, who can see the wants of their times and supply them. Let us try to cultivate some of the best traits of their characters, and illustrate them in our daily life.

E. B. B.

Queen Featherweight.

Oft have I climbed the smoking Aetna, or have been hurled to the sky by its fearful eruptions. Earth's hollow mountains are my delight and afford abundant caverns for my hiding-places. I also love to linger near the bright constellations, which, like so many diamonds studding the sky in many a fantastic form, light the aerial world when earth is in peaceful repose. Sometimes I visit the boundless expanse around the Sun and gaze upon his vast realms. But these journeys are long and very disagreeable, especially if one is alone, and so I rarely take them.

My husband, who is very obliging, accompanies me on delightful trips through broad rivers and lakes whose banks are teeming with vegetation, through narrow valleys with sloping hills on either side, between narrow mountains, flinging dark shadows over the water, into the bright sunlight. Now and then we ascend into the air, and having refreshed ourselves with sleep in the snow-white clouds, steal quietly down with the falling dew and kiss the tired flowers.

It would be useless to give you my photograph, for you would not recognize it, and although those cannibals on earth are thirsting after my blood and that of my husband, still it neither conveys to them taste nor smell, but still they will devour us. I

have gone so far up into the air as to frighten my husband who called loudly for me to return. It makes me laugh to hear those men on earth, called "astronomers," talk about stars, planets and the like. If they would listen to me, I could give them facts enough to reach around their little globe.

You can burn me at a high temperature, and my heat is very intense. I do not use face-powder, even if my complexion is rather pale. I am totally different from my husband. He is always attacking everything and working the best he knows how. But for all that he is sixteen times heavier than I am. I do not help you breathe, on the contrary I retard your breathing. Fire has no terror for me while it hails with delight the approach of my husband. Woe be to the animal that is so unlucky as to fall into my clutches! His fate would be a speedy death. I remember once my husband and I were traveling and, as we were cold, we thoughtlessly lighted a fire. There was a terrific explosion, knocking me off my feet and throwing us together with such force that water flew all around and extinguished the fire. I am the lightest lady in the world, and would make the fortune of that greatest of curiosity seekers, P. T. Barnum.

In spite of so many good qualities I also have my failings; for I have only one arm, and so, whenever I feel unusually affectionate I can only elasp one of my husband's two hands at a time.

Man is indebted to no one more than to me. My husband and I give him intense heat for his arts, enabling him to melt refractory metals and produce a beautiful light used in light-houses. Every Fourth of July you see what seem to be huge soap-bubbles of many colors, which the toy-makers have fashioned, and many little heart has been gladdened by this simple device. Lately men have put this principle to practical use in war-balloons, which are used both for surveying an enemy's country and for dropping explosive shells on it. Man has been sleeping and is just waking up to the fact that I, Queen Featherweight, am one of the most useful of all the elements and to me he is most indebted.

J. L. M., '89.

Energy.

"THIS world belongs to the energetic," so said Emerson, so say we. But what is energy? In imagination stand with me upon the banks of the Merrimae. It is Sunday morning. Everything is quiet and peace-

ful. Along its borders are the immense mills, building after building. Behind a massive dam lies the hoarded water, striving to burst its barriers. Here is potential energy—the power of doing work. But when, on the morrow, the gate is raised, when the great wheels begin to turn and the noisy hum of the machinery is heard, then the power is utilized and we have kinetic energy.

Nearly all of us possess the former, but it is the latter, the ability to work exerted, that is so essential to everyone of us in the accomplishment of anything we undertake. It stands first among the agents of success; above genius, above natural ability, above education, all of which are valuable only as they are directed by the spurring force of energy. The old saying, "The gods for labor sell us all good things," expresses the true sentiment that labor is master of everything we seek; for when a man takes for his motto, "Either I will find a way or make one," nothing can effectually hinder his success. Indeed, the more labor we exert, the more hardship we endure in securing an object of so much the more worth is it to us, and so much the more appreciated when in our possession.

Recall Napoleon's passage of the Alps, the toils of its rugged passes, the dangers of its rivers of ice, the perils of the avalanches;—and yet his wonderful energy surmounted the eternal snows and brought him into Italy, victorious. Look through the pages of history, and you may rightly record, in the list of examples of energy, all who have won great achievements and whose names are handed down to posterity. There is a physical and a mental energy, and today the latter is triumphing grandly. Ten long years were the Greeks striving by brute force to batter down the walls of Troy, fighting hand to hand, sparing no toil nor blood. At last the mental energy of the wily Ulysses contrived the wooden horse, before which fell Priam's citadel.

In the training-school of life each must be the architect of his own fortune, and life will be what each one's personal energy makes it. Indeed, Chas. Buxton has said that, in his experience, the difference between one man and another, between the weak and powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once formed, and then victory or death. But it may be said, "Had I the advantage which this one possesses, or the superior talent in any direction which that one exhibits, I would then know what to do." Can we all ex-

pect to be alike in our tastes and abilities? Sad would be our condition if it were so. And though we may possess but one talent, while our more fortunate neighbor has ten, yet if we use that one it shall be doubled.

Do you see the path winding up yon mountain-side, whose summit is crowned with the temple of knowledge, splendid in workmanship and grand in its proportions? Within is everything for which the energy of man struggles, but without stands labor, guarding the door night and day. She must be satisfied ere she permits us to pass. Many there are who begin the ascent, but few whose perseverance overcomes the obstacles and attains the longed-for goal; for steep is the path and rugged is the way. We stand upon one of the lesser heights. Below is the past, while still above towers the summit, and many rocks and chasms lie in our way thither; but a voice within us cries, "Go up higher." Let us press onward till we reach the land where nothing is unknown.

L. D. C. L.

From the forests of Maine to the glowing savannahs of the Great Gulf, and far to the Pacific coast, there are a hundred races, but there is only one language. To Noah Webster, more than to any or all other causes, this nation owes its unity of language.—[Ex.]

A bridge is to be built over the Straits of Messina to connect Sicily with Italy. The place selected for the great undertaking is where the channel is two and a half miles wide, and 361 feet deep.

EXCHANGES.

We extend congratulations to the Boston E. H. S. Record on the marked improvement its January number shows over any previous issue.

Rev. A. Arundel has kindly offered to supply our chapel prayers during examination week.—[Wolfe Hall Banner.]

Is this by proxy?

The exchange editor of the Vanderbilt Observer is certainly like Yumyum and the moon, "very wide awake," and knows how to tell what he sees. The local department differs from that of most of our exchanges in being entertaining to outsiders.

Extracts from the Superintendent's report, in the Kentucky Deaf Mute, give an interesting account of the manner of educating the pupils in the Danville Institute for the

Deaf. The success of the methods employed is shown in three articles in the same number, written by the pupils themselves. The naive simplicity of style, the directness of expression and the peculiarity of idiom which seem to belong to those who are shut out from the world of sound, make these contributions particularly interesting. We heartily rejoice that a school like the one in Danville can exist, and we do not wonder that those condemned to live in a world of silence wish to show their gratitude to Dr. Gallaudet by erecting a monument in his honor.

We see by the School Medium that the North Brookfield High School intended to give an industrial exhibition the twenty-second of this month. We hope the material result will be the desired piano; and that the benefits in other directions may prove as great as those we received from a similar exhibition a few years ago. We shall look with interest for the February number of the Medium.

The January number of the Premier, is quite full of brightness, perhaps the one exception to the general brilliancy being the following criticism in the exchange column: "The East Orange Record comes to us this month glowing with its pictures of fine buildings and railroad hardships, and also with its usual accounts of brilliant parties and entertainments." How can a paper glow with pictures of railroad hardships?

The High School Journal of Evanston, Ill., is apparently ambitious of following the approved methods of the professionals. It offers premiums to new subscribers, presumably pays for some of its contributions, and has correspondents in many other cities. It is evidently determined to succeed financially, and we hope it will, but we regret to see it stoop to the "prize chromo" method, for the magazine is good enough to stand on its merits. Its editorials and literary articles are above the average. The anecdotes and poems in French and German are an interesting feature of this periodical.

Three ladies in Boston are just entering with much enthusiasm upon the work of supplying a long felt "need" for young people. It had seemed as though nothing could be wanting in the direction of juvenile journalistic literature, that every possible need in that line had been supplied by the many excellent magazines for children already published, but not such is evidently the opinion of these three Boston ladies. Their

aim is certainly a lofty one almost too high to be reached, but we wish them success in their endeavors. It is a little unfortunate for the Young Idea of Gloucester that these ladies should have decided upon the same name for their magazine. There is where we have one advantage over most of our exchanges; our name is ours alone, and likely to remain so.

"Education for Profit or Loss" is the name of an article contributed by E. H. Barrows to the Acamedian of Washington, Iowa. What opinion the writer intends to express is perhaps known to himself, but we frankly confess our inability to penetrate the obscurity of his rhetoric. Judging from the construction of many of his sentences, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the greater part of *his* education has been "for loss" to him. For instance: "The one thing most needed in this life * is * what are we as individuals expecting to do." "The momentous question imminent to all who enter the race *for* life with a purpose in view," etc. We may be narrow minded, but if we were racing for our life we should consider that a sufficient "purpose" in itself. "Thus their minds are caused to search;" "and then see how quickly the airy vessel (an empty boat) will succumb to its (the wind's) fickle force for want of a resisting power, for which it should have been prepared to sustain it." "Observe the tiny plant as it slowly and quietly peeps its head above mother earth." "But there are some kinds of knowledge that *does* not, as a rule, pay its possessor." "Do not understand me as saying that a scholastic education is not necessary; on the contrary, it is necessary. But do understand me as knowledge is the line of business you intend to follow is of the utmost importance in starting, as an impetus to work, and as a valuable assistant in gaining that experience for its practical application." Will some one please translate?

George Bancroft accounts for his longevity with three reasons: First, that he was the middle child in his father's family, equally distant from the youngest and the oldest; second, that he had always gone to bed at 10 o'clock, unless it had been impossible; and third, that he had always spent four hours in each day in the open air, unless prevented by a storm.

"The Wayside," Margaret Sidney's summer home in Concord, was once the home of Hawthorne, and "The Tower," where the great novelist wrote, is now her study.

THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School
PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

BUSINESS EDITORS.

GRACE L. BLOOD and LYDIA A. ROBERTS.

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EDITORIALS.

GENERAL EDITORS.

OLIE L. BROWN AND LILLIAN E. THOMPSON.

We have adopted a new plan this term, and have recorded the temperature at the beginning of school every morning. The average has been 63.3° F. It has so far been more than satisfactory. Much credit is due to our janitor, who has performed his duty faithfully. Our school-room is well ventilated and therefore there are many ways by which cold air can be admitted.

It is a strange, yet sad fact, that when scholars have been out of the Grammar schools only a short time, they seem to have forgotten their former geographical and historical lessons. Some of the scholars—we hope not many—recently were really surprised to find that Gettysburg is so near home. However, it is to their credit that more than eighty out of one hundred and twenty pupils attended the recent exhibition and explanation of the Battle of Gettysburg. There the vivid paintings and clear description rendered plain what would have required days of study.

The following program was rendered on our last rhetorical day. The speakers were chosen from the different rhetorical divisions because of their excellence, and were, therefore, worth honorable mention :—

Master Tirrell,	Extract from Homer
Miss Thayer,	Extract from Homer
Master Fales,	Wendell Phillips
Master Martin,	Two Homes
Miss Toomey,	Hodge and the Vicar
Miss Whitney,	To the Young Ladies
Master Barry,	Our Debt to the Sun
Miss O'Sullivan,	Goody Blake and Harry
Gill.	
Master Sheedy,	Chicago's Fire
Miss Pierson,	The Captain
Master McKay,	The Fireman's Story
Miss Sumner,	The Two Lovers

Now that our school days are so near their close, let us resolve to add to our stock of knowledge by patronizing our public library. To do this wisely, we ought to have at hand a list of books that are of acknowledged merit, and such as will educate and broaden our minds. Our principal is constantly referring to such books and we are glad to see that some are making a list for future use. In this connection we quote from the Journal of Education the following: "Our reading largely determines our mental calibre, and we must feel its responsibility. We must consider how we spend our reading time as we do what we eat and how we spend our money. We must never lose sight of our standard and our needs."

Recently our principal's actions as he entered the class-room at the beginning of a recitation might have been very suspicious to the unsophisticated looker-on. He was not cold, neither was he sounding his lungs, but he patted and slapped himself in the most mysterious manner, now here, now there. What was the matter? To us it was a well-known sign, for we always expect that from one of his dozen pockets, filled to their utmost capacity with papers, subjects for compositions, topics of interests from the newspapers for the various classes and the school as a whole, some item will come forth and add to the lesson of the day. He is indeed a walking post-office. How fortunate it is that he is not compelled to have only one pocket as the modern woman is, and that one so covered with draperies that nine times out of ten she cannot find it.

The work during the last half-term has been very satisfactory, so much so that the teachers are beginning to feel repaid for their time and hard work. Out of our one hundred and twenty scholars only twelve failed to gain the rank of promotion and all these were members of the fourth class. More scholars have had "Good" (80 to 90 per cent) written upon their report cards than usual. We are also proud to say that many were successful in gaining per cents in the nineties, and carried home "Honor" upon their reports. Below are the names of these honored scholars :—

First Class—Thayer, Tirrell, Coburn, Toohey, Lawless. Second Class—Blake, Goldsmith, Toomey, Morgan, Spaulding. Third Class—Mathewson, O'Sullivan, Collins, Wilber. Fourth Class—Foley M., Godfrey, Morgan.

Physiology IV., who are now studying the sense of sight, are much interested in optical illusions. Our principal has offered an opportunity for raising their per cents by giving credits to those who have enough energy to devise and bring in original illustrations. Some unusually good ones showing considerable "head work," have been handed in. On one card by rapid whirling we read Oak, Lily and Ivy; but when it was at rest we could only decipher a number of unmeaning mark.

"Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice." Were you standing under the dome of St. Paul's cathedral you might read this epitaph on the tablet over the grave of the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren. The historic date of this month suggests the appropriateness in Washington's case and perhaps this was in Winthrop's mind when he wrote: "The wide-spread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light, and hope, and joy, upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world; and Washington needs no other monument."

Generally a statement or fact, difficult to learn in itself, may be imprinted upon the memory by some simple and perhaps foolish method. An article in an old number of the St. Nicholas was lately brought to our principal's notice as interesting to his Physiology class, and although particularly to them in that they are studying that branch, it is also of interest to the older scholars. There the whole brain is likened to the business office of a large establishment. The Big Brain is the head of their business, the Little Brain, the foreman who has charge; the Medulla is the Life Department, and although extremely small *never* rests; the Bridge is the "go between" for the Big Brain and the smaller departments, and is assisted by the Ear Lobes and Optic Lobes, who seem to run a kind of central telegraph or telephone office. Lastly, the Central Ganglia or Gang are the little fellows who store up the knowledge of our habitual voluntary actions. All through it is treated as worked by persons and is brought home to us so simply that it is very entertaining. Nothing is foolish which fixes useful knowledge in the memory.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

NELLIE BROWN AND HAROLD E. FALES.

Did St. Valentine give you a call on the 14th.

A cold is absolutely essential to the fashionable.

"Pain keeps us on our guard from our presence of mind."

"Bi a bi-cycle bi and bi" illustrates a peculiarity of our language.

The teacher has lost his pencil. We expect his patience will go next.

"The Ought-not-to-Pass Bill" was defeated by a two-thirds majority."

"Electricity cannot escape from an insulated wire."

"If your cerebrum has deep convulsions then you will have a great deal of knollege."

To inquiring zoologist—No, bears do not necessarily go to Iceland to hibernate.

Ben Hur is often upon the lips of Latin I. The number of the wise is slowly increasing.

Have you written all of Archias? I suppose you are prepared to take the oath for its return.

O, for one smell of a picciola, that we may dream of a happy day with no hard translations to study out!

The prize offered French I. has wakened the sparks of poetry in many an unexpected quarter.

With what interest the stories of our childhood are listened to when told in French!

If any one has earned our new music we think it is our patient principal.

The paper bill this term for the three weeklies and the two dailies is \$5.63.

Almost every one thinks it easier to ask father for two cents than to copy three songs. An example of the advantage of division of labor.

The editors will be grateful for another rainy day, as the last one was very convenient, coming on mailing day.

Teacher—Are you a carnivorous animal?

Scholar—No sir, I generally eat my food cooked.

A perusal of good old Father Atlas recently freshened our memory as to the whereabouts of Gettysburg, and the exclamation, "Why, I thought it was down South!" was universal.

"One of Franklin's last acts was the signing of the Proclamation of Emancipation."

Some scholars forget so much faster than they learn that the suggestion to call their brains "drains" is quite potent.

A new nerve has been discovered—the glossary nerve. This probably accounts for some of the remarkable pronunciations.

It must have been very warm the other morning, as the thermometer stood so high that one of our fellow-students was unable to reach it.

Teacher—Translate "sorti."

Scholar—Having gone.

Teacher—Where is the word for having?

Scholar—Gone.

In some letters written by the Fourth class and dated 1898, some of the young hopefuls state the fact that they have just graduated from the Milford High School.

The Latin class are very tender-hearted. They object to allowing Archias to be killed "all together;" however, they do not hesitate in murdering Cicero wholesale.

It is a generally understood fact that a pupil who has will power enough to learn good lessons, has will power enough to control himself in making a good deportment.

It is about time for the seniors to think about elocution. An enterprising teacher in the art could doubtless form a class of eager pupils from our number.

Physiology IV. says: "If you put something sour on your tongue it will make you look cross." We wonder if our teachers ever eat sour things!

Scholars are hereby requested to close inkwells when not in use. This new method of swinging the wells into the aisle is doubtless a saving of books, but many of the young ladies can testify that it is not a saving of dresses.

Scholars are requested to keep their books either in their desks, or in their hands, and thus avoid so long an advertising list. Some seem to think any place suitable to drop a book or pencil, as chance happens to present itself.

A good chance to observe the heavenly bodies is afforded by lying on your back on an icy side-walk, with your feet clear of the ground. Many stars of all magnitudes can be seen in this manner without the aid of a telescope. Try it.

It is dangerous being safe when our teacher enters a heated discussion, as things are apt to fly when he says it is not worth a snap of the finger.

If we remember the lessons learned in Civil Government until it is our time to vote and hold office, there will be a change in affairs of government.

Teacher—Are you æsthetic?

Young Lady—No sir.

Teacher—What does the word mean?

Young Lady—All sorts of ugly things.

One of our local papers seems to be so much interested in Manual Training that we suggest for its motto Germany's cry, "Education for labor through labor." We hope that the seed which it is sowing will be well watered, and will bring forth an abundant harvest in Milford.

PERSONALS.

EDITED BY

MARY L. TOOHEY AND PATRICK J. LAWLESS.

George N. Goddard, '83, is teaching school in Plymouth, Conn.

Annie L. (Sumner) Ary, '76, died at Audubon, Iowa, Jan. 18.

Lizzie F. Donnelly, '87, has been acting as a substitute teacher.

Lydia F. Gould, '87, is now attending the Framingham Normal school.

Joseph M. Gilfoyle, '86, is studying lithography of Prof. Bartlett, Normal Art School, Boston.

James Ring, once of '83, now a dry goods dealer in Minneapolis, has recently re-visited Milford.

Walter Parkhurst, '87, has entered the employment of Stephen C. Earle, contractor at Worcester, Mass.

Michael F. O'Connell, once of '88, is now the Hopedale correspondent for the Daily News.

Maggie F. (Madden) Lee, '74, now residing in Bethel, Conn., is visiting in town.

Annie T. Gleason, '76, is saleswoman in a dry goods store in Providence.

Dr. Herbert H. Lyons, '74, of Fitchburg, was married to Miss Sarah A. Corcoran, of Clinton, Feb. 9.

H. B. Spaulding, '89, recently performed a chemical experiment before the Y. W. C. T. U. to prove the presence of alcohol in cider. He distilled from a small flask partly filled a sufficient quantity to apply the alcohol tests to, before the eyes of his interested audience.

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33 Exchange Street.

WINNE-NIPE-KEES-AUKE.

TENTH DAY.

"Singing, row! brothers, row!
O'er the waters so blue;
Like a feather we float
In our Racine canoe."

IT was a night of fearful thunder showers in the west, but we were treated only to their edges, at which exception we were not at all disposed to cavil. Our camp was on a graceful knoll, only a rod from the water, and late into the night busy little propellers sped by, with noisy whistles and bright headlights. These, with the roar of the trains on the opposite bank, did not, however, prevent a sound and restful sleep.

It was a pretty lake, Paugus by name, which spread out before us, and extended four miles down to Lake Village; but it was fortunate for us that the blades of our paddles could be set at right angles to each other, giving the effect of feathered oars, for the wind blew in our faces. At the village, the exit of the water from the lakes is controlled by a powerful dam, five hundred and two feet above the sea level, and thus it is hoarded for the mills below, until the drouths of summer come.

We ran down to the bridge, stopped to examine an elegantly finished pleasure-boat which had not made its trial trip, and then inquired the nature and distance of "carry number two." "Along a good street, across a long bridge, down through a mill-yard, in all about an eighth of a mile," was the answer. A good-natured blacksmith near by loaned us his wheelbarrow, and, by its help, we transported our canoes and "impedimenta" to clear water. We then sought out some relatives who lived here, and were rewarded by the gift of cake, pie, and apples, which had a very home-like taste. As the mill-bells were calling the operatives back from dinner, we dipped our paddles in Round Bay, but kept well to the left, with eyes searching the shores for the outlet at Laconia. The short, swift stream connecting this lake with the next, Winnisquam, is well utilized by factories. The natural fall of water is increased by a dam, and the banks are lined with buildings for half a mile. As the third carry must be made through the heart of the town, an expressman was engaged to transport us. Excellent bread, as well as fresh meat, could be purchased here, and soon an umbrageous tree upon the margin of Winnisquam (beautiful water) tempted us to the shore, and we enjoyed a hearty dinner. Here we saw our first house-boat—a house like a baggage car, with projecting roof and hand rail, and a boat like a wood scow.

During the day, and here in particular, our noses were assailed by the odor from dead perch, floating on their backs or decaying on the shore. At this place, twenty or more were tossed back and forth on the sand, and, rapidly decomposing under the blistering sun, were putrefying the water. If this continues, it must be the cause of sickness to the neighboring inhabitants. The trouble is confined to the perch, perhaps because they swim so near the surface. The fish commissioners were investigating the matter, but we did not learn their decision. On Winnepesaukee, during nine days, we did not see as many dead fish as at this spot, and we were informed that a man had gathered four bushels in front of his grounds.

A pull of five miles brought us to East Tilton, but the ground was so low near the village that we retraced our way for a hundred rods to find a camping-place. The moon shone brightly, and many boating parties went to and fro; but we preferred Morpheus to Luna, and were soon dreaming of dams and carries.

ELEVENTH DAY.

"A night had passed away among the hills,
And now the first faint tokens of the dawn
Showed in the east;

I had waked
From a long sleep of many changing dreams,
And now in the fresh forest air I stood
Nerved to another day of wandering."

"UP, up with the lark!" was our song—only we saw no signs of the lark. We quickly paddled down to the pulp-mill dam, where we lifted the boats over into the sluice-way which feeds the waterwheels, and floated down to the mill. There we were objects of interest to many eyes; but, as we could not afford to be a free show, we obtained the use of the large barrow used in the mill to carry the blocks to the grinder, and by this and the help of several willing hands, we soon shot out into the race and danced about like chips. Before "shooting," however, we were kindly shown over the mill by the gentleman in charge, and followed the blocks of spruce, which give toughness, and of poplar, for whiteness, through the grinding,

cleaning, picking up, and partially drying processes, until the pulp came forth from the rollers in large, thick sheets of pulp-board, which are then folded, shipped to Manchester, and there mixed with rags in different proportions, according to the quality of the paper desired.

The little pond below the dam concealed its outlet so well that we made two false starts before hitting the right indentation. It was now very evident that we were on a river, for the surface of the water began to fall off before us like the roof of a house. Soon we ran our first rift, amid our own applause and that of the splashing, roaring water, and thought it quite an exploit; but we did not then know what was before us.

At noon, Tilton hove in sight, and its bridge broke the Kelpie's rudder, such was the force of the current. The Winnepesaukee River swings off to the west toward Franklin, and in the remaining few miles, a dam obstructs the channel at least every half mile. As vacations are limited, we felt justified in hiring a farmer to cart us to the lower mills at Franklin as soon as possible. We dislike to pass over Tilton without a word, for its beauties are many, and the public enterprise of its citizens highly commendable. The magnificent memorial arch, the richly carved fountain, the classic statues, the library building, and the public park, all deserve notice, but our space forbids.

At Franklin, the Winnepesaukee River, on which we had voyaged, and the Pemigewasset,—

"The child of that white-crested mountain whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,"

unite and form the Merrimack, or Sturgeon River, "the key which unlocks the maze of lakes and streams to the north;"—the Merrimack, than which "no river in the world works harder;"—the Merrimack,—

"Whose current shall never faint nor lack
While the lakes and crystal springs remain."

Here it is that the shad and the salmon part company when they ascend the Merrimack. With what wonderful power the Creator must have endued them to enable them to distinguish between these two branches. This they certainly do, for by the Winnepesaukee the shad seek the quiet waters of the lake, while by the Pemigewasset the salmon seek the rapids and whirlpools of that mountain stream.

We breathed sighs of relief when, at four o'clock, we again embarked and bounded southward. But, alas! the sighs were shorter than the bridge of the same name. Rough, boisterous water was before us, and the surface seemed anxious to assume a vertical position. The talk about water's seeking the ocean level is all very well, but when that ocean is more than a hundred miles away, this sudden, spasmodic way it has of tumbling over itself in its hurry is very reprehensible, and is also alarming to the inexperienced. It was too late to back water, and so away we flew. We shall not say how fast we sped through those six rapids, for we don't know, and *shouldn't* be believed if we did.

Generally the rifts are short, but full of excitement and nervous strain. In what often seemed minutes, but were really seconds, the canoeist had experienced the pleasure of leaping down stream, grazing boulders rolling to this side and that, catching the splash of a broken wave in his face, finding himself kneeling or sitting in a pool of water as he is shot out into the still water; or, with broken paddle and shattered canoe, he may come pounding down, dragging behind his boat like the tail of a kite. We made claim to no skill in this kind of work, yet we received only one wetting, and saved our boats; *but* we were profoundly thankful when such spots were passed, and we could boast that "we had met the enemy and they were ours." The greatest pleasure arising from such sports is the pleasure of relating them to admiring friends at home—taking care, of course, that they lose nothing in the telling.

"We paused at last where home-bound cows
Brought down the pasture's treasure,"

and as the dew began to settle, we did so, too, on a beautiful green knoll in a cluster of great elms, in Northfield. We afterward found this green-sward a deceit, for the greenness was due to little tufts of grass, here and there, and between were sand and the dirtier clay-dust which defiles everything. One of these huge elms, which had been undermined by the spring freshet, and had fallen obliquely on the bank and into the river, made both a wharf and a harbor for the canoes, and a brook in the rear furnished water; while all about us were scattered dry pieces of drift-wood ready for our fire. Distant rumblings above plainly said, "Trench the tent and make all secure." We obeyed and then slept.

(See March number.)

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✻ SCISSORS. ✻

"Active shears gather no rust."

With Hengist, Saxons, Danes with Sueno came,
In search of plunder, not in search of fame,

Scots, Picts, and Irish from the Hibernian shore,
And conqu'ring William brought the Normans o'er.

All these their barbarous offspring left behind.
The dregs of armies; they, of all mankind,

Blended with Britons who before were here,
Of whom the Welsh ha' blest the character.

From this amphibious, ill-born mob began
That vain, ill-natured thing, an Englishman.

The customs, surnames, languages, and manners
Of all these nations are their own explainers:

Whose relics are so lasting and so strong,
They ha' left a shibboleth upon our tongue;

By which with easy search you may distinguish
Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English.

A ten-cent box of shoe-blackening
will go farther than a \$100 diamond
scarf pin toward making a young
man appear a gentleman.

The "simple grace" in Ben-Hur
is: "Father of all—God!—what we
have here is of Thee; take our
thanks and bless us, that we may
continue to do *Thy will*."

One hundred years ago Congress
passed an act appropriating for edu-
cational purposes the sixteenth sec-
tion of the land of every township in
every territory, so that all the new
states have come into a splendid
educational inheritance.

A \$30,000 building, which will ac-
commodate 150 pupils, and be named
the Ramona Indian school, is to com-
memorate Helen Hunt Jackson, at
Santa Fe, New Mexico. One rich
woman devoted her jewels to the
furnishing of a memorial room.

It is said of the eighteen million
children of school age in the United
States, six millions are not in school
because of lack of state financial
ability to provide free public schools
for these children. At the same
time the national treasury has a
burdensome surplus of a hundred
million dollars.

Men who taste food products for
a living are obliged to sharpen their
palates every now and then in order
to keep them acute. The busiest
butter-taster in town does this by
eating an immense apple, mealy, if
he can find one of that sort, every
morning before he eats his breakfast.
He says that restores all the sensi-
tiveness of his taste.

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

Vol. IV.

MILFORD, MASS., MARCH, 1888.

No. 7

La Foi.

Soyez comme l'oiseau
Pose pour un instant
Sur les rameaux trop frele:
Il sent ployer la branche,
Mais il chante pourtant
Sachant qu'il a des ailes.

—[Victor Hugo.

Faith.

Be like the bird, an instant poised
On the too frail bough, so lightly.
He feels it bend, but knowing well
That he has wings, sings brightly.
F. E. H. '88.

"In March come the March winds,
They blow and blow,
They sweep up the brown leaves
That green ones may grow."

Ambition in Life.

WHAT is your ambition? Of course you have one, as every energetic person should have; but what is it? Is it for wealth simply, or is it for patriotism? Perhaps it is philanthropy; love for your fellow-man; it may be self-improvement, to make the best use of your own talents?

Grant that your ambition is for wealth, not to hoard it with a miserly cupidity for the money, nor for reputation, nor yet for charitable purposes; but to carry on a successful business, or for gratification of self, to have anything that heart can desire. This is better far than no ambition, for however selfish and unwilling to use his money for the good of others a man may be, he is, nevertheless, of great value to his town. Think how one man, owning property, or carrying on an immense business, is obliged by his taxes to contribute to the expenses of the town. See the great multitude to whom he gives work. The railroad kings, for example: What power they have in all the questions of the day. Behold

the great army of their employes and the others below these, who look up to them and depend on them for daily bread, but all, in reality, relying on the one man at the head. So then, if you do seek wealth, you will, unintentionally perhaps, be of great benefit to those about you.

Another's is a patriotic ambition, aiming at the attainment of political influence and the power to give right impulse to society. This is a noble ambition for any person. In the troubled times of the present, has not the world need of America? And can America meet the position to which she is by nature and by right assigned, unless some one is at work to raise the moral tone of society, and to improve the general condition of our politics? Then, if you will, aspire to political influence; but as you value your country, use your power aright, and let America and the world profit by your good deeds.

The desire of a third is to do good to his fellow-men, to redress great public wrongs, further moral and social reforms, and, like Garrison and Phillips, destroy vicious systems. When one has such an ambition, if he is eager and zealous, what great good he can do. The world needs more Peabodies today, to raise and sustain the weak, to cheer the discouraged, and in every way to work for the welfare of the people.

What a future would be ours, were there more striving to lessen the public wrongs, to reform society, and to improve the morals of the generations which so quickly come on to the stage of life. The temperance work needs young men and young women. Here is a field for you! The government needs strong-minded men to combat the Mormon troubles. The New West Educational Commission is doing a great work in

this direction, for education seems to be the only cure.

You all, I doubt not, will soon have the privilege of suffrage. Will your influence always be for the right? Think not that I exclude the young ladies, for even if we are now denied the right of voting, it will not be so long. But who can estimate the influence of one strong woman, even now, on the questions of the day? What an influence Mrs. Livermore has! Although she is not permitted to vote, yet, by her energy and her lectures, she exerts a power far greater than any one man can by a single ballot.

The fourth and last ambition to which I must direct your thought is self-culture. I hear one say, "I wish to improve myself and rise as high as I possibly can." This is commendable. Yes, it is a duty to cultivate the talents with which we have been endued, and yet it is selfish ambition, unless we improve ourselves for the purpose of assisting and encouraging others, and to be more competent to devote ourselves to some good work. In this country there are so many advantages of which one can avail himself, if he has the disposition, that he who fails to do so is unworthy of himself. Therefore improve all the possibilities within you. Leave nothing untried.
E. H.

"Not books, but thought started by the reading of them, makes the educated man or woman." Thus declares a recent writer, and to this we might add: Not what we can memorize from our text-books makes us true scholars; but the discipline and development of our mental powers by trying to grasp the real meaning the author intends to convey, educates us.

Feathers.

SITTING one day near the window, I noticed a small bright feather pass by, borne along in its course by the wind. I remarked, "What a pretty feather that is!" whereupon I was asked by a young friend then in the room, "What is a feather, anyway?" So I attempted the explanation of one, which I gave as follows:—

A feather is made up of three parts, the quill, the shaft, and the vane, or beard, consisting of little barbs. The quill, the part attached to the skin, is hollow inside, very transparent, and resembles horn in its appearance. It is light, but very strong. At the end is a small opening where the nourishing vessels enter. The shaft is a continuation of the quill, and diminishes in size as you go towards the tip. It is always slightly curved, the upper and lower parts being separated by a groove. It is covered with a thin, horny layer, and in the hollow part is stored a white, soft, elastic substance, which is called the pith. This gives strength and nourishment to the feather. The vane consists of two webs, one on each side of the shaft. Each web is composed of barbs, fixed obliquely to the shaft, and varying in thickness, length and width. In almost every feather, near the opening in the quill, there is an addition of a downy character, very small in the quills of the wing and tail. Young birds are covered with down before the feathers have developed, this down helping the feathers to pierce the skin.

If you ever notice a peacock, you can find as many different kinds of feathers on him as on any one bird you can think of. On the head of this vain bird are short feathers, each one having at least four colors. These form a part of his clothing. Also on his head are three thin shafted feathers, standing upright, having at their ends eyes of a yellow-green color, which are called "head-dress" feathers. On his neck the feathers are of the same bright kind, only longer, while under him, or on his breast, they are of a grayish color. Those on his back are quite long and all colors of the rainbow. But the great pride of the peacock's heart is his tail feathers, and these certainly are beautiful. They consist of long shafts, with the short, narrow rainbow feathers in rows on each side, while at the ends are heart shaped pieces of four colors. The smallest heart is in the centre of the end piece, and is of two colors. That is enclosed by another larger

one, until the whole end is one large heart. It makes a very pretty feather. There are more than fifty of these tail feathers on one bird. When spread, they take the form of a fan, and are the vain creature's especial delight.

Feathers serve to protect birds from the extremes of heat, cold, and rain, for which their arrangement is especially adapted. They also enable them to fly, and for this purpose are longer and more compact than those which cover the body. Feathers gave to man his first pen. The shaft was sharpened and considered very fine to write with. They formed a part of his first weapon, the Indians using them on the ends of arrows to straighten their course. The small, short feathers that come from hens and geese are used for feather beds, pillows, and cushions.

The beautiful birds that inhabit South America and Australia have come to grief through the hands of man. They have been stripped of their brilliant plumage that we might be benefited thereby. There is probably hardly a lady in the country, but has been guilty, at one time or another, of wearing the feather or wing, or even the whole of a bird.

The many ships that sail across the ocean bring us rich gifts in the form of feathers, or we think *we* are rich if we happen to have certain costly ones in our possession, that were obtained not only through great danger to man, but at the cost of life to the poor, innocent bird. In such numbers have these devoted creatures been slain to gratify the vanity of woman, that it has at last attracted the attention of benevolent individuals, who have formed a society for their protection, and named it after the great naturalist, Audubon. The efforts of this society have somewhat diminished the "slaughter of the innocents," so that many of the sweet-voiced creatures, that would otherwise have been killed, still remain to gladden our hearts with their songs.

E. G. W., '90.

A Typical English Home.

BRACEBRIDGE Hall gives a clear idea of an English home of half a century or so ago. In this work Washington Irving describes the daily life of one of those old families, now almost extinct, in which he was visiting for a few weeks.

The house, a large, stone building, is almost entirely concealed from the view of one passing by the tall oaks and elms which surround it. An ave-

nue, bordered on both sides by the same kinds of trees, leads to the front door, which is the entrance to a large, airy hall, at one end of which is a fire-place, where at most times of the year, a large log can be found burning. This room is the favorite resort of the family in the evenings, especially during the winter, when each one must be ready with a story for the entertainment of the others. Passing through the hall the kitchen is reached, where often a number of gypsies may be seen enjoying themselves at the expense of the Squire's larder. This is an illustration of the hospitality for which the English are noted.

In a household of this kind the servants form an important part. Many of them have served in the family so long that they seem almost a part of it; the housekeeper is a dignified old lady who can tell the history of every person represented in the picture gallery, without which no English house is complete. Under her supervision everything is done quietly and quickly. Next in importance come the footman and butler, both skilled in their own duties. Horseback riding, besides being a pleasure here, is almost a necessity, as it is nearly the only mode of traveling; and hawking, which is one of the favorite amusements, requires both a good horse and an experienced rider. The stable is always well filled, not only for the benefit of the family, but also for any guest. In a grove a short distance from the house is a rookery, and as rooks are said to add dignity to the place where they build, no one is allowed to harm them; in consequence of which there is hardly a tree about the grounds but has at least one nest in it.

A half-mile walk takes one to the village, over which the Squire holds much the same power as did the lords in the feudal times over their tenants. The only excitement here is the daily arrival of the stage-coach with the mail, which is almost the only means of intercourse with the outside world, as few travelers come to such an out-of-the-way place.

H. M. C. '88.

Dr. John Murray of the Challenger expedition says the mean height of the land is 2230 feet above the sea level and the mean depth of the ocean is 12,480 feet. Should the whole of the solid land be reduced to one level under the ocean, then the surface of the earth would be covered by an ocean with a uniform depth of about two miles.

EXCHANGES.

The editorials in the March Haverhill Life we find particularly good.

The valedictory address to Virgil awakens a sympathetic response in us, but what "Styx" is why the Young Idea has put that definition of a demagogue among its editorials. Is it so that the "Chestnut" ed. might copy it verbatim et literatim.

How do you like the color of the paper this month?—[Channey Hall Abstract.

Just the color in which to hurrah over a successful exhibition. Please accept our sincere thanks—not "thumps"—for straightening out our name. If "the compositor does not care a fig" for calling us Oak, Lily and Fig, I v(y)ow *we* do.

"What'er girls do, or say, or dream," O girls of the Stubenville Sem.! how did you ever dare christen your new paper "The Tattler"? Is there method in your madness? Did you mean to forestall criticism? We like your paper, and beg you to accept our cordial congratulations on the success, in every way, of your first effort. Come and see us again.

Pray tell us, Styhs, the number of scholars in the Brockton high school. How can you have 59 cases of tardiness in four weeks. Is there not some mistake in the report? We, with an average daily attendance of 109.8, had only 85 for the whole year. With the same average as ours your school ought to number many hundreds.

Our list of new exchanges for this month is unusually long, but every one is welcome. They are, as a rule, bright and readable, and call themselves as follows: The Golden Eagle, The High School Mirror, The College Whim, The Reveille, The Academy Monthly, Our New Scheme, Southwestern Presbyterian Journal, The Meteor, The Institute Record, The Bellevue College Star.

The Oak, Lily and Ivy shows poor taste in mixing up so many advertisements with the reading matter.—[Stray Shot.

You are very right, but did you copy this stray shot from fifty other exchanges, or is it original? Won't you whisper to us softly how you manage to float along so buoyantly on the financial sea without any ads. at all? They are our indispensable life-preservers,—without them we sink. Our "taste" no more than yours approves of the "mixing up," which, nevertheless, stern necessity compels. If it is rich uncles that help you along, can't you spare us a few?

We congratulate the Haverhill Life and Our New Scheme on their printer. We have tried him for years and have never found him wanting.

Professor, translating Virgil—"There are to me twice seven nymphs of excellent body, which I will give to you."

"Mae—"How much is a nymph, Professor?"—[Res Academicæ.

What is a "which," Mae might have asked.

Does the High School Bulletin wish to retaliate by giving us "too much of a good thing" in return for the same kindness on our part? Is that why it sends us an extra cover? Or is it intended as something under which to hide our diminished heads? Nons déconvrns.

The Ex.-ed. of the Sunbeam confesses herself weary of bowing in acknowledgement of complimentary puns on the name of her magazine, but what can she expect if she will persist in flashing her brightness upon us as she does in the Jan.-Feb. issue.

The literary department of the March number of the Dartmouth is particularly enjoyable. The poetry is far above the average. "My Aunt's Specs" is a bright and natural sketch, and we enjoyed a hearty laugh over the absurdities of "Passages from The Modern Gulliver."

We welcome the "College Reflector" from the Miss. Agricultural College. The paper is well printed, ably edited, and the motto is a helpful one; but on taking it up, and on putting it down, a question comes to us *not* for the first time, "Why do most of our Southern exchanges use such miserably poor paper?"

There are some noticeably fine articles in the January number of the Richmond College Messenger. "Remarks on Fiction" shows how a taste for sensational literature is engendered and fostered, and hints at some of the benefits received from reading the best authors of fiction. In "Over Education," taken from the Johns Hopkins University is a healthy protest against educating the mental powers at the expense of the physical. The arguments are good, but we take exception to this statement: "It is safe to say that the physically active are almost always those who carry off no intellectual prizes." That that was the case formerly, we grant, but such a state of affairs is no longer a foregone conclusion with us in the East. It is too generally the age of athletic sports here. How is it in the South, friend Messenger?

We are glad to see the Niagara Index for March. January and February failed to bring us the customary "bitters" from the College of Our Lady of Angels, and we feared we might have been "vexatiously crossed" off of the list of exchanges. "Bitters" are excellent as a spring tonic, and we need them. We anticipate you.

If "the girls who edit the Oak, Lily and Ivy"—oh, boys! oh, where are ye!—have "stung with their sarcasm" the editors of the Literary Monthly, or of any other of their exchanges, they can only say the wound has not been given intentionally. It was the sin and not the sinner at which they aimed, but to quote from the L. M. itself, "Writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind or miss it;" "The girls who edit" etc., and the boys, too, have only the friendliest feelings for all their exchanges.

We "raise" fruits, "cultivate" plants, "break" colts, "breed" stock, "train" pigeons; but we "educate" man.

"It is certainly true that the training of a mammal training school *lets in a flood of light upon a thousand things but imperfectly understood before.*"

"Prof. Proctor asserts that 100,000,000 people lived and died in America before its discovery by Columbus." Of course the learned professor must be right, but we've counted twice and make it 99,999,999 each time.

For twenty-two years, and even longer, Mr. Bergh has devoted his energy and wealth to the amelioration of the condition of the dumb creation. Since that time he has seen the modest society which he founded, and of which he was the president, become one of the strongest benevolent organizations, not only in this city, but in America, for there is now hardly a state in the Union which does not contain a kindred organization. In thirty-seven states and territories laws forbidding the ill treatment of animals have been passed, and in thirty-four of them societies to carry out their provisions have been organized. Very few men have ever lived to see the work which they started grow to such colossal proportions, and there is no other reformer now living who has witnessed the spread of his ideas over so vast a territory.—[Benjamin Northrop.

THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.

MARCH, 1888.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School
PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

BUSINESS EDITORS.

GRACE L. BLOOD and LYDIA A. ROBERTS.

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(Ten Numbers.)

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents

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the year will also be received, and
back numbers can be obtained.

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second class matter.

EDITORIALS.

GENERAL EDITORS.

OLIE L. BROWN AND LILLIAN E. THOMPSON.

Howard in the Sunday Globe of the eighteenth instant gives cigarettes their just due in language more vigorous than classical. The paper is on file. Be sure and read it.

Most Chemistries assert that oxygen, the insatiable iconoclast, meets an enemy in fluorine, which alone of the seventy-one elements can successfully resist its attack; but we learn that a French chemist has succeeded in combining the two, and thus seems to have proved the theory to be true that fluorine is the most active of the chemical elements.

We are indebted to Representative Lally for this year's Manual of the General Court of Massachusetts. The school has for the several successive years past been presented with a Manual and it has always proved a much used reference book for the Civil Government classes. The gift is very opportune, and sincere thanks are due Mr. Lally for his kindness.

A Texas superintendent who favors the Blair bill for Federal aid likens a republic, in general, to a cone resting on its base, for the people are the government; and a monarchy, a one-man-power, to a cone resting upon its apex supported by the sword, purse and bayonet. He adds, however, that our government, the republic of Jefferson, is an arch of thirty-eight parts, resting upon two abutments of universal suffrage and of universal education. By illustrations taken from the last census he shows that it is impossible for the Southern States, with less than half the resources of 1860, to educate double the number of children.

We were all much gratified this month at the signs of care and art exhibited by the Chemistry class in etching copper. For the Chemistry scholars now "seeing is believing," as this school has the good fortune to have a laboratory in which the class may test their knowledge. By a class vote, those etchings judged to be the best were by Miss Connolly, (whose specimen was a remarkably fine imitation of the title of this paper,) by Miss Clark, and by Master Gould, all of '89.

Much to the surprise of Latin I., Ben Hur seems to illustrate a great majority of the points brought up while reading Cicero's orations. In General Lew Wallace's novel they find the chariot race, the advantages of being a Roman citizen, the farming and paying of tributaries, the scourges practised at those times and the method of carrying on a naval battle with the galley slaves. The succession of the Roman command, the fate of Judea, is clearly and interestingly brought forth and imprints it upon one's memory better than a history could have done. We advise the scholars to read it, not for what the author designed it perhaps, but for the practical benefits to be obtained from it. When a person has read this book, that one may truly say that he has read one standard novel, and thus must have broadened his mind in some respects. It is just such books as this which should fill a well selected library, and—ours does not contain this book, but we shall cheerfully acknowledge its reception.

Our principal, trying to seek subjects for compositions that would not be above the knowledge of the scholars, and which would obviate the necessity of copying from encyclopædias, gave out the subject, "Feathers," with the following topics: Parts, kinds, value to the birds, and value to us. It was to be written "as if the writer were telling a friend younger than himself, who has never seen a feather." The following is an extract from a composition:—

"A feather, my dear child! 'What is a feather?' A feather is a complicated modification of the ligumentary system forming the plumage of a bird. 'What is it made of?' It consists a hollow cylindrical semi-transparent tube composed of coagulated albumen, in both form and appearance resembling the chemical constitution of bone. This is terminated at an obtuse extremity by the lower umbilicus through which the nutritious vessels enter a continuous shaft communicating with a shrivelled

membrane at the other end. Now, little one, will you know a feather when you see one?"

O would that there were a uniform rule for capitals! Every publishing house seems to be a law unto itself, and therefore it is that our textbooks do not agree. Then, again, our newspaper proof-readers, to save time and expense, have a newspaper rule, and they *decapitate* with the effectiveness of a guillotine. As a general rule, however, capitals are passing over to the minority; but still are ever ready, as our friends under the dome in Boston, to "submit their report."

Teachers who rely on one textbook in their teaching take the same risk that scholars do when they invariably make their answers to problems agree with the book answers. In looking up the basis of apportionment for a national representative we learned from Mowry's Studies in Civil Government that it is 151,912; from Miss Dawes' How We Are Governed, 154,000; from Geo. V. Jones' The People's Family Atlas, 151,894. The Congressional Record of February, 1882, gives no number beyond the 325 representatives then voted for the next decade. Whoever is so inclined can divide the population of the thirty-eight states by this number, and he will obtain 151,911.8+

As the result of a petition by the scholars asking for a certain time to be set aside each month for debating the leading questions of the day in Milford, this new and what promises to be a very interesting feature, has been introduced into the rhetorical exercises this month. From a number of subjects handed in to our principal for the topic of discussion for the first debate, he has selected, "Resolved, that Milford should establish a sewerage system." Only the young men will participate in arguing this subject, and for the leaders in the affirmative the scholars have chosen Masters Fales '88, Fitzgerald '89, Howard '90, Noyes '91; and in the negative Tirrell '88, Spaulding '89, Lamson '90, Scully '91. The debates are to be carried on by the parliamentary rules of procedure, and the books in the book-cases containing the method by which debates should be conducted are now constantly in use. Although the young ladies do not take part in this debate, our principal has in mind a subject in which they will actively engage. The success of this new method will wholly depend upon the interest and desire manifested by the scholars.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

NELLIE BROWN AND HAROLD E. FALES.

The stormy March has come at last,
With winds and clouds and changing
skies;

I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

"Integer means mixed up."

"If you can't do your best, do
what you can."

"Filet de boeuf-sale aux choux et
haricots au lard."

"Le sol manque á Picciola. Picci-
ola wants the earth."

"Pitch depends on the number of
times it is played on it."

The sweetest sound to our ears is
the Town House bell at 8.15 a. m.

According to our French anatomi-
st, man is a biped without wings.

What per cent did you get in the
"single skull races" of examination
week?

Carior mihi quam tibi. She was
very sure *carior* referred to a *muscu-
line* noun.

Physics III. informs us that "to
run a dynamo you must put it where
the water falls."

True generosity.—"You can have
it for yours and mine, and I'll keep
it with my things."

The elements holding sway for
two days interfered with our plans
of work in closing our term.

Snow-Bound was the play acted
on the New England stage recently,
with the real article for scenery.

Some of our book-keepers' debits
and credits do not balance. Is it
possible that they are preparing to
go to Canada?

The northern part of Maine is far
ther north than Quebec, and more
than half of its territory is still an
unsettled wilderness.

We thought corporal punishment
a thing of the past, but here is the
Journal of Education asking teachers
to send for its *clubbing* list.

A student of Philosophy informs
us that ventriloquism can be seen.
We have heard of Bell's visible
speech; is it that to which he re-
fers?

"Analysis has brought to light the
fact that ice cream frequently con-
tains glue." Many are the girls who
stick to it, and many are the boys
who have been *stuck*.

Teacher—What season of the
year is it?

Scholar—Fall. If you don't be-
lieve it stand a few moments and
watch the people pass from Main
street to the high school house.

Owing to our recent study of Civil
Government, many of our number took
considerable interest in town meeting
and watched with some understand-
ing the proceedings of the day.

Our teachers find an improvement
in the hand-writing of the recent
classes. If this is so, we fear that
there will be few Horace Greeleys
and Rufus Choates among them.

As our classmates find places be-
hind our local counters, we trust that
their records may differ from this of
a messenger boy: "Monday, hired;
Tuesday, tired; Wednesday, fired."

Some scholars seem to be only half
awake during recitations, but it can-
not be because they keep late hours,
for some do not even know the
shape of the moon. They declare it
is an oblong.

An advertisement reads—"Want-
ed, a young man to be partly out of
doors and partly behind the coun-
ter." We think that one of our
young men can "fill the bill," judg-
ing by his frequent requests to enjoy
the fresh air.

WANTED—A head with fifty-three
ounces of well convoluted, fine brain
matter. As the supply is never
equal to the demand, a good price
will be paid and no questions asked.
If delivered before examination week,
a chromo will be given extra.

Our new music is so fascinating
that we are often tempted to run
over the time allotted. It is so *en-
chanting* to sit in a warm room with
"*Ballou* birds" singing and "*Brown*
bees" humming about, while the
outer world is buried in snow.

"The touch of King Midas the Golden
Prefigured my work in the cell,
Where the exquisite parable olden
In tangible beauty I tell."

The Physics class can appreciate
this after their recent experiments in
electroplating. Our apparatus has
worked unusually well this year.

A very artistic design consisting
of different kinds and parts of feath-
ers, as illustrations of her composi-
tion subject, was drawn by Essie G.
Wilbur, '90. We have no doubt
that it gave the teacher sincere satis-
faction to know that at least one of
the pupils could put her knowledge
of drawing to real, practical use.

The National School is about to
begin; let us see to it that we are
good scholars. "Which remark we
use to explain" is caused by the fol-
lowing: "Some one has said that the
presidential campaign is a *national*
school wherein the nation requires
a minute and accurate knowledge of
the government and of all govern-
mental affairs."

PERSONALS.

EDITED BY

MARY L. TOOHEY AND PATRICK J. LAWLESS.

Theresa A. McCarten, '85, is em-
ployed as clerk at Natick.

Fred Hannon, once of '91, is now
attending school at Montreal.

Elizabeth B. Barns, '87, is now at-
tending the Friends' School, Provi-
dence.

"We twelve" progressive anglers
recently met with Lillian E. Thomp-
son, '88.

Aaron H. Mayhew, English '85, is
now assistant book-keeper at C. W.
Shippee's.

Hartwell B. Spaulding '89, is at-
tending the Monroe School of Ora-
tory at Boston on Saturdays.

George Stimpson, once of '87, has
finished his course of study at Co-
mer's Commercial School, Boston.

Charlotte T. Field, '84, and Grace
P. Field, '86, are on their return trip
from California, where they have
passed the winter.

Fred A. Shepard, once of '84, is
reported as having a singular ability
for lessening by simple methods in
Book-keeping, the labor which is re-
garded so complicated at B. H.
Spaulding's factory.

At the town meeting recently held,
John T. McLoughlin, '83, was re-
elected town clerk, Murtagh J. Rey-
nolds, once of '78, was elected tax-
collector; Nathaniel F. Blake, '65,
was elected a trustee of the town
library.

Charles E. Wakefield, once of '79,
met a sudden death on his way to
Cherokee from Sioux City, Iowa,
Feb. 18. He took a train from the
latter place, but on account of dark-
ness and rain, he fell and was in-
jured so badly that he lived only un-
til the next evening. Mr. Wake-
field has resided in Randolph, Neb.,
for the past five years, where he
edited the Randolph News.

"The Louisiana purchase was the
largest transfer of real estate which
was ever made since Adam was pre-
sented with the fee-simple of Para-
dise."

Talk about the danger of a misuse
of the decimal point in doctors' pre-
scriptions as an argument against the
adoption of the metric system! Why,
how much plainer is a snake, seem-
ingly suffering from a severe attack
of cholera morbus, as an indication of
fractional parts of a pound? For our
part we agree with a writer who
says that the multiples in our tables
of measure "are not complimentary
to the civilization of our fathers."

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Hair-Dresser

And dealer in hair-oils, pomades, Thomas' hair tonic
for removing dandruff, etc.,

127 Main street. Milford, Mass.

N. B. Ladies' and children's hair cut o sham
pooed at their residences if desired.

G. F. BIRCH,

Dealer in

→* MEATS! *←

AND PROVISIONS,

Fruits, Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Etc. Also, home-
cured Hams and home-made Sausages.

33 Exchange Street.

THE STURGEON RIVER.

TWELFTH DAY.

For the river of rivers is Merrimack,
Whether it foams with the mountain rain,
Or toils in the mill-race, deep and black,
Or conqueror, rolls to the ocean plain!

—Edna Dean Proctor.

THIS was our last day, and a long one, too, for Manchester was its goal. As Northfield was thirty-three miles by rail from that city, and below us the river was very crooked, and there were two long carries, we felt safe in estimating the remaining distance as forty miles. While the sun was wrestling with the water-laden clouds, we broke camp. The lines of the poet recalled an historical fact, but our eyes could not locate the spot of which he sings:—

“Northward is Franklin, where wild waters meet
From mountain height and limpid lake to greet
Our Merrimack;—the rustic region where
The noble Webster lived.”

We ran down stream with help of paddle and current, with our ears wide open to catch the sound of rock-beaten rifts at each succeeding bend. We shot under three bridges, long and high, where the rush of the current against the stone abutments could be heard rods away. The railroad lines to right and left centre at the “City of Harmony” (a misnomer at this time, for the Legislature is in session), and might be likened to the letter Y. That to the east comes from the lakes and White Mountains, while the other joins New Hampshire to Vermont; but the river, meantime, with the strictest impartiality, runs back and forth in the green interval like an anxious mother, afraid that one may suffer in her absence. As a feature of the landscape, this is quite enchanting; but the extra two, three, and even four miles it adds to the distance is far otherwise. Boseawen and Canterbury displayed their river banks to us as we passed between these towns and under their bridges.

Speaking of banks, we ought to mention three places, one of which furnished the subject for a picture. In these the river had made a half-circle to the left, into what was once a high hill; but, after years of spring freshets and the resulting landslides, the hill had been eaten away, until a battlement, cut precipitously downward from its summit-line through soil, sand and clay, had been left a hundred feet in height, bordered with trees, all ready to topple over at the least disturbance. We recalled the stories we had heard of the avalanches of the Alps, and it seemed as if here the report of a gun would have sent tons of earth toboggaming river-ward. A peculiarity of these high banks is that the water which falls in showers settles through the upper strata down to the clay, and thence, seeking an outlet, all at once as a brooklet goes babbling down the remaining distance to the river in deeply cut channels.

We had been informed several times that only Sewall's Falls prevented a clear course to Concord. Even within a mile of them, we were told that we must make a carry of three quarters of a mile. So we went on, dreading the prospect, for the water was growing rougher every minute. We ran two rifts, but in the third we could not find a canoe's length of clear water deep enough to float it, and so, with lines fastened to bow and stern, and paddle in hand, we pushed, pulled and waded, and jumped from rock to rock, for fifty feet. Then on our knees, with paddles secured by a rope, we fought our way through three more series of rapids, now dodging a rock in sight, now one marked by the dashing spray or the backward rush of the water; the next moment, with vigorous sweep of the paddle, resisting the twisting power of an eddy, until we had passed over the greater part of a mile, and we stopped to congratulate each other and compare experiences. But still that carry worried us. Soon after, we met two young men bathing, and asked our usual question. “How soon will you meet the falls? Why, you've just passed them!” We sent up a shout of joy, and had a good laugh at our own expense. The dreaded falls were behind us, and no carry had been made. Perhaps we ought to add that the river was unusually high, and generally a longer distance would have been like the fifty feet just mentioned.

We went hurrying on, rejoicing at our good luck, yet not so fast as did that birch canoe in stormy March of 1697, impelled by the strong arms of two women and a boy. No vision of pursuing red men made our hearts palpitate with fear; for us “no Indian lurked behind every rock and pine.” Such were our thoughts as, upon the crest of an island at our right, we beheld the monument erected to the memory of Hannah Dustin and her

IVY.

two companions, whose deeds are on the page of every schoolboy's history. A high pedestal of granite, surmounted by a life-sized statue of the heroine with tomahawk and scalps in hand, stands within a rod of the Northern Railroad, and is seen by hundreds every day.

In striking contrast to the lesson of this historic deed, the State Prison's massive walls next met our searching eyes, and then the dome of the State Capitol—no reflection is intended by this combination; while beyond the undulating intervals the "clustered spires of Concord stand." "By the highway," said one of our friends of the bath, "the distance to town is a mile and a quarter, but by the river, three or four miles." The other facetiously added, "I skated down last winter, and I thought it *ten*." As dinner was forbidden until we reached the city bridge, the distance was likely to seem as far to us. Time and patience, the adage is, will conquer everything. In our case, too, these, plus considerable vigorous paddling, overcame at last the crooked S's of the Merrimack, and beneath friendly branches we dined and rested, with the satisfaction of knowing that twenty miles of river lay between us and Camp Webster. The remaining twenty miles had been run once before, and therefore seemed like old friends. An uneventful paddle to Garvin's Falls, a double carry,—first to reach the canal which feeds the paper-mill, and second, down a steep bank and over a stone wall, to get into the race-way,—and a photograph of it all, occupied our time until the watch said half past four. Then we launched in the boiling waters, where the river and race met, and, after twisting and tossing for a minute, we set the course for the mouth of the Suncook. Then were first seen the long rows of mills, many stories in height, which here, and at the great cities below, have given the Merrimack its reputation all over the world.

"Ten thousand spindles in their places spin,
Ten thousand spools fast wind their fibres in,
Ten thousand shuttles shoot across the web
Fed by the mules slow back and forward led."

(See April Number.)

She—"Mr. Chestnut, is there a Chautauqua in M—?"

He—"A She-talker? Law, yes! There's more'n fifty She-talkers in our neighborhood; any on 'em 'd talk ye blind at one sittin'."—[Ex.

Under the orders of Napoleon III. the records of the government schools were kept in two classes,—those of the smokers and those of the non-smokers. After some time the records showed that the smokers were markedly inferior, physically, mentally and morally, to the abstainers.

When standing before a grand conflagration, witnessing the display of mighty energies there in action, and seeing the elements rushing into combination with a force which no human energy can withstand, does it seem as if any power could undo that work of destruction, and rebuild those beams and rafters which are melting into air? Yet, in a few years they will be rebuilt. This mighty force will be overcome; not, however, as we might expect, amid the convulsions of Nature or the clashing of the elements, but silently in a delicate leaf waving in the sunshine. The sun's rays are the Ithuriel wand, which exerts the mighty power, and under the direction of that unerring Architect, whom all true science recognizes, the woody

structure will be rebuilt, and fresh energy stored away to be used or wasted in some future conflagration. —[Cooke.

No error can be greater than to look on the so-called Middle Ages as a time lacking in intellectual activity. In no age was the human mind busier. But it worked round and round on the same subjects; it worked always either in submission to authority or in conscious revolt against authority. The world of the Middle Ages was a world full within its own range, but pent up within both intellectual and geographical bounds. The widening of the geographical range, that is, the discovery of the New World, was no small element in the widening of the intellectual range.—[Freeman.

To those who would so circumscribe the course of instruction in the public schools that the mind of the scholar is confined to bread-and-butter and dollar-and-cent studies, we offer this from a recent communication in a Western paper: "To educate a child is to make a man of him, to develop all that is in him; to help him to be himself, not what others think he ought to be; to give him liberty to be what God made him to be, not to make him what some men or all men may fancy he should be."

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"Active shears gather no rust."

"How shall I a habit break?"

As you did that habit make.

As you gathered, you must lose;

As you yielded, now refuse.

Thread by thread the strands we twist;

Till they bind us neck and wrist;

Thread by thread the patient hand

Must untwine ere free we stand.

As we builded, stone by stone,

We must toil, unhelped, alone,

Till the wall is overthrown.

—[John Bolye O'Reilly.]

A little boy, who was riding in the park with his father, finding that they could not ride as fast as he liked because of certain police regulations, said, confidentially, "If it weren't for God and the police what a good time we could have, papa."

Coal is only the stored-up energy of past ages of sunshine, and the beautiful aniline colors are only the stored-up tints of the risings and the settings of the sun in the fern age, which the skill of the chemist has again set free from the shadows of a long night of subterranean blackness.

One story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with skylights. All fact collectors who have no aim beyond their facts are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight.—[Holmes.]

What a cunning silversmith is the frost! The rarest workmanship of Delhi and Genoa copies him but clumsily, as if the fingers of all other artists were thumbs. Fern-work and lace-work and filigree in endless variety, and under it all the water tinkles like a distant guitar, or drums like a tambourine, or gurgles like the tokay of an anchorite's dream.—[James Russell Lowell.]

The little boy imitates soldiers, models clay into an oven, builds houses, makes a wagon out of chairs, rides on horseback upon a stick, drives nails with the hammer, harnesses his brethren and comrades together and plays the stage driver, or lets himself be captured as a wild horse by some one else. The girl, on the contrary, plays with her doll, washes and dresses it, strokes it, claps and kisses it, puts it to bed and tucks it in, sings it a cradle-song, or speaks with it as if it were a living being. This fact shows that sexual difference exists in the play impulse.—[Schneider.]

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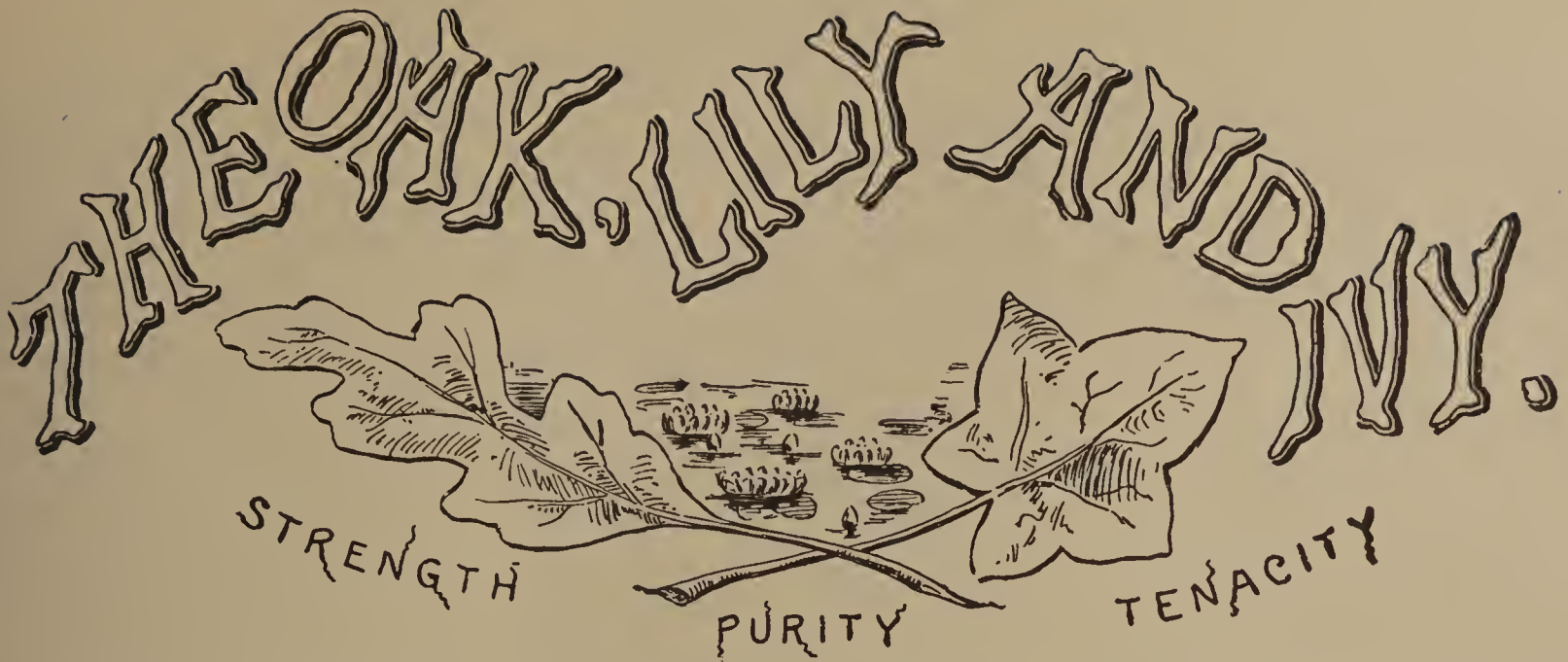
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## Oak, Lily, Ivy.

"It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk doth make man better be,  
 Or standing long, an oak three hundred  
 year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;  
 A lily of a day  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night,  
 It was the plant and flower of light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see,  
 And in short measures life may perfect  
 be."

—From an Old Poet.

Growing where grim death is seen,  
 A faithful plant is the ivy green.  
 —Dickens.

Like lily pure, like oak-tree strong,  
 Like ivy true—to right through wrong,  
 When all these three in one we meet,  
 'Tis then we find a soul complete.

## Maps and What They Teach.

A MAP is an attempt to represent a part or the whole of the earth's surface to the eye. As men began to wander over the earth they felt the need of maps to show the direction of their travels and to record their discoveries. To the Egyptians, among civilized people, we are indebted for our earliest maps. Because the portion of the earth bounded by our horizon which can be seen at one time has the appearance of a disk, the ancients thought it the shape of the earth, and therefore the original and earliest form of map was that of a circle. To the Babylonians is due the credit of the division of the ecliptic into 12 signs and of the circle into 360 degrees. Marseilles has the honor of applying the knowledge of astronomy to map-making. Although the Romans highly valued maps in their campaigns, they did not improve on the methods of the Greeks. After years of inactivity we find in Italy,

in the 13th century, the first nautical map constructed with the aid of a compass. For a long time map-making was carried on by private individuals; but in later years, coast surveys have been made by the different governments, and today we have maps of great beauty and wonderful accuracy, representing not only relief, that is the physical features, but also showing the distribution of vegetation, or where the different products can be most abundantly raised. There are also isothermal maps connecting places having the same annual temperature; maps telling where volcanoes and earthquakes occur most abundantly; maps showing the distribution of the races of men and other animal life. There are rain and wind maps, and now we have daily weather maps, made under the direction of our national bureau, which tell the direction of all the great storms and are therefore of great assistance to mariners, by giving them timely notice of the probabilities of the succeeding twenty-four hours.

Much knowledge can be conveyed by a map without the usual written or verbal description of it. To illustrate this, let us imagine before us the familiar map of our own state. We first notice the parallels of latitude. They are 41 degrees 10 minutes and 42 degrees 53 minutes, and give us the state's distance north of the equator, and roughly tell us its climate, although we have learned in our Physical Geography that ocean currents and the direction of its mountain ranges may modify it to a great extent. In the corner we shall find a graduated line called the scale of miles. By this we can tell how much space is given to the representation of a mile, the distances of the different places from one another

and the dimensions of the state. By the use of different colors townships are marked out, and by colored boundary lines the counties are indicated; wavy black lines show the river systems, while irregular spots of blue show its lakes. Little groups of radiating short lines indicate the mountainous districts, and on a physical map valleys, plains and tablelands may be shown by different intensities of the same color. The relative importance or size of the cities and towns may be shown by different sizes of type. Railroads are laid down by red lines, canals by two parallel lines, and the great highways by finer lines. Lighthouses are often located by red crosses and battle fields by red flags.

The irregularity of the eastern boundary indicates a great extent of sea coast, due to its two great peninsulas, Cape Ann and Cape Cod, and therefore it must have a great many bays and harbors, which, of course, suggest great commercial facilities and fishing interests; and we are not surprised to learn that Massachusetts is first, in proportion to her population, in the extent of her foreign trade; and that more than half of the fishing products of the United States are taken in Massachusetts vessels. These statements at once bring to your mind Gloucester on the Cape; Salem near Beverly of unsavory legislative memories; Marblehead of revolutionary fame; and Boston, the metropolis of New England, with all its radiating lines of railroad (which weave a net-work all over eastern Massachusetts), and New Bedford, the whaling port of the world. Moving westward from the coast we behold cities and towns crowded thickly together; from which we conclude that the early inhabitants first settled in the east and



spread to the west. This is confirmed by the position of the capital, and when we turn to the pages of our history we read of the one hundred and one pilgrims who landed from the Mayflower on Plymouth Rock, and the four hundred Puritans who settled at Salem, the city of peace, and of St. Botolph's town with its cradle of liberty and its old south church. Although we see no high mountains indicated here, yet the direction of the flow of its numerous small rivers not only proves the irregularity of the country, but leads us to suppose that the soil would be fertile and that they would furnish water-power for its factories; and they account, too, for the fact that Massachusetts is surpassed in the actual value of her manufactured productions only by New York and Pennsylvania, each of which is five times larger.

We might also, in imagination, see on this map lines of other colors; lines showing places having the same average temperature, indications of mineral wealth and vegetable productions; for instance, at Lee are located the marble quarries; at Newburyport, silver and lead; at Monson, Quincy and Milford, the granite.

It is very desirable in the study of Geography to procure the maps issued by the great railroad companies, for although they are issued to advertise themselves, yet they often give important information; for example, they locate on their maps the nature of the land—whether it is suitable for farming or grazing purposes.

Maps are being constantly improved as new surveys are made and the introduction of new methods increases the accuracy of the work. Even today Massachusetts is being surveyed as she never has been before, and every natural feature exactly located and soon we shall have a map that can be surpassed by no other state. Then let us acknowledge our debt to the men who have produced and are producing such great helps for our schools and for the general education of the people.

F. J. M.

#### Good Adv i i i.

O merchant, in thine hour of e e e,  
If on this paper you should c c c,  
And look for something to ap p p p  
Your yearning for greenback v v v,  
Take our advice and be y y y,  
Go straightway out and advert i i i,  
You'll find the project of some u u u,  
Neglect can offer no ex q q q,  
Be wise at once, prolong your d a a a,  
A silent business soon de k k k.

—[Ex.

#### Sydney Carton.

SYDNEY Carton was a dissipated man with a sullen, disagreeable look upon his face. He seemed moody and morose and said but little, yet when he wished he could talk exceedingly well. He appeared to care for nothing, and this indifference hung around him like a shadow. He was a man that would have been called handsome; for he had finely formed features, but they had become coarse and ineomely from much dissipation. He had always done the work of others, and even when a boy in school he had helped the other boys to get their lessons instead of learning his own.

We hear of him first in the court house in London with his friend Mr. Stryver, a noted lawyer, whom he serves as "Jackal." Carton is watching the proceedings of Charles Darnay's trial, and becomes much interested in two of the witnesses against the prisoner, Dr. Manette and his daughter Lucie, with whom he falls in love. He determines to save Darnay's life for her sake. He writes something on a piece of paper and tosses it to Mr. Stryver, who, after reading it, calls the attention of the court to the likeness between the prisoner and Carton, and, as the witness upon whose evidence the case seems to hang, can not swear which of the two it is whom he saw, Darnay is acquitted.

After this Sydney became well acquainted with the Manettes and would go to their house very often. He seemed to enjoy their company, although he never talked much with them. One day when he called he found Lucie alone. She had never felt at ease with him; but now, as she was working, happening to look up she noticed a change in his face. As he talked with her, she was surprised to see tears in his eyes. He told her what a worthless life he had led, and when she said that it need not be so in the future, he answered that he knew better, for he never could be any different. Then he went on to tell of his love for her. He said that he knew she never could return it, and he was thankful that she could not, because as he was such a wreck, she could only be miserable with him; but he wanted her to know that, although he had fallen low, he had yet good feelings in his heart, and that he had thought of trying to throw off his sloth, but it was nothing more than a dream. Still, whenever he recalled this day, it would always console him to remember that he had confided in her, and he hoped she would never tell

any one else. Then, as he moved toward the door, he told her that he would be willing to give his life for her, or any one dear to her.

Shortly after this Charles and Lucie were married, and she asked her husband to treat Carton as though he had a heart, though he seldom revealed it. If Carton had heard her, he would have said again, "God bless her for her sweet compassion!"

About this time the French Revolution broke out, and by strange circumstances Charles Darnay was called to Paris. He was taken prisoner and acquitted through the influence of Dr. Manette, who with his daughter had followed him to Paris; but the same night he was again arrested and condemned to death.

In the meanwhile Sydney Carton had come to Paris, thinking that perhaps he might be of some assistance to Lucie. He thought it would be best for Dr. Manette to try his influence again, but when he returned to them insane, he saw that that hope was useless. He had then only one plan left, which was to visit Darnay in prison, through the power he had gained over one of the jailers, exchange clothes with him, let Darnay go free and be executed in his place. This he was going to do because of his love for Lucie. He had every preparation made so, that Lucie and her family could start for London the next day. He spent the night in wandering about the streets, and the words he had heard at his father's grave kept recurring to him: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

All his plans worked satisfactorily, and by 2 o'clock the next day Darnay and his wife and family were on their homeward journey, and at the same time Carton was on his way to be executed. While he was waiting there was a grand look upon his face and the people who saw him spoke of it afterwards. His last thoughts were for Lucie, the woman he loved so loyally and for whom he was giving up his life. He imagined her and her family in their home prosperous and happy; but he felt that as long as they lived his memory would be cherished and held sacred in their souls.

He was a true hero to give his life for another, that the woman he loved might live happily with his preferred rival. He died a grand and noble death, even if he had not lived a noble life.

H. T. C., '89.



## EXCHANGES.

Our thanks are hereby tendered to the Coburn Clarion, the College Whim, and others of our exchanges, for favors received.

"March Wind" is a pretty little poem in the Fordham Monthly, and it seems to us that the "Ode on Washington's Birthday," by the same author, has true poetic merit.

Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., is an industrial and technical school in which there are 450 colored boys and girls, with 131 Indians of both sexes, working hand in hand.—[Phi-Rhonian.

It seems almost too bad to leave one poor Indian out in the cold all alone, with no one's hand to take hold of. Can't some one send on to them just one more dark complexioned individual to make the number even? Just think of one poor "Injun" flocking by himself!

"C's" "Tragedy" in the High School Record is a poetical version of a very prosaic event, while "The Fairies of the Snow" is a pretty prose revision of Bryant's "Little People of the Snow."

The Academy Journal for March has a literally "good" exchange column. Out of the eight exchanges noticed, it speaks of six as being "good," and one other contains something "valuable."

The Easter number of the Reveille is elegantly gotten up, with its appropriately illustrated cover and its prototypes of Col. Hyatt and the baseball team. Nor does it lack well written articles in prose and poetry.

We like the exchange-column of the Owl. We are not sure, though, but it's the exchange editor we like, after all, because while defending himself from unjust criticism, he does not forget to be thoroughly courteous.

The Torch shows enterprise in getting out a double page illustration of Main street, Asbury Park, and in republishing a graphic history of that town. We have often felt ashamed of the meagre wrappers we have used, but the Torch is not a shining light in that respect.

Is the Randolph-Macon Monthly ashamed of its address? Why, else, does it take such pains to hide it? After searching diligently with a microscope we succeeded in finding it wrinkled up in a little space in the "north-east" corner of the cover. We think what it calls an "acute" design would be an improvement on its present one.

Of all of our exchanges, we think the Xavier comes the nearest filling up *every blank* in a school journal. One viewing it from the outside would not form a very exalted opinion of it, but beneath its covers we find interesting and instructive reading matter.—[Oak Leaf.

Please send diagram.

Many thanks to the Normal News. We have not received a criticism either good or bad for some time, but have been treated by most of our exchanges as not worthy even of mention.—[High School Bulletin.

Excuse us, dear exchange, *we do appreciate* you, even if *we* have not said so, etc. We intend to write something real sweet and have it stereotyped for use in our remaining numbers.

How could the Oak, Lily and Ivy have got hold of that little conundrum about 1888. We notice it has "January 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ " at the beginning of its "Locals." Thought that joke had gone out of existence long before January arrived.—[Academy Echo.

We beg pardon of an Echo for saying January 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ . We wished to say January  $\frac{1}{8}$ , but doubted the ability of an echo to reduce it to a mixed number. Ask another.

The Stylus comes from Sioux Falls University. If we did not know what "university" and "college" mean in the West, we would often be surprised at the quality of the papers received. The exchange editor of the Washburn Reporter seems to be quite disgusted with the general mis-appropriation of the title of university. He says, "There is but one institution in America worthy of that name. That is Johns Hopkins." Extremes meet. Almost everything is a university in the West, only one institution in America is worthy of that name, according to the W. R. man. We wonder just how the latter defines the term.

We gladly welcome the following new-comers: The Normal School Oracle from Morris, Illinois, which starts out with some solid literary articles; the School Journal, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and the Volunteer, of Concord, N. H. The latter seems to be somewhat at odds with another Volunteer. We hope they will not become veterans by turning the pen into the sword. "The Old and the New" is the latter to us. May it visit us long enough to be classed as one of the former. Little thumbnail as it is, representing the *little* high school of New Bedford, we wonder how it will ever meet its expenses. However, if the N. B.

high school does get into financial difficulties on account of its great spread in journalism, it will not be because it has not an enterprising superintendent. We know whereof we speak for we were fortunate enough to have him here once.

## Greek and Physics.

An English scholar thus expresses herself after listening to the Greek class:—

"How our Hellenic class-mates have marched with Xenophon. They have done more marching than the famous men in the political jingle:—

'Good old General Jackson had 40,000 men,  
He marched them up the hill and marched them down again.'

But good old General Xenophon with his many thousand men, not only marched them up the hill and marched them down again; but marched through deserts and through cities, through valleys and through plains; neither river nor mountain could block their everlasting marching. Then how they did talk? Why our town-meetings are deathly silent as compared with their assemblies. Even to us English-speaking bipeds their "entuthen exelannies," and "elexen hoties" became as familiar as our native tongue!"

Here is a thought from the Physics class:—

"All of the mechanical powers are contrivances by means of which man can apply power more advantageously to resistance, than when he applies it directly to it. By the use of machines man can increase either the velocity or the force; he can do work which he could not otherwise do; he can change the direction of his force and he can use other powers than his own. There is a very prevalent error that a machine is a source of power; that it in some strange way performs work of itself. This of course is impossible; it is simply a trade between a man and the machine; whether, for example, he wishes to move ten pounds one foot or one pound ten feet, in the same time. The six common machines are the basis of all man's mechanical inventions, and well illustrate the fact that man, whom even the ant can put to shame as regards their relative strength, harnesses the elephant to his plow; catches the wind in the arms of his windmill; dams the rushing river to turn his factory wheels; makes the expanding steam drive the pistons of his engines; yea, more, he even makes the lightning his servant.



# THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

APRIL, 1888.

Published Monthly During the School Year,  
BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School  
PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

BUSINESS EDITORS.  
GRACE L. BLOOD and LYDIA A. ROBERTS.

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## EDITORIALS.

GENERAL EDITORS.  
OLIE L. BROWN AND LILLIAN E. THOMPSON.

The senior class propose to hold an entertainment which will consist of oratorical and musical selections rendered by the *scholars*. It will occur either the last of the current month or the first of the next and by this means they purpose to delight the *crowded* audience which, of course will be present, and the same time relieve it of superfluous cash.

It seems that certain out-of-town parties have found out with what friction the editors' brains are working and taken compassion on us; they have forwarded us, C. O. D., a good supply of lubricating fluid. For further particulars see our principal. We advise you to approach him carefully. All you need ask is, "Have you any machine oil to sell?" or "What was the express?"

"Seven of the men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded,—a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began." No wonder that April is a glorious month in our historical calendar! Not only can the Old Bay State boast of Lexington and Concord, but also of that other April, when on the same day of the month, her blood again stained the national soil, yet many miles from home. Our teachers find it difficult to realize that every scholar in school was born after still another April, when two of the greatest generals of recent times met on Virginia's land and sent the good news speeding all over the land that the "white dove of peace" had again found a nesting place among us.

"The most elegant entertainment, next to books, is company." So wrote John Wesley. Notice that he puts books first, and then remember that books are all about you; that they are free to all; that merely the asking will give you for your company the brightest and the best men who have ever lived.

In looking over the trees in our school yard, all of which were set out by scholars of this school, we wonder if they bear any resemblance to the persons who planted them. There are the crab-apple trees, the crabbed flavor of whose fruit we know, and the maple, although sappy, we can imagine bears some sweetness. We must plant a tree which will make a good impression on the coming generations. No chestnuts, please.

If the Dutch persevere in encroaching on old Neptune's kingdom in the future as they have in the past—they are reported to have added 1,000,000 acres to the area of Holland by reclaiming them from the sea during the last two hundred years, and also to be restoring eight acres to cultivation every day at the present time—Great Britain will again become part of the mainland and the choppy waves, of seasick fame, will no longer terrify the European sight-seer. While the other powers of this continent are sending out colonists to remote regions of Africa so that they may add to their territory, little Holland, by close application to business, is spreading seaward and is making land right in the market-place, so to speak, of the world.

When a young man has the least inclination to go astray, how many pitfalls there are and how numerous the temptations to which he may yield! So unscrupulous even are these men who carry on the infamous establishments, that they do not hesitate to offer rewards to people in order that they may influence them to entice others to their dens. When once entrapped, like a quicksand it draws one down deeper, yet surely destroying one's life, and often the very hopes and life of others. There should always be some good example or incentive for work in order that, with the mind employed, one may not have time, and still less desire, to succumb to them. This train of thought was caused by the following in an exchange:—

"A genuine silver watch will be given to the boy who will bring ten other boys into this place," were the words seen on a placard in the window of a notorious gambling den in the city of New York a few days since.

The Botany class, feeling the need of more and of stronger eyes, have purchased of a Boston optician thirteen extra ones, and now can "go Polyphemus, or any of his Cyclopean brethren, *two* better."

When "H. H."—Helen Hunt Jackson—wrote, "Whisper on, glad girls and boys," she revealed the fact that she was not a school teacher; for had she been, she would have known that such an order was entirely superfluous.

Perhaps the rule below may be of great assistance to those who have none which is applicable when they are in doubt and cannot consult the dictionary: Pronounce *ex* as *egz* when followed by an *accented* syllable beginning with a *vowel sound*.

The first ten in scholarship and deportment for the last term are:—

First Class—Thayer, Coburn, Tirrell, Toohey, Brown, O., Hale, Lawless, Crosby, Thompson, Miller.

Second Class—Blake, Goldsmith, Spaulding, Morgan, Clark, Conely, Haskins, Connolly, Mayhew, Martin.

Third Class—O'Sullivan, Mathewson, Collins, Bartlett, Wilber, Shea, Smith, L., Holbrook, Smith, W., Howard.

Fourth Class—Foley, M., Morgan, Godfrey, Nason, Johnson, Lynch, Mullen, Wright, Eames, Montague.

Seven boys of the fourth class in the first ten. Seven boys!! This is a phenomenal occurrence, and we congratulate them, and hope that next term more may be aroused.

We were pleasantly entertained on our last rhetorical day by sixteen speakers, chosen from the first and second classes. The music, which was rendered through the courtesy of our school talent, enlivened the occasion and made it most enjoyable:—

Miss Brown, N., Extract from Lucile  
Master Fales, True and False Glory  
Miss Clark, The Schoolmaster's Guests  
Master Casey,

The Night Journey of a River  
†Miss Eames, Banjo Selection,

Tessie Schottische  
Miss Coburn, A Typical English Home  
Master Keelon, Nobility of Knowledge  
Miss Flaherty, Entertaining Sister's Beau  
Master Fitzgerald,

An Opportunity for Work  
\*Miss Clark, Song, The Broken Pitcher  
Miss Roberts, Guilty or Not Guilty  
Master Lawless, General Grant's Farewell  
Miss Haskins, United at Last  
Master Hoey, Patriotism

\*Miss Brown, N., Song, The Old Well  
Miss Thayer, Sports at Bracebridge Hall  
Master Tirrell, Opposite Examples  
Miss Toomey, Little Joe  
Master Morgan, The Young Tramp  
\*Master McKay, Cornet Solo, A Medley

†Accompaniment by Mr. Nash.

\*Accompaniment by Miss Roberts, '88.



## LOCALS.

EDITED BY

NELLIE BROWN AND HAROLD E. FALES.

Tom ponce is French for "tom-cat."

"Si verte réprimande." "So green a reproof."

One of the coverings of the eye is "the shillrotick coat."

Les mules revinrent à la voiture. "The mules backed into the carriage."

The paper fund committee have obtained \$5.06 for papers this term.

In translating "rorand" as "rustling," she probably pictured Aurora in a newly starched dress.

Dismal is a very appropriate adjective for April, if you chance to remember that dismal is dies-malus.

Poor "Winnie Peg" must have wandered far from home, as one of our hopefuls declares that she is now in Maine.

The young botanists can now be seen carrying about with greatest tenderness, ugly looking bulbs and scrawly roots.

How strange it is that so many of our firemen are deaf! Yet we are gravely informed that "people who are deaf use a speaking trumpet."

Our usual Fast Day recess was thankfully received, and most of us were willing to rest, even though it came so soon after our regular vacation.

The plants have come back fresh and blooming, much improved by their ontung. Many thanks to the kind friends who have so well cared for them.

We would suggest that a class called "The Home Geography Class" should be started, and a sufficient time be given at least to learn the town boundaries.

Last term's work was closed with a lively display of muscle, combined with soap, water, et cetera. The result is well shown in the brightly polished seats and desks.

Who were those fine looking young men with black mustaches whom we saw on the front steps recently. Later. They were false—that is, the mustaches.

We call the attention of Botany I. to Beecher's beautiful expression: "Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into."

Girls, be careful not to leave any cookies in your desks at night. The poor mice will surely kill themselves if they have another such feast very soon.

Let us all say *ar-butus* next month.

Pisce vehi quaedam. "A cart-load of fish, so to speak." See Ovid.

We can appreciate Ovid's description of the flood now, on account of the weather.

It was rather an expensive feast when the rodent nibblers laid hold of our list of exchanges.

One of the new scholars in Government does not wish to support his mother after he is twenty-one.

Our school yard has received its spring cleaning this year without our assistance. We do not object to the change.

The alumni will be surprised next June to see how their song leaflets have improved in value by being left with us.

"La petite table supportait une belle truite du lac," recently was read, "The little table held a beautiful trout lake."

The thoughts of the seniors are engaged with badges, pictures, mottoes, class meetings, and—and—why, their lessons, of course.

One of our youthful theorists has decided that the way to prevent the manufacture of liquors is to prohibit the cultivation of the poppy plant.

Our gift of a new Worcester's dictionary is gratefully received. The old volume has, though only five years old, often failed to give us the required information.

Our piano is now adorned with some genuine Maltese pussy-willows and apple blossoms. We trust that as the different tokens of spring appear we may be favored with a continual fresh supply till school closes.

David Seving says: Man's new home, the creation of modern times, must be ranked along with the school-house, the college, the studies of the scholars, the hall of the statesman, and the temple of religion, as a power over the public mind and sentiment. Of course it is not the whole world of woman. Woman is larger than her house. She calls upon art, literature, pursuits and benevolence to help her express and benefit her race; but the house is a species of throne, from which there issues daily to the world a kind of proclamation of peace and wisdom and virtue and beauty. It is preceded by the words: "Hear ye, hear ye." The half-civilized woman of barbarous tribes, and the languid, half-dead woman of the civilized lands, will soon hear this rolling voice, and will be aroused to some appreciation of the truth of her existence.

## PERSONALS.

EDITED BY

MARY L. TOOHEY AND PATRICK J. LAWLESS.

Matthew P. Callanan, '68, who was recently injured, is about again.

Alice N. Vant, '83, has returned from a visit to relatives in Detroit.

Ernest L. Cook, English '82, has gone to Brookfield to run a stationary engine.

Mary P. Cox, '86, has gone to Portland, Me., to resume her musical studies.

The pupils of Jessie E. Grow, '86, tendered her a reception at Holliston, April 11.

Lowell E. Fales, '78, is to be secretary and treasurer of the Milford Co-operative bank.

Julia M. Barry, '74, now teaching school in Abington, was in town recently on a visit.

Fred J. Aylward, '87, is employed in the cloaking department of Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston.

Harry N. Tyler, once of '88, has returned from California, where he has been for the past few months.

Martin J. Kelley, '80, is now traveling in other states to find a climate more congenial to his poor health.

M. O'Connell and Frank Jackson, once of '88, have finished a course of study at Comer's College, Boston.

Albertus H. Hussey, once of '82, and Robert C. Hussey, '85, have formed a partnership for the manufacture of builders' finish.

James Ring, once of '83, has accepted the position as superintendent of the Massachusetts Boot and Shoe company's store in Tremont street, Boston.

Eben Williams, once of '86, is now playing third base in the Dartmouth college nine, and Charles Gillon, once of '85, is playing the same position for the Fordham college nine, with good records.

Frank A. Morrill, '83, formerly employed at the Bank of Redemption, Boston, has been elected cashier of the Hopkinton national bank. We think this the most important position which any one of our recent graduates has won.

Henry W. B. Arnold, once of '88, is the graduating class of the Hopedale High School this year. We do not know whether he is the valedictorian, or the salutatorian; but we do know that, as far as scholarship is concerned, *he* is a good class.

This is personal, too. Come to the Public Rhetoricals.



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## THE STURGEON RIVER.

(Twelfth Day, continued.)

The brick-yards and clay banks told us that Hooksett was near, and soon the roar of the water confirmed it. The line of bridges, by which the railroad crosses the river, and the edge of the dam converge at the right bank, and here shelving rocks allowed the canoes to be drawn up and carried over a wall to the track. As every carry meant five trips for us—two for the canoes, two for the baggage, and one for the camera and its belongings, (five dozen prepared plates, eight inches by five, are no mean burden),—and as the sun was now sinking, the aid of five pairs of strong arms was gladly accepted at the close of this busy day. By the entrance of bridge number one, by the switch-house, and down the broad, sloping stone wall—once the side of the old locks, when canal boats crawled up and down the river between markets and farms—we marched in solemn procession, bearing the boats. Thus our carry, long in distance, was short in time, and, refreshed by a pail of new milk, with the full moon over our heads and two thunder showers behind us on either side, hurling their threats at each other—we remaining neutral—we settled down to a silent, steady and final pull of eight of the longest miles the law allows, to the Cygnet boat-house and mother's pantry.

An excursion train's rapid transit, the slower rumbling of a heavier freight, the signal lights of Martin's Ferry, the crowd of wearied pleasure seekers on the wharf at Riverside, were the events of the next hour. In the next the lights of the State Reform School shone forth, and then the high bank where sleeps

“— Old John, who, when the field was dark,  
Would risk his life at risk of Molly Stark.”

Then over the “City of Shade Trees” gleamed forth the electric lights with such intensity that their images in the water rivaled that of the moon, while from the dark background on our right frowned dimly the Uncannies or Twin Breasts. Then a line of light marked the Amoskeag Bridge, and red signals pointed out the landing at the verge of the powerful dam which feeds the mills of Manchester that belt the globe with their webs.

“Be careful there! run along the side or the current will roll you under,” came from the landing, and then strong hands caught us, and we were cordially welcomed to the hospitalities of the Cygnets. “Only ten minutes of ten!” we exclaimed; “well, we are satisfied with the record.” Our boats were housed for the night, and with feet instead of arms we added another mile to our journey, as we climbed the hill of eastern Manchester.

Ten forty-five p. m.: Not a light, every one abed. A knock. “Who's there?” “'Tis we, be not afraid!” Ten forty-six: A glorious confusion of mother, father, pantry, ice-chest, cold vegetables, and two hungry black-and-tan prodigals, who gave positive assurance, between their mouthfuls, that they were *not* drowned.

## EPILOGUE.

Slow fades the vision of the sky,  
The golden water pales,  
And over all the valley-land  
A gray-winged vapor sails.

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell! these smiling hills must wear  
Too soon their wintry frown,  
And snow-cold winds from off them shake  
The maple's red leaves down.

—Whittier.

In conclusion, to use a ministerial expression, the trip has been a success in several respects. Forty-three negatives have been secured; our lungs and blood have been purified by the clear mountain air; the sun, nature's best of medicines, has tanned us; new scenes of beauty have inspired us; and, finally, the entire expense for both of us during twelve days has been less than the board alone of *one* for half the time at any summer resort.

Thoreau says: “It is not easy to write in a journal what interests us at any time, because *to write it* does *not* interest us.” We have often found him right, especially at the end of a long day's run; but the pleasure of being able to review the July outing when the “snow-cold winds” blow has



cheered us to persevere in our self-imposed task.

In spite of the days of rain, such has been the satisfaction of our vacation, that in closing our journal, we exclaim, as did Longfellow in *Outremer*, "This journey is written in my memory with a sunbeam."

"O sweet, O sweet, when the woods are green,  
To hear the song of the breeze,  
Lying afloat in a rocking boat  
Under the stooping trees.  
In the shadows cool of a quiet pool,  
Where the water-lilies gleam,  
Drifting away thro' the summer day  
In a beautiful, golden dream.

—Weatherly.

### A Synopsis of Last Term.

|                      |          |          |
|----------------------|----------|----------|
| FIRST CLASS....      | 4 boys,  | 13 girls |
| Perfect attendance.. | 3 "      | 4 "      |
| Not absent.....      | 3 "      | 8 "      |
| Not tardy.....       | 4 "      | 9 "      |
| Not dismissed.....   | 4 "      | 10 "     |
| SECOND CLASS.....    | 9 boys,  | 14 girls |
| Perfect attendance.. | 6 "      | 5 "      |
| Not absent.....      | 7 "      | 7 "      |
| Not tardy.....       | 9 "      | 12 "     |
| Not dismissed.....   | 6 "      | 13 "     |
| THIRD CLASS.....     | 10 boys, | 13 girls |
| Perfect attendance.. | 8 "      | 6 "      |
| Not absent.....      | 8 "      | 7 "      |
| Not tardy.....       | 9 "      | 12 "     |
| Not dismissed.....   | 10 "     | 12 "     |
| *FOURTH CLASS...     | 37 boys, | 22 girls |
| Perfect attendance.. | 21 "     | 12 "     |
| Not absent.....      | 25 "     | 13 "     |
| Not tardy.....       | 36 "     | 21 "     |
| Not dismissed.....   | 34 "     | 19 "     |

\* One boy left at the end of the fifth week and another at the end of the seventh, with a perfect attendance; another at the end of the eighth with one absence, and a girl at the end of the sixth with two.

The 91 absences were caused by 45 scholars. The 13 tardinesses were caused by 10 scholars. The 17 dismissals were caused by 14 scholars. Total number belonging on the last day: 57 boys, 61 girls, and 2 girls as specials. There were 12 weeks in the last term of five sessions, but the Monday after New Years was a holiday, and the storm signal proclaimed three more. Therefore there were 56 sessions with a possible absence, tardiness, or dismissal of 6700+, if we allow for those who left. This was the result:—

91 absences out of a possible 6700+.  
13 tardinesses out of a possible 6700+.  
17 dismissals out of a possible 6700+.

Perfect attendance, 38 boys, 27 girls; or 66 per cent of the former and 44 per cent of the latter.

We think that we have reason to be proud of this record, especially in case of the boys; for we personally know that nearly all of the failures were beyond the power of human control.

### Geology and Cicero.

In order that we may become better acquainted with mother earth, we have made a careful study of her bones and earthy covering on which we live. We tried to find out her secrets and learn where she stored her riches, as we hope in the future to become a sharer of them—not necessarily, however, in the crude state. When reading that her heart was hard and cold, we paused and exclaimed, "That is the unjust statement of an unfeeling man; we will never believe it." We finally had to accept it, contrary as it was to our former idea of her. We searched with untiring zeal until we found she had a tender, yielding section completely surrounding her heart, overflowing at times with the warmest effusions. Next we discussed her disposition, and as our Southern friends had been very severely shaken without the least warning or provocation, we were obliged to attribute to her a temperament far from mild, and to think her sense of justice a trifle lacking; for she made the righteons suffer with the unrighteous. After having very thoroughly picked her to pieces, we agreed, as none of us are without blemish, "Twere best to be to her virtues very kind, to her faults, a little blind."

We have just finished the writings of him whose name stands forth upon the pages of history as one of the greatest the ancients have left us. Cicero was most distinguished as an orator, although as a scholar and statesman he was almost without a peer. His views were ennobling and the sense of justice and patriotism that were shown throughout his orations have made the study of more value than did the mere historical facts or the mental training of a foreign language. The year of Cicero's death was that of Ovid's birth, and as we bid good-bye to the orator, we greet that fabulous story-teller and poet whose wonderful metamorphoses would make even the imagination of Jules Vernes stagger.

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Query: Does the modern word "logs" come from the Latin *toga*?

The Talmud says: If a man teach his son no trade it is as if he taught him highway robbery.

An enterprising pork-packer of Cincinnati, who tried the *faith cure* on a lot of hams, says it is no good.

A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year than by a private education in five.—[Goldsmith.

The Lick observatory, now ready for work, is situated on Mount Hamilton, about fifty miles from San Francisco, at an elevation of 4,200 feet above the sea.

About 1840 a Polish officer lecturing in Indiana on the Wars of Napoleon I., often used the word "hussar." His hearers corrupted the word into "Hoosier," a term which soon became distinctive of Indianians.

It has been shown that boys who are occupied one-half the day with books in the school, and the remaining half with tools in shops, make about as rapid intellectual progress as those of equal ability who spend the whole day in study and recitation; and, in addition, the mechanical skill they acquire is of immense value.—[Superintendent of Public Instruction for Penn.

Miss Mercy Warren was one of the chief women of the Revolution. She was the sister of Gen. Joseph Warren. No woman could compare with her in her day. It was she that first suggested the separation of the colonies from England. She was the author of the sentence beginning "all men are created free and equal" in the Declaration of Independence. Her plans were suggested to Sam Adams, who carried them out. After the war she wrote a history of the Revolution which was full of information.

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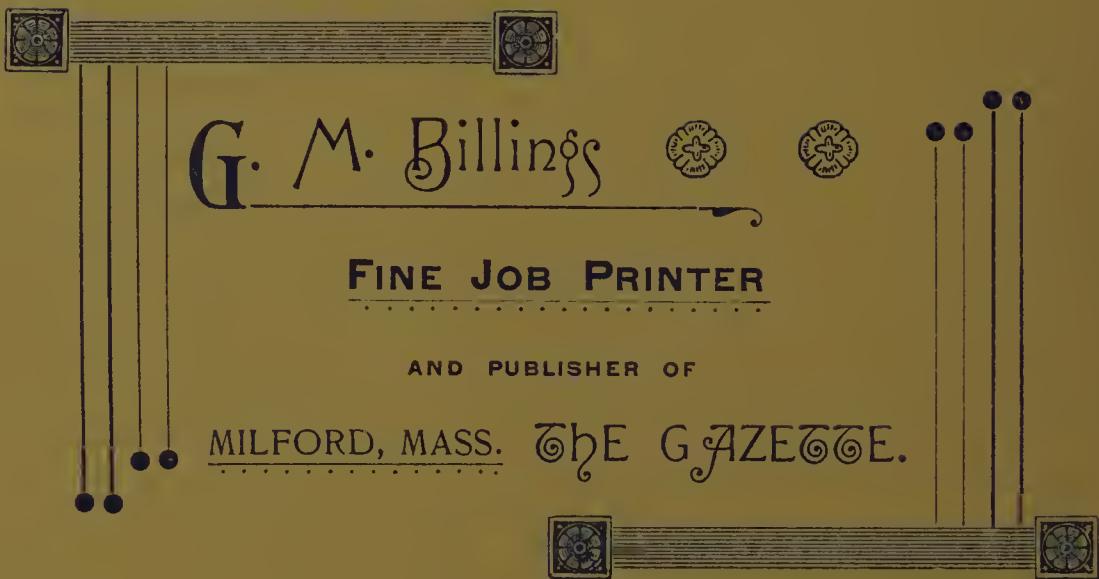
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Volume IV.



MAY, 1888.



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STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

Vol. IV.

MILFORD, MASS., MAY, 1888.

No. 9

The Oyster and the Litigants.

(Two translations from Boileau.)

I.

Two hungry wayfarers, 'tis said,—
Though in what book I cannot tell—
Were walking onward, side by side,
When suddenly their glances fell
Upon an oyster. Then each cried
That it was his by every right.
While thus disputing, Justice armed
With scales appeared within their sight;
With much ado their anger calmed,
The whole affair they then related;
Each wished, with costs, to win his cause,
But Justice had their true worth rated.
She then, without a moment's pause,
The oyster took, the right she weighed,
And, straight before their wond'ring eyes,
Their greediness she well repaid
By eating it herself, then cries:—
"Wait, gentlemen, for each a shell,
But let me give you some advice,—
In lofty palaces we dwell,
While others' follies pay the price."
Then, having spent on them some time,
She parted from them with this cry:—
"That oyster was extremely fine;
A future full of peace. Good-bye!"

F. E. H., '88.

II.

This tale is written in some book,—
It matters little where—
Two starving tramps the same road took,
They found, in their despair,
An oyster for which each one rushed
And fought for as his own;
But Justice soon their clamor hushed
With words of solemn tone.—
She carried balances along—
The two began to shout
And try to prove each other wrong.
As wild they jumped about.
Now Justice, having weighed the case,
The oyster did demand;
She opened it in shortest space
And ate it,—understand?
To each one then she passed a shell,
Thus she the trouble ends.
Then Justice to the tramps did tell
On what her life depends.
"We of the court of law," she said,
"Rely for our subsistence
On other men's mistakes, instead
Of any rude resistance.
The oyster tasted good," she said;
"Good-by, my dear good two;
May you henceforth be nobly fed.
Live on in peace. Adieu."

N. B., '88.

The Rose Family.

LET me begin as our Botany class
Did the first few days of our
study, when everything seemed so
strange to us; when we were told
that fruit as we used the term, is not
fruit, and that a leaf, as we called it,
was not a leaf, and names we had
given to flowers did not belong to
them at all.

Need I say that the rose comes from
plants producing true flowers? The
wood grows in circles around a central
pith; and the leaves are netted-
veined, therefore it belongs to the
exogenous class, meaning outward
growth. It has pistils of the ordina-
ry sort, that is, with the ovules or
undeveloped seeds in a closed ovary.
The flower has both calyx (the green
part on the underside), and corolla
(the part to which we refer when we
speak of the color of a flower). The
corolla is of wholly separate petals,
and therefore belongs to the polypet-
alous or many petaled division of ex-
ogens. On counting you will see
that a rose has more than ten stamens
not united, and you will find that it
has numerous and separate pistils,
around which all the other parts are
ranged in circles. The leaves grow
alternately on the stem, and each
leaf is formed of several leaflets;
therefore it must belong to the Rose
family. The plants of this family
have no injurious qualities, except
the bark, leaves and kernels of some
cherries.

This family is of much benefit to
man, as it furnishes the most impor-
tant fruits of the temperate climates,
as well as the queen of flowers. It
consists of three divisions, one of as
much use as the others. The Al-
mond family is the first, to which the
plum, the peach, the cherry belong,
and also the almond which gives it
its name. The second is the Pear

family, to which the quince and the
apple belong. We are all aware of
the worth of the apple, of which
Bryant says:—

"What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen in leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson
breast
Shall haunt, and sing and hide her nest."

The last division is the Rose family
proper, to which the strawberry,
blackberry, raspberry, and the rose
belong.

In eastern countries the rose is
cultivated not alone for its beauty,
or as with us to adorn a bride, or to
be laid away as a token of love with
those whose lives they epitomize,
but in the Orient are an article of
commerce from which the attar of
roses is distilled.

Does it seem right that one should
take such beautiful flowers for an
emblem of war? It is not so strange
that the blood red rose should be
chosen for such a purpose, although
it is far too beautiful to be the sym-
bol of such cruelty. But who could
believe that the white rose in all its
purity could be thought of in con-
nection with bloodshed? Yet such
is the case, and for thirty years Eng-
land was convulsed with the bloodi-
est war ever waged within her boun-
daries, and this has always been
known in history as the War of the
Roses. It seems that as the Dukes
were walking in a garden talking of
the inevitable bloodshed before them,
the Duke of York seized a white
rose exclaiming, "This shall be my
symbol;" to whom the Duke of Lan-
caster replied, as he seized a red one,
"And this shall be mine."

One night the queen of fairies
found shelter in the heart of a rose,
and in the morning she gave it as a
reward that delicate veil of moss,

with which it is now covered, as the only thing which could increase the beauty of a lovely rose.

Rosa was the ancient Latin name for rose. Do you wonder that it is called the queen of flowers when you consider how many songs have been written in all languages about it? The old Romans loved roses as well as we do, and would make them blossom in winter as well as in summer, and had many beautiful myths about them. From them has come to us the delightful saying of "sub rosa." Have you never had anything told you "sub rosa," under the rose. Dainty Cupid once gave a beautiful rose to the aged Harpocrates, God of Silence; and the Romans giving substance to the story used it as the foundation of one of their beautiful customs. Were you invited to dine with a friend in the old days of Rome, and found a rose suspended from the ceiling, the talk which followed would be called a sub rosa conversation, meaning one which must not be repeated abroad.

The old name of Syria meant land of the roses, and from Damascus has come the beautiful Damask rose. But among the Syrian roses the Rose of Jericho is by far the most wonderful; there is a legend given us that it grows in the desert in places where the Virgin touched her feet when fleeing into Egypt with the infant Christ, and it always blossoms at Christmas. It is a curious shrub, with fragrant, odd-shaped, greenish-yellow blossoms, which folds its leaves and blossoms upward, turns into a dry, brown ball, and seems, to all appearances, dead. Yet if you put this same shriveled bud into a glass of water the whole plant is as green and fresh and beautiful as if it had suddenly been touched by a fairy's magic wand. Do you wonder that it is called the Rose of Resurrection among the Jews?

These flowers are more than merely beautiful, when you remember that some roses bring from twenty to thirty dollars a hundred; and then think of the thousands sold by some dealers at Christmas alone, you will know that to some men this cultivation means support and fortune perhaps.

Have you never thought how many and varied are the shades and colors of roses, shading from the deep red of the Jacqueminot to the snow white of the Niphetos? There is the delicate tea rose that was first brought from China to England a hundred years ago. It is said that only a blush and a yellow tea rose were first brought across the waters,

but now we have many shades between those. Also the delicate moi-
ret with its pale yellow dress, shaded with fawn and pink, and the canary, whose bloom vies with the color of the beautiful bird from which it receives its name. Surely we must think—

"That if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."
And we agree with the poet who said:—

"Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him."

S. M. G., '87.

Our Duties.

OUR duties may be classified under the different heads of our duties to ourselves, to our fellowmen, to our country, and our last and greatest duty, our duty to God.

In doing our duty to ourselves we should always try to make the most of ourselves by every means possible. We should be willing to do anything that is right, not because we like it, but because it is right. We should give our attention to whatever we are doing, be it study or work. We should always try to improve our minds; but we must not forget that we have bodies as well. We are all bound by duty, as far as we are able, to protect our bodies and preserve our health. Whenever we carelessly and wilfully run any risk that is liable to cause sickness or death, we do a great wrong to ourselves and to those dependent on us.

To our fellowmen it is our duty to do everything in our power which will make them happy and lighten their burden in this life. This can be done in many ways; friendly words and suggestions kindly offered, for example; and we often do more good in this way than we suppose, when it is impossible to render assistance with our hands. The habit of offering suggestions, to be sure, is sometimes carried too far, and people get into a habit commonly known as "not minding their own business." This should be avoided. It is also our duty to try to protect the life and reputation of our fellowmen, and we can do much for this last cause by abstaining from gossip, which is so common in our day. The more we know the less temptation there will be to gossip, for then we shall have far more interesting matters to occupy our attention.

One of our greatest duties, and

one which in some cases should come before all others, is our duty to our country. We should at all times be willing to guard and protect it, and, if necessary, give up our lives for it. When our country needs our assistance it is impossible to do too much for it. What noble examples we have in the lives of some of our countrymen! When our country does not require our physical assistance, we should try to inspire the young with love for it and show them how much they owe to it, and for how much they are dependent upon it. It is the duty of every one to obey the laws of his country, and of men especially to do their duty as voters and citizens. Therefore men should study our national history and the nation's laws. Women, although they do not vote, should know more than many of them do about the history, the laws and the government of their country; for they, too, may soon be given greater privileges.

Our greatest and highest duty, that toward God, should always be kept in mind, and should be really back of all others. We should be inspired by it for all other duties, for we may be sure that we are not working in the right way perfectly to perform these when once we forget our obligations to our Creator. As we owe everything we have, our life, our friends, our country, and everything else that is dear to us, to God, we should never for a moment forget to render our thanks to him; and knowing, too, how much we are indebted to his goodness we should, feel as if we could never be too grateful to him. We should also show the young what their duties toward God are, and inspire them with a love for him and for his works. Especially should we protect and be kind to all his creatures for his sake. For—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

C. F. C., '89.

Arbor Day.

ARBOR Day is a day which we have known and enjoyed only for the past two or three years. It has already been set aside as a legal holiday by twenty-six states of the Union, and probably before many years have passed, the others will have done likewise. The same day of the month each year is not always appointed, but it usually comes in the last of April or the first of May. Although the planting of trees was the primary object for which the day

was designed, it affords a good opportunity to trim them, to rake up the leaves, and to clear public parks, cemeteries, and public and private grounds of everything tending to mar their beauty. This day will probably be observed to a greater extent in the West, where the cold winds of winter sweep over the broad prairies, and the summer suns beat down with unobstructed intensity.

Now there is every reason why we should endeavor to carry out this plan, especially when we consider how much trees are continually doing for us. What an unattractive and uncomfortable place it would be without them! Can you imagine it? See the cattle standing in the hot sunshine, with tongues hanging from their mouths, and no cool shade under which they may take shelter! See the sun sending his rays down upon our houses with full power, and no intervening branches to lessen their heat! Before man existed trees grew, and while he lives they will also, for he cannot do without them. They protect and beatify his home, purify the atmosphere, supply him with a great variety of fruits, furnish him with fuel and building material. In fact, man receives a great deal more benefit from them than he generally realizes.

Trees have always been held in great veneration by all classes of people. The English, particularly, are said to have a great love for forest trees; they regard their forests and parks with great pride and delight, and are very careful to keep them in good condition. The oak is a tree which has had special respect and reverence paid to it. The ancient Greeks believed that prophetic voices, which were both acknowledged and followed by the people, came from its branches. The Druids, the ancient inhabitants of the southern part of England, Western France, and the island of Anglesia, thought that the oak was especially favored by the Deity. Consequently they held it very sacred, building their places of worship and their homes in dense groves of it, and crowning their heads with its leaves in their religious ceremonies.

Nearly all our great poets and writers have loved trees, and have spent many hours in writing of their grandeur. They have had their noblest thoughts aroused, and have received their grandest inspirations while regarding the trees in the forests. Bryant's great poem, "The Forest Hymn," owes its existence to the woods, for it was while there that

he received the first thoughts that prompted him to write those beautiful lines. In it he says: "The groves were God's first temple." This is indeed a grand and elevating thought, and is alone sufficient to tell us the great love and reverence in which the poet held them. Oliver Wendell Holmes has such a love for them that he places them on an equality with his writings, and says: "I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I planted on the hillside which overlooks the broad meadows, scalloped and rounded at their edges by the loops of the sinuous Housatonic."

If every one would improve this opportunity which Arbor Day affords each year by setting out trees, many of our homes, streets, towns and cities would soon be more pleasant than they now are. By doing this, the loss of our noble forests which are being yearly swept away by fire or the woodman's axe would also be partially offset. A writer has said that "a tree is a nobler object than a prince in his coronation robes." Landon, also, says, "Old trees in their living state are the only things money cannot buy." Let us remember these lines then, and do all in our power to protect our old trees, and to set out young ones. If no one else carries out this plan, let our schools take it up, and as the classes leave year by year, let them leave a monument which will outlive them.

N. A. G., '89.

Nature a Book.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in one of his Breakfast Table series, said something of this nature of a happy thought which occurred to him; "that it was original with him, but because of the great number of men who have lived before him, and because of the vast number of thoughts which have occupied their minds, as numerous as the corpuscles of the blood in our bodies, there must have been other owners of the same idea, therefore, while granting its previous use he claimed whatever merit there might be in it at that time."

The following simile is too evident to be new, is too superficial to require great thought, but do not accuse me of plagiarism, as it is new to me at least:—

Think of nature as a great book. Its countless leaves are the strata of the ages of the past. The far off dawn is one cover—we today are being bound in, the future will furnish further leaves, and the other cover will come on some unreckoned day, and the book will be closed and

clasped to the bosom of the sun whence it came. Its table of contents, with its different ages, covers millions of years; from the time when the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, even until today. It is a ponderous book. Already its thickness is measured by miles, and still goes out the cry for more copy. This is an illustrated book. Nature has carefully impressed upon the leaves embossed portraits of her children. Strange children too, and all of one family it is said. Sometimes, too, she has daintily pressed and preserved a flower or leafy branch between its pages in fond remembrance of that by-gone time.

"Dry are they now and void of all scent
And lovely color, yet what once was meant
By these dull stains, some men may yet
descry
As dead upon the quivering leaves they
lie."

And many are the men who have descried, have unfolded their tender petals, and revealed to their fellowmen the story of their lives. How profoundly thankful ought we to be to these men, who have pored over these pages, until, like Agassiz, from the skeleton they have given us the complete whole, and taught by their instructions, today he who runs may clearly read our ancient history in that which is passing. As we turn its leaves and on the ancient pages read the prophecies of a coming man; as we trace the upward progress of cephalization from the horizontal to the upright, from the simple to the complex, as we see in the ores, the heat and the light stored away—which make possible the industries of this age—a provision for his future comforts and even for his life, we are awe-struck at the grandeur of the work, and the mind of the Author. This also, in a certain sense, is a sacred book. One cannot read its pages without feeling that the directing and governing spirit of omniscience itself must have arranged the harmonious succession of events as parts of a complete whole. Each chapter is so closely linked to its neighbor by organic and inorganic creations that it points to a Divine Creator.

L. H. W.

"In the higher animals the object of food is not so much to increase the size as to supply the waste of the system." Waste is caused, you know, by mental exertion, and hence it is that there are so great demands for lunch at recess; for what a waste is here, my schoolmates!

THE OAK, LILY & IVY.

MAY, 1888.

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BY
The Senior Class of the Milford High School
PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

BUSINESS EDITORS,
GRACE L. BLOOD and LYDIA A. ROBERTS.

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EDITORIALS.

GENERAL EDITORS.
OLIE L. BROWN AND LILLIAN E. THOMPSON.

Two very good specimens of corundum and emery from the Chester mines have been added to our mineral collection by E. A. Bragg, '90. Our cabinet contains many a valuable specimen given by different graduates and friends of the school, whom we sincerely thank and cordially invite to continue their excellent custom.

'Tis the "tonic" season, as every child knows who walks up for his spoonful of "treacle," whether he be in Squeers' school or in the home school. We, however, much prefer the tonic of the fresh air made doubly refreshing by the brightness, greenness, and cleanliness of all nature as she sets out once more on her annual pilgrimage. Some of these bright mornings it seems almost cruelty to be summoned within the schoolroom walls; but we console ourselves with the thought that there is only a month before us, and then we can indulge ourselves to the full. Meantime, let us bring as much of outdoors within as possible, and by flowers and plants mitigate the imprisonment.

Why would it not be a profitable plan to have a standing "ad" in our paper? In an editorial, three years ago, it was casually mentioned that the school had no History of Milford. Three weeks afterwards a very handsomely bound History of Milford was received. Last month we remarked that we would not be averse to receiving a copy of Ben Hur and the result is that that famous book is now to be seen upon one of the shelves of our book-case. To Mrs. Charles Claffin we are indebted for this copy,

and to her we now acknowledge our thanks. We pride ourselves that our hints are put so gently (?) and yet so pointedly that our readers can not fail to be touched by them. We now feel an urgent need for—

The entertainment which was given the first week in May for the benefit of the O. L. and I. fund, under the management of the seniors, proved a grand success. The piano selection rendered by Misses Roberts and Bradford seemed to be appreciated by all lovers of music. The vocal selections by Misses Brown and Clark were well rendered and well received, as also were the two violin duets by Misses Hale and Cooke, who were recalled. All the declamations were given with the scholars, best efforts, and not one ought to feel dissatisfied with himself. Much hard work was spent in rehearsals, but we feel duly rewarded; for during the exercises not one failure of memory or awkward pause occurred, and each word was distinctly and clearly pronounced. They all seemed to enter into the spirit of their selections, and they were well rewarded by the close attention of their hearers. The first class are greatly indebted to the scholars of the lower classes for their assistance, and to the public for their patronage. Our profits were \$50 and we expect to be able to leave behind us in June a suitable memorial, as former classes have done.

As the child enters the high school this question arises, "Shall Latin be taken or not?" The father says, "Take a practical view. Of what use will it be to him in his business? He should become acquainted with his mother tongue without exhuming the dead languages. No, it would be time wasted." Take a practical view of it. It will be of value to him in his business. He will constantly meet with Latin terms, old expressions and proverbs in the very best and most profitable books, and will hear them in public speeches. He will find in the works of noted old poets and rhetoricians many references to old mythological stories. See how the Ovid scholars enjoy reading his tales and delight to find the resemblances of them to those of the Old Testament. Is it not profitable as well as interesting to study the word-building (which is very wonderful) of our own language, and to acquire a large vocabulary? Ask any one of our Alumni who took Latin if he now regrets having done so, and you will invariably receive the answer, "No."

Our half term cards have been signed at home and returned; in some cases with pride, in others with fear and trembling. Our principal says that any scholar who carries home an average (in his three studies) of daily work and examinations which is in the nineties, has reason to be very proud of it; and if in the eighties, he has a record of good work and has no reason to be ashamed of it, unless his natural ability is so great that he could easily have obtained the higher mark. It is unnecessary to say that the nineties are few and the units are small.

This is the May-basket time of the year, and we wonder if in other places the custom of hanging baskets is as common as in Milford. Judging from the reports of friends from afar, it is not, and so we shall inform our distant reading public that the game is as follows: Procure tissue paper of different colors, paste board, scissors, mucilage, candy, fruit, et cetera; with these make and fill a basket of fantastic design; finally add your card. The real game now begins and the *sweet* rewards of all your toil will soon be yours. You carefully approach the door of the fair one, hang the basket on the knob, give a vigorous pull and then run. The running is a very important matter. You must not run too far nor too fast; only far and fast enough to add zest to the pursuit and not to give the impression that you are desirous of being caught—although that's just what you wish. If you fall down and skin your nose, or try to go both sides of a tree at the same time, or run into the arms of paterfamilias, why, that's a poorly played game. It's also bad form to go rushing after a passer-by who knows nothing of this peculiar game, and therefore thinking that a madman is after her, calls for the police, while the guilty first-cause smiles audibly from the shade of a neighboring tree. But we wander; you are now so *unfortunate* as to be *fortunately* caught by the dweller behind the above mentioned knob, and the penalty of having the cheek to disturb her quiet is taken out of his cheek in a way that Jupiter would call osculating. The game is now played, and if *she* understands the game, the wearied *he* will be obliged to rest on the said doorstep and eat (and talk) taffy.

N. B. It is very evident that this game is not suited to two persons of the same gender.

P. S. Either party is permitted to commence the game.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY
NELLIE BROWN AND HAROLD E. FALES.

Have you noticed how toney our new bell is?

The latest phenomenon is "A man standing prostrate."

Some sow their seed by hand, others use a sewing machine.

The south stairway has been much improved by some new sheathing.

The Botany class will tell you that this is a good year for *husbandry*.

One of our shining stars tells us of a man who enjoys brilliant health.

Philosophy II. have recently investigated the steam boiler in our cellar.

We believe that our entertainment was an exception, in that we had no dead-heads.

What's in a name? Why, often a negation and an affirmation. Is it not so, Noyes?

Teacher to senior—Where is your tibia? Scholar—I didn't know that I had such a thing.

It is suggested that His Excellency Oliver Ames, hereafter use olives for his coats of arms.

Our piano presents quite a blooming appearance, thanks to some of our more thoughtful pupils.

"An epidemic is a trouble that everybody has. Want of money is probably the best example."

We think he was not a "blue nose" who said "Nova Scotia is on the eastern coast of United States."

Oh! reckless representative, beware! We are told that a surgeon-at-arms keeps order in the House.

We scarcely recognized our long tresses neatly coiled into a chignon when they were called "shingone."

Visitors are so seldom seen in our school that the number of guests during the past month attracted our attention.

Got your proof yet? Oh! That's a lovely picture; it looks just like you—(aside) with all the imperfections left out.

Unless some of our scholars learn before long which their left foot is, we shall be obliged to try the "hay foot, straw foot" plan.

Young Democracy is manifest in Government IV. Teacher—"Who will probably be our next Governor?" Scholar—"Cleveland." Familiarity with college songs is suggested on the part of another who says that the governor is commander-in-chief of the navy.

It seems now as if the best poets in the class are the Latin composition writers. Perhaps we shall have our ode in Latin this year.

As the herald cries "The king is dead; long live the king" in one breath, so we say "May rehearsals are over, June rehearsals are at hand."

If those scholars who persist in day-dreaming would remember that the seats must be turned down before they are sat upon, they would not cause a laugh at their expense.

A large standing committee are now considering the important question of moving buildings. Any one having evidence to submit will find them two blocks this side of the Post-office.

How cruel it is for the Ovid class to enjoy such a hearty laugh over the misfortunes of Pyramus and Thisbe. Now Shakespeare's use of this story in his "Midsummer Night's Dream" has more interest for us.

The M. H. S. Base Ball Club has been re-organized and consists of the following team: Carpenter, c.; Keelon, 1 b.; Noyes, s.s.; Fitzgerald, 2 b.; Burke, 3 b.; Hoey, l.f.; Murphy, c.f.; Eastman, r.f.

A grocery wagon is fixed capital. Political Economy I. think this is doubly true in certain instances. But this class do indulge in luxuries. It is said they have one member for ornament; however, they never indulge in Quaker meetings.

Literature II. seems to understand Evangeline's character. They think she is synonymous with evangelize. Every day proves how few of us know how to use our new Worcester's dictionary. One was recently searching for Evangeline among the Greek beauties and Latin linguists.

Gems from Ovid I.:—"And Pyramus shed tears of knowledge, then he drew his sword from the scabbard girded at his side and plunged it into his groin." "To yawn apart." This probably refers to a dislocated jaw. "In Ovid's time the curtain of the theatre stage was so arranged that when it was lowered it went up. Don't you understand?"

A fine display of etchings on glass has been presented by the Chemistry class. Fred J. Gould's was the best specimen. This class recently paid a visit to the gas-house, which proved very interesting as well as instructive. Did you hear the applause from their recitation room the other day? This was the cause: "Mummies? Egyptian mummies, did you say? O, they are monkeys."

PERSONALS.

EDITED BY
MARY L. TOOHEY AND PATRICK J. LAWLESS.

Bernard Kelly, '76, is serving as reporter for the Times.

M. Henry Connors, '84, is clerking at B. E. Harris' clothing store.

Harry Tyler, once of '88, is studying with Architect Frink in Boston.

Henry D. Nelson, '78, has returned from California, where he has been for the past few months.

James Slattery, '80, is a recent graduate of the College of Pharmacy at Boston.

Fred E. Cook, once of '88, is book-keeping in a large factory at Lonsdale.

Lottie E. Smith, once of '90, is now a clerk at Mrs. O. M. Adams' variety store.

Fred McKay, '91, has returned from his visit to the noted battle fields of the South.

Frank L. Fairbanks, English '81, has recently been appointed engineer at the pumping station.

Fred J. Aylward, '87, has entered the office of the Massachusetts Central Railroad in Boston.

M. O'Connell, once of '88, is now employed in the office of Geo. W. Williamson & Co., bankers and brokers.

W. M. Morgan, a former scholar, was in town this month; but soon left for the West, where he will engage in legal business.

We note with pleasure the appreciation shown to Julia M. Barry, '74, who is teaching in Abington. Her salary has been recently increased.

Alice C. Jones, one of our teachers last year, has paid the scenes of her former trials and triumphs a flying visit. She was warmly welcomed by former pupils, who greatly regretted the shortness of the reunion.

We are well represented in the Y. M. C. A. Wheel Club, as Horace A. Brown, '85, is president, Fred A. Shepard, once of '84, captain, S. Ernest Fletcher, '84, treasurer, and Harry W. Haven, English '82, second lieutenant.

Gems from Government IV.: "Our clerk receives a fee for committing a marriage ceremony." "A man who has a salary of \$3000 and spends it all, will have to pay a pool tax." "Mr. A. cannot vote because he is a school teacher. Mr. B. is denied the right of franchise because he is not civilized." All this, and yet they rely on "First Class" authority.

EXCHANGES.

The Dartmouth Literary Monthly comes out in a pretty, new spring dress.

We regret to say good-by to West Pitch Echoes ;—discontinued on account of the illness of one of its editors.

Can a leopard change his spots? Evidently a new editor occupies the Exchange chair of the Niagara Index. The criticisms are almost gentlemanly.

The Philosophian Review is to be commended for its progressive spirit. Martha Washington is its new teacher. Her department ought to be the *dead* languages. Is George still open to an engagement?

The opinions of the Shurtleff College Review in regard to its exchanges are simmered down into *three* not over-strong sentences—that is its exchange column.

We are glad to receive the following new exchanges: Church and School, Havana, N. Y.; The Comet, Hustonville, Ky.; The High School Record, Nashua, N. H.; School Girls' Eclectic, Petersburg, Va.; Prairie Breezes, Grafton, Dak.

Wanted:—The last three numbers of any college journal not containing an article on Volapuk.—[College Whim.

Nous voilà! We can send them, or four volumes, if you will kindly wait until June.

To the Richmond College Messenger: We have considered the remark to which you direct our attention, and from whatever point of view we regard it we are forced to the conclusion that the Occident—with all due respect we say it—is talking of something of which it is immensely ignorant.

It is amusing to see the number of our exchanges that have taken our remarks of one or two issues previous to heart. We have received fully a dozen explaining the originality of their "Volapuk" article, while six have sworn as to the originality of an article on "Greek Forms." All this is heaps of fun to us, for when we wrote the article we did it with the intention of showing that our exchanges all delighted in the same tiresome subjects. Their complaints prove this fully. Well, dear friends, "if the shoe fits, put it on."—[The Academe.

Query—Is the self-assumed superiority of the Academe "amusing" or—disgusting?

It is pleasant to see the pride teachers and pupils in the Kentucky Deaf Mute school take in their institution. It can not be a poor one, nor can the officers be neglectful of their duties, when they so cordially invite "messengers" from other countries in search of information how to conduct similar institutions to visit theirs.

The College Whim has a dangerous, or rather dagger-ous, looking exchange column. The two downward points, we suppose, refer to its bright, sharp and pointed remarks upon its exchanges, while the one turned upward, may refer to the possible return thrust when, by chance, its aim has been too true and too deep. 'Tis truly Macbethian.

Prof. Sayre called all the members of the class around the tree, where they sang, "*My Country 'Tis of Thee*," with Mr. Entwisle acting as leader and Womrath accompanist on the cornet.

* * * * *

At the close of his address the class sang "America."—[Argus.

Variety is the spice of life.

'88 has been the most 'unsocial class that has ever graduated from the high school. It has never had a class sleighride, or party, or picnic, or anything. Sleighrides seem to be dying out nowadays.—[High School Bulletin.

We hope so; July never was a good month for sleighing. By the way, has '88 "ever graduated?"

The Guardian says the three stepping stones to our national downfall are Sabbath desecration, party alliance regardless of virtue, and immigration. Then it sensibly adds:—

"Our boys are old enough at ten to be interested, and to study the genins of our government, and they are required to wait and study them for eleven years. Then, let us limit the influx of a foreign population, and after it is limited, require actual residence in the country for ten years before being allowed to vote on any question."

We wondered where all our exchanges were this month, and upon investigation found that they were sleeping in the waste-basket at the post-office. If the exchange editors would be careful to direct the Premier to 65 Linden Street, there would be no difficulty in delivering the papers. You forget, perhaps, that Fall River is a city of some sixty thousand inhabitants, not a village on the outskirts of some back-

woods town. Hence "The Premier, Fall River," doesn't always reach us.—[The Premier.

We have our opinion of a P. M. who does not know where the high school is, or the name of its paper, especially when the paper is "Entered at the Post-office as Second Class Matter."

"Your verses beat warm,
But of frozen winds burdened with snow,
Pray what do you know?"

Sings the Fordham Monthly, and its first page presents a very pretty original poem on April, which it calls a "gracious boon from highest heaven," and says also of it, "The flowers blow beneath thy gaze." All very sweet as poetry, but quite different in fact from the stern reality of our New England weather. We think New York *ought* to know something about "frozen winds" after its last blizzard, but the April described by the F. M. is not at all like the "April cold with dropping rain" with which we are familiar. Even "May is a pious fraud of the almanac" here. Not until June can we be sure of any "gracious boon" in the way of weather. We quite envy you, F. M.

Handicraft.

A healthy sign of the times is the revival of handicraft. It is noticeable in all the trades. The carpenter is coming to life again; for some years past it would seem that intelligence and manual dexterity had forsaken this craft. He got his materials, ready-made from the mill, and all he had to do was to put together the materials already formed to his hand. But a new element is entering into the market. Those who prefer hand-made things to machine-made are rapidly increasing, and sellers will tell you that there is a reaction against the flimsiness and poverty of substance in many kinds of machine-manufacture, and that the importance of tasteful designs in the various forms of handicraft is more largely recognized than ever. Chromos, imitation stained glass, and veneering have had their day, and the finer products of handicraft and art in which every part is genuine, are preferred to the shams which have so long held sway.

In household furniture and decorations, in metal work and wood carving, in the work of the smith, whether in iron, silver, or gold, there is a future for the American workman which holds far better promise than can be found in over-crossed ranks of professional men, bookkeepers, clerks, type-writers or salesmen.—[Argus.

I V Y.

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PUBLIC RHETORICALS

MILFORD HIGH SCHOOL,

MAY 2, 1888.

PROGRAM.

Piano Solo—La Gitana, Ernest Bucalossi
Lydia A. Roberts, '88

Nobility of Knowledge, Josiah P. Cooke
Harold E. Fales, '88.

The Drummer Boy of Kent, C. S. Pratt
Elta M. Green, '88.

World Worship, J. Peter Lesley
Grace J. Crosby, '88.

The Smack in School, Wm. Pitt Palmer
Olie L. Brown, '88.

Vocal Duet—Gentle be thy Slumbers, Schlesinger
Nellie Brown, '88, and H. Theo. Clark, '89.

Ultimate America, Lyman Abbott
Arthur Lamson, '90.

House Cleaning, Mrs. A. Giddings Park
Essie G. Wilber, '90.

A Medley, Elizabeth Irving
Emma L. Nickerson, '90.

Vocal Solo—Market Day, Vivien
H. Theo. Clark, '89.

Mice at Play, Anon
Grace Godfrey, '91.

The Character of the Oyster, E. M. Rewey
Guy L. Noyes, '91.

To Young Ladies, A. H. Bingham
Louise A. Whitney, '89.

INTERMISSION.

Piano Duet—Le Mctore, H. A. Wollenhaupt
Lydia A. Roberts, '88, Lillian A. Bradford, '89.

Nix's Mate, Hezekiah Butterworth
Nellie Brown, '88.

Opposite Examples, Horace Mann
Philip H. Tirrell, '88.

In the Catacombs, H. H. Ballard
Lydia A. Roberts, '88.

Violin Duet—Auf Wiedersehn, Bailey
Florence E. Hale, '88, M. Theresa Cooke, '89.

Advice to Young Men, Wm. Lloyd
Patrick J. Martin, '89.

Entertaining Sister's Beau, Bret Harte
Eliza A. Flaherty, '89.

Poor Little Joe, Arkwright
Sadie Toomey, '89.

The Two Flags, Edward Renaud
James Lester Morgan, '89.

How do you pronounce Iulus? Let
Virgil II. read the following:—

Achates goes shoreward, to see that all's
right, and no screw loose,
With orders to bring to the court that au-
gust kid, Iulus.

—[Vaill.

Prof. Thorpe—“Boys, we will have
the black side of history today.”

Student—“What is that?”

Prof. T—“A lesson written with a
lead pencil.”—[Argus.

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"Active shears gather no rust."

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps
millions, think.

—[Byron.]

A peculiar black paper, made from the bark of certain trees, serves the Siamese and Burmese in lieu of slates. Betel leaves are used to erase the writing.

The laboring classes,—so called in distinction from the idle people who only contrive the machinery and discover the processes and lay out the work and draw the charts and organize the various movements which keep the world going and make it tolerable.—[Holmes.]

California claims to be the only state in the union where the olive can be cultivated with profit, and it is argued by a local paper that there is no reason why, in course of time, the state should not realize as large a sum from its olive groves as Spain does from hers.

An artificial ivory of creamy whiteness and great hardness is now made from good potatoes washed in diluted sulphuric acid, then boiled in the same solution until they become solid and dense; they are finally washed free from the acid and slowly dried, and may be dyed, turned, and made useful in many ways.

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This is a day when one may succeed in almost any honorable calling in which he may engage, whether he be a maker of horse-shoes, a manufacturer of fabrics, a builder of locomotives, a merchant, a school teacher, or a professional man of whatsoever sort. But the prime requisite to success in any line is that one must *do well* what he undertakes to do,—that he must *work*, and work zealously; yet one can hardly *do well* what he undertakes, and work with enjoyment, without a *love* for his work, or without such a desire to excel in his work as amounts almost to a love or a passion for it.—[The School Teacher.]

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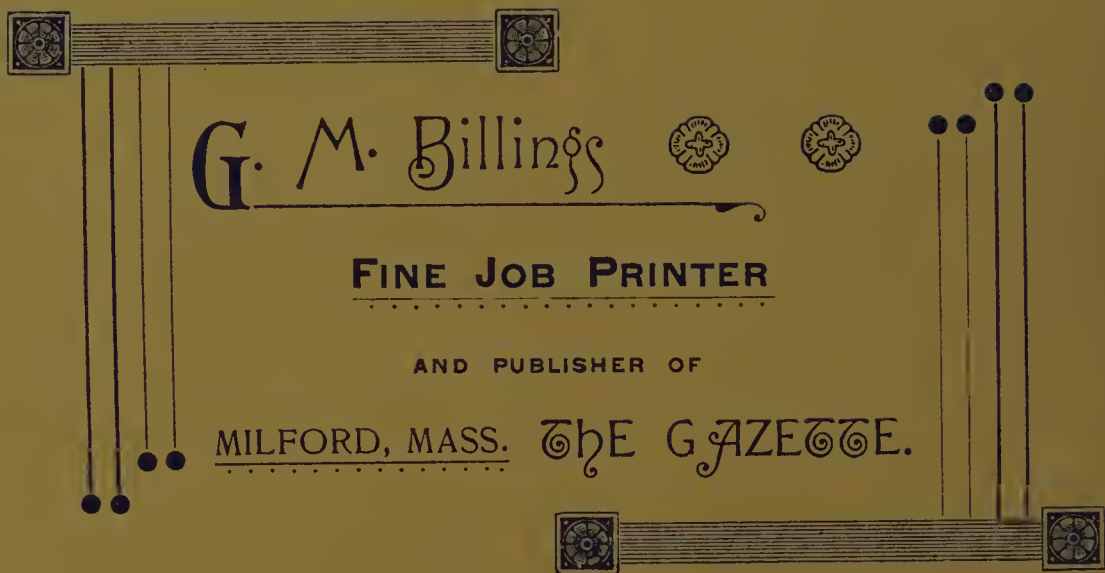
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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.



STRENGTH PURITY TENACITY

Vol. IV.

MILFORD, MASS., JUNE, 1888.

No. 10

Class Ode of '88.

I.

Hark! the bells are ringing,
Sad is the song they tell,
While our hearts in singing,
Bid them a fond farewell.
They tell of duties left undone
Of parting and of pain,
How fast these four short years have
run,
That ne'er will come again.
Hark! the bells are ringing,
Sad is the song they tell,
While our hearts in singing,
Bid them a fond farewell.

List! list! list to our fond farewell.
List! list! list to our fond farewell.

II.

Hark! their low, sweet pealing
Falls on the list'ning ear;
In each heart is stealing
Mem'ries of hours so dear.
When we their sound no longer hear,
Let not our thoughts be sad,
But filling others' hearts with cheer,
We'll make our own hearts glad.
Hark! their low, sweet pealing
Falls on the list'ning ear;
In each heart is stealing
Mem'ries of hours so dear.

List! list! list to our fond farewell.
List! list! list to our fond farewell.

F. E. H., '88.

Music.

MUSIC was originally regarded as including, not only melody, but even astronomy and all arts and sciences over which, as it was supposed, the Muses presided. Later, the Greeks, into whose games it always entered, included in the term dancing and poetry, as well as that which we call music. Everywhere, even among the most barbarous tribes, music has assisted in expressing some emotion, and is associated with religion, mourning, triumph and joy. Although what many of the foreign nations consider music would seem anything but that to our ears, still to them it as sweet and powerful as is ours to us. A beautiful yet simple melody is often more

appreciated than a brilliant masterpiece, and often awakens and develops pure and exalted feelings never felt before.

An old philosopher believed the order of the stars to be a written scroll of music, and that only two stars (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death in the very places he had designated) were wanting to complete the celestial harmony.

Music has always been thought of as a divine art. By it the characters of men and their governments are influenced. Confucius, a Chinese philosopher one thousand years before Plato, said, "Wouldst thou know if a people be well governed, if its manners be good or bad, examine the music it practises." And Plato defines music as "the peerless educator of the spirit." The simplest music makes a home cheerful; in school it breaks the monotony of study, and generally after a few minutes of singing the lessons seem less irksome. Often about the daily work one bursts into song or begins to hum without knowing it, and the task, as well as the heart, seems lighter. So, in the case of a boy who is in the habit of whistling, the woodpile seems to decrease in size, while his saw keeps time with his tune. Even dumb beasts are influenced by its power, Orpheus being said to have charmed the birds and animals by his songs. A different rendering of this story is given by Shakespeare, thus:—

"Orpheus, with his lute, made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung."

Italy was formerly thought the centre of musical talent, and a person's education was not considered

completed until he had studied music in that country. A greater part of the old masters were Italians. Germany, also, can boast of being famous in this branch of art, for some of the most beautiful melodies are the works of German composers. There are few who can appreciate classical music, of which Wagner's compositions almost wholly consist. His copyist one day was found trying to play some of the great composer's music with the sheet upside down. On being questioned in regard to the fact, he replied that he had tried both ways and thought it sounded as well one way as another.

A Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, whose passion for music kept him in poverty and extreme want for a long time, was so cheered by the sweet tones which he drew from his instrument that he was encouraged to strive for a high position in his chosen calling. Many real musicians have lived in poverty, yet music has such a power over them that they would rather live thus than give it up. How much happier were the soldiers on the march when singing some lively song, than when they were compelled to go in silence.

Music not only brings rest to the mind and brain, but, if of the right kind, can often lead one to a higher and better life.

F. E. H., '88.

The ability to pronounce the letter R seems to be growing less and less. It's surprising to learn how many of our scholars are unable to give it its proper sound. Perhaps the naturalist would consider this a case of a loss of power from lack of use, and some day the vocal organs will be unable to give it at all. Go West, young man, and learn to master your R's.

Our Motto.

THESE are many ways in which we may learn if we will only improve our opportunities. They are before our eyes every day, but we fail to use them to any advantage. It never occurs to us that if we had only used the opportunities which were offered, we might have gained a great amount of knowledge. Many people go through this world with closed eyes, while others notice all their surroundings. Some people so closely observe articles in stores and at fairs that when they return to their homes they can make the same things that they have seen simply by relying on their memory. This way of learning may be well practised at a fair after the nature of the 'Mechanics'. One may see there many machines of different kinds, and by close observation may learn their action.

How many things there are that we can learn from conversation! In talking with another, one often finds that he has had the wrong idea of a certain subject, and by some word let fall he is set right. For this he ought to be very thankful. Sometimes we fail to ask questions on topics of general interest, because we are afraid we shall be considered inquisitive; whereas it is perfectly right to ask questions at proper times and in proper places. In truth, a great amount of knowledge can be obtained by this means, and sometimes information which we could gain in no other way. It is very important that one's associates should be those whose conversation will be of benefit to him, and will not lower his character.

Many things are learned from books, not only from those written for instruction, but also for entertainment. In the study of Geology and many other sciences, the reading of some standard novel is often a help when taken in direct connection with the study. The "Last Days of Pompeii" is very closely connected, in some passages, with the science of Geology, and may serve to fix ideas in the mind of the scholar. By reading, we know all men, places, times, and sciences. What should we of the nineteenth century know about the men of the past ages were it not for books which live forever?

Many of us may never have the opportunity of going to foreign lands to see the wonderful places there, but when we are reading a good book of travels it seems as though we were ourselves gazing upon the very scenes described. In the reading of the Bible does it not seem as

if we were personally acquainted with the old prophets?

A fourth step towards learning might be termed reflection. Nothing is ever really learned until it has been pondered upon and thought over for some time. By continued meditation on that which has already occupied the mind, we are enabled to grasp the whole meaning of a thought or act and see clearly defined its relation to other thoughts and acts. Hence it follows that our judgments would be more discriminating and our minds strengthened. We see, hear and read too many things that we never even think of a second time. What great good might result from the habit of reflecting.

G. J. C., '88.

Class Statistics.

WEBSTER defines statistics as a collection of facts arranged and classified. Under this word I find no apt quotation from a standard author, no couplet from the noted poets. Nowhere can I find even a hint that this science has ever been the subject of a thrilling romance or blood-curdling novel. Therefore you cannot reasonably expect from me any of Æneas' tongue-cleaving adventures or Othello's 'hairbreadth 'scapes' the imminent deadly breach;' but simply a few facts and figures in regard to ourselves." Thus has written the statistician of '83, and we think it is equally applicable here.

In September, '84, fifty-nine pupils (thirty-two boys and twenty-seven girls) met at the high school, some for the first time and some as old school-mates of the grammar grade. As usual, before the year was over many found out that to attend this school meant work and not play, and consequently they were obliged to leave us. During the remaining three years, for various reasons others have left us, until now only four young men and thirteen young ladies will appear on the Music Hall stage. Sorrowfully we record the fact that the "Angel Reaper has gathered two sheaves" from '88: during our first year, Mabel Cook, and in the second, William G. Dewing.

If you are looking for curiosities do not come to the graduation, for you will be disappointed. There are no wonders among us such as Barnum would like to engage. Our tallest, a boy, is only five feet, nine and one half inches, and our shortest, a girl, is only five feet, one inch (how much of this was due to the arrange-

ment of her hair is a capital question). Our average height is five feet, three inches. One hundred and forty-five pounds will balance our heaviest classmate, a boy; one of the girls, however, weighs just eighty-six pounds, but she is worth more than her weight in gold. Our average weight is one hundred and sixteen pounds; but together we do not weigh even a short ton. We have quite large heads, which means, of course, large brains, and we are sure that they are of the best material and finely convoluted; that is, if hard and continued mental work does really deepen the furrows, as the physiologists claim. The boys have the youngest and the girls the oldest, ranging from one year more than twice the sacred number to its triple.

If the class, when arranged in a line according to scholarship and deportment, were to form a ring, two boys would clasp hands as the ends joined. The girls prefer a high general average to such extremes, and so are by no means envions. In attendance for the four years, we boast of three girls and one boy who have never been tardy; and two girls and one boy who have not been dismissed. At least one of the boys can point with pride to his position in the rank list of scholarship and deportment.

Full diplomas for the completion of a Classical course will be conferred upon two girls and one boy; five girls and three boys will receive diplomas for the English, French and Latin course; and two girls, for the English and French. Partial diplomas, (because of change of course or through sickness or other causes) will be given to three girls in the English, French and Latin course, and to one in the Classical.

If you happen to pass by the school building at some future time and see a very beautiful ash tree, just please remember that the class of '88 have left it as a remembrance. The authorities say that it is "distinguished by its fruit" and we hope it may be symbolical of our after life. We intend to place a new book-case in the northeast corner of the large school-room as the parting gift of '88.

For all other particulars which you may be desirous of knowing, address our class secretary, (inclose stamp for answer,) or make your inquiries in person at 9.30 a. m., Thursday, June 21, at Music Hall.

Respectfully submitted,
M. L. T., '88, Statistician.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

NELLIE BROWN AND HAROLD E. FALES.

We rejoice in the expectation of having a Mrs. Prof. in the class of '83.

'88 will add seventeen to the number of the Alumni, making its total 531.

Physics III. "A gater is a good musical instrument to illustrate sympathetic vibrations."

The temperance class propose that henceforth the future of "he drinks" shall be "he is drunk."

Is the whole frame-work of a whale's body made of whale-bone? Yes, of course it is.

For any information in regard to Music Hall inquire of the seniors from 3 to 6 o'clock daily.

A cruel translation for "avec angoisse pendant" was given "with hanging ageny."

Mr. Fharenith's thermometer. Know him? Perhaps he will look more familiar as Mr. Fareignht.

Affect and effect are much abused words, as the Physics class recently learned. Consult Worcester.

French I.—Entrant sur la pointe des pieds. Entering on the points of their feet.

"Admoto dente," "when he had removed his teeth." Poor Midas; we did not know that false teeth were so ancient.

How sad it will seem to see others filling our places next year in the hearts of our teachers and at the head of the check list.

Latin I. "Lege" is a good foundation to stand upon, and an "osen-list is the one to visit, if you have trouble with your eyes.

The school is indebted to Sadie Curley, '90, for a beautiful specimen of iridescent coal, in which the colors are unusually well marked.

Thursday, June 21, '88, 10 o'clock—The seventeen are the cynosure of all eyes. Thursday, June 21, '88, 12 o'clock—The seventeen are—?

From a recent composition we learn that "beautiful momments and white swans float about on the pond in Pine Grove Seminary."

Among the debts we owe to the school are thanks to the pianist for special music when we have to come back and promenade alone.

Our class tree is flourishing, and it is with interest that we see the tender branches starting. It is the gift of Inez L. Gay, '85, to whom we acknowledge our debt.

O limp is rather a lame translation for Olympus.

One of our students of Political Economy informs us that there are two kinds of tariff, Free-trade and Protection.

How do you like the '88 badge? It is an original idea, do you say? Well yes, may be, but we did not intend it.

As our duties with the O. L. and I. cease, we are ready to take contracts with any other paper of equally high standing.

Teacher (hearing a rehearsal)—Speak more distinctly.

Teacher (after the sentence has been repeated)—Now that is English, (after a pause) you know.

As the statistics are being taken, the fat ones pray for lighter weight; the lean begin to frown; the short ones mourn their humble fate; the long say "cut me down."

Wanted.—A cat to shut into the school over night, for rats seem to be quite numerous, as a sudden jump, a gasp, a shrill scream in soprano voices indicated the other day.

We begin to lose our zeal to be out of school, as we look into the cold world and think what we are soon coming to, and we dread to give up the protection of our Alma Mater.

With trembling hands and tear-filled eyes we send our last humble contribution to the O. L. and I. May she live long and prosper in the hands of those to whom we tenderly leave her!

The class pictures are unusually good this year, so we think, and as we compare them with past classes we see marked improvement in this art. They are a credit to both the artists.

Teacher—Have you always lived in Maine before you came here?

Scholar—Well, I've lived most everywhere.

Wonder if she is any relation to the late Daniel Pratt, G. A. T.

Teacher—Is that drawing of refracted rays correct.

Boy—No; I was thinking of a looking-glass.

Teacher—That is not a proper reflection for you; it would be more suitable for a young lady.

Our supply of flowers has been most liberal this month, and every room has been bountifully provided with bouquets. The scholars, as well as teachers, find their pretty colors a pleasant rest for the eyes and an inspiration to contented work.

Will the anonymous writer of notes left in encyclopedias please sign his name. We would like to know who is capable of using such endearing terms.

Do you realize how sweet the compliment is when you are said to be as sweet as honey? The chemists say that honey contains three kinds of sugar, therefore you are sweet in the third degree.

We are fortunate in having good photographers at home. Several classes from neighboring towns have been here to have their class pictures taken. We think some of them were good subjects.

The Botany class seem to enjoy their studies among the flowers. They have participated in several rambles in neighboring woods and fields, learning lessons which will always be remembered as each spring the lovely tokens reappear.

Physics III. are indebted to Frank L. Fairbanks, '81, for the loan of his steam engine. It is very complete and well finished. We are proud to see a former member of our school prove himself to be so successful a mechanic.

A new bookcase is nearly completed in the alcove of the upper north recitation room for the storage of text-books belonging to the town when not in use. It has been needed ever since the free text-book law was passed; for since that time they have crowded the apparatus out of its proper place.

Where is Hopedale? Ask one of Civil Government IV. He says General Draper will probably be governor because he is sure of the Hopedale vote. According to another member of this class, the special freedom from arrest allowed a representative by law, would offer a good opportunity to pay off old grudges.

On Thursday, June 7, quite a spirited ball game took place between the Milford High School club and the Mendon Roads. There was some very good playing on both sides, although the Mendon Roads were over-matched by the school club. The score: Milford High Schools, 25; Mendon Roads, 4.

We are in hopes that '87's present to the school will arrive from New York before the reunion. It will probably be a bust of Minerva, heroic size, and will be mounted above the middle door of the large room. Our present will be a bookcase for the reference books, with an ornamental shield bearing upon it "Class of '88."

THE OAK, LILY AND IVY.

JUNE, 1888.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY

The Senior Class of the Milford High School
PRINTED BY G. M. BILLINGS.

BUSINESS EDITORS.

GRACE L. BLOOD and LYDIA A. ROBERTS.

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second class matter.

EDITORIALS.

GENERAL EDITORS.

OLIE L. BROWN AND LILLIAN E. THOMPSON.

The "Class of '88" have voted not
to receive bouquets upon the stage.
If any are sent to Music Hall they
will be kept until the close of the
exercises.

'88 is on the stage to win her last
laurels,—no bouquets, if you please,
—but soon we shall appear on the
stage of the city of Life. May we
accomplish something there, before
the curtain goes down, worthy of
ourselves and the school from which
we graduate.

We expect the argument on the
side of Free Trade will be done
Brown in the coming debate, if the
Political Economy class fails to
present good arguments for Protec-
tion. It is liable to be a Blood-y
fight, yet it is hoped there will be
no Lawless actions taken. If we be-
come hungry before it is finished, we
shall call upon the Miller. Don't
think we are Green, for we have
already a good supply of Leaven-s to
lighten the product.

As we review our school year, we ac-
knowledge that we feel especially grati-
fied with our paper. It has been a
source of instruction and pleasure, al-
though also considerable labor. We
think that we have thoroughly proved
that school journalism is a success
and can be profitably carried on.
We heartily thank our subscribers
and our advertisers, who have so
generously helped us carry our extra
burden, the cover. We hope the
succeeding classes will eagerly con-
tinue this publication and take as
much interest and pride in it as we
have done.

The seniors have been busily en-
gaged in analyzing and mounting
specimens for their herbariums. The
season has been so backward that
many of the prettiest flowers have
failed to appear in time to be
pressed. This year, as in the past,
each page contained a quotation,
taken from our poets, appropriate to
the flower.

As the last will and testament of
'88, she bequeaths unto the coming
classes the honor of the Milford
High School. It is our last request
that they use the instructions here
offered to the best advantage. May
they profit by the advice of their ex-
perienced predecessors, and remem-
ber that they will look back with the
most pleasure upon those hours
which were well improved.

Wishing to assist the Grand Army
post in observing Memorial Day, our
school chorus rendered three selec-
tions, one being an encore, at their
evening exercises in the Town Hall.
The time for preparation was so lim-
ited that our music was nothing elab-
orate or selected for the occasion,
but it was patriotic and inspiring.
We feel that we have been duly re-
warded for our services, not only by
receiving thanks from the Grand
Army post as a body, but from many
of the individual members. We sin-
cerely hope that the future classes
will have the ambition and desire to
follow our example and do their
duty in honoring the dead soldiers
on this sacred national holiday.

By a circular just received signed
by the "First Vice-President" of the
"N. E. A. P. A." we are kindly al-
lowed to insert the following notice
"in the publishers' notice, between
the sub-heading and the names of
the editors":—

"This paper is recognized by the
amateur fraternity as belonging to
Class A, Rank 10, of New England am-
ateur papers, classified by the New En-
gland Amateur Press Association."

We do not know why we should ob-
ject; but we would be better pleased
if we knew the caliber of the single
examiner who wrestles with the
mighty task of judging the " quanti-
ty, regularity, quality and typo-
graphy" of all the amateur papers of
New England. We fall to quoting
"and still the wonder grew how one
small head etc., etc." Yes, we do
find one fault; we have been given
too much for regularity. The only
thing we are regular about is our
irregularity, and on that basis we
ought to have more. How's that
for a paradox!

What a vast change from the man-
ner in which our news from the world
is conveyed to us, compared with the
olden times. A Milfordian, sitting
at his breakfast table at 8.30, may
have the morning papers brought to
him, in which is a survey of the en-
tire world. This must necessarily
exert some influence as to the care-
fulness of one's conduct, since it, by
the telegraph and daily newspa-
per, is made known to the public.
This is a miraculous invention of this
age, embracing in so small space
comparatively the import and happi-
ness of the whole world.

To Misses Roberts, '88, and Wil-
bur, '90, it is now a proper time to
acknowledge our thanks for the spir-
ited marches they have so kindly
played for us during the change of
recitations throughout the past year.
We assure them that their efforts
have been appreciated, and they
may have the satisfaction of know-
ing that they have brightened the
sessions and rested the minds by
their music. To Miss Roberts, also,
we owe much of the success of our
singing; for we know of no one else
in school who is able to accompany
us so satisfactorily as she has done
for two years. We hope that her
mantle will fall upon some worthy
successor. We consider it an honor
to be able to be the pianist of the
M. H. S., as well as a most excellent
drill if any scholar wishes to perfect
himself.

"Botany, we welcome thee! Botanists, we
greet ye!"

The modest flower we have so
often trodden under foot, once so
simple, now rises before us to de-
clare the wonders of nature. With
our eyes fastened on its beauty and
inhaling its sweetness we study the
flower until it has become a book.
The sepals offer to our fancy covers
to envelop the thoughts; the petals,
fascinating illustrations—in our child-
hood looked upon as indispensable to
the flower as the bright pictures to
our story-books; the pistils and sta-
mens, which we cared so little for
once, we have since found to be the
essential organs of the flower, as the
printed words of the book. Early
in the spring, when the untimely
snow cast a gloomy aspect around
us, we could but envy the gentle
flower hidden beneath the white
covering, and wished we, too, might
tuck our heads out of sight until the
warmer rays of Apollo asserted their
power over nature; but now the
"day-stars" of the poets make us for-
get those former days and we are
fascinated by their "formless eyes."

OAK.

Graduates of '88.

Complete Four-Year Diplomas.
ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND LATIN.

Nellie Brown,
Olie Lawrence Brown,
Grace Jeannette Crosby,
Harold Everett Fales,
Patrick Joseph Keelon,
Patrick Joseph Lawless,
Susie Theresa Miller,
Mary Lizzie Toohey.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

Grace Lydia Blood,
Lillian Eliza Thompson.

CLASSICAL.

Harriot Morton Coburn,
Josephine Thayer,
Philip Henry Tirrell.

Partial Diplomas.

(Given for an incomplete course.)

ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND LATIN.

Minnie Frances Bicknell,
Etta Melissa Green,
Lydia Ann Roberts.

CLASSICAL.

Florence Edith Hale.

The First Ten in Scholarship and Department.

FIRST YEAR.

Tirrell, Coburn, Hale,*
Thayer, Thompson,
Brown, O., Toohey, Miller,
Crosby, Green.

SECOND YEAR.

Coburn, Tirrell, Thompson,
Thayer, Miller,
Brown, O., Bicknell,† Toohey,
Hale, Crosby.

THIRD YEAR.

Tirrell, Coburn, Brown, O.,
Thayer, Thompson,
Bicknell, Toohey, Crosby,
Miller, Lawless.

FOURTH YEAR.

Thayer, Tirrell, Coburn,
Toohey, Brown, O.,
Hale, Crosby, Thompson,
Lawless, Miller.

FOUR YEARS.‡

Tirrell, Coburn, Thayer,
Thompson, Brown, O.,
Bicknell, Toohey, Crosby,
Miller, Green.

*Only two studies third year.

†Entered the second year and began Latin.

‡Nellie Brown, on account of sickness and removal from town, has been a member of other classes, and by her own request is not ranked. If ranked, she would be third in this list.

Ushers for '88: Fitzgerald, Gould,
Martin and Spanlding of '89; Barry,
Burke, Gibbons and Howard of '90;
Carpenter, Cronan, Noyes and Senlly
of '91.

GRADUATING EXERCISES

OF THE

Class of '88,

HIGH SCHOOL,

MILFORD MUSIC HALL,

Thursday, June 21,

9.30 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Motto—Observe, Converse, Read, Reflect.
Colors—Carinal and Gold.

PROGRAMME.

See your guests approach.
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly.
—Winter's Tale.

Chorus*—Song of Greeting.
Excursions, - - - - - Olie L. Brown
They are the abstract and brief ehronicles of the
time. —Hamlet.

FIRST EXCURSION.

List if thou canst hear the tread of travelers.
—Henry IV.

Carieatures: Uses and Abuses, - - -
Lillian E. Thompson
The Fame of Science, - - - Nellie Brown
Chorus—Sea Song.

SECOND EXCURSION.

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no
name to be known by, let us call thee devil!
—Othello.

Alcohol and "The House We Live In," - - -
Harold E. Fales, Grace L. Blood,
Patrick J. Keelon, Etta M. Green,
Patrick J. Lawless, Lydia A. Roberts.
Chorus—June Day.

THIRD EXCURSION.

In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little can I read.
—Antony and Cleopatra.

The Earth, Our Storehouse, - - -
Minnie F. Bicknell, Florence E. Hale,
Grace J. Crosby, Susie T. Miller,
Mary L. Toohey.
Chorus—The Voice of the Grass.

FOURTH EXCURSION.

You, that are old, consider not the capacities of
us that are young.—Henry IV.

Little Folks in Dickens, - - - Josephine Thayer
Manger Births, - - - Harriot M. Coburn
The Citizen, - - - Philip H. Tirrell

Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.
—Pericles.

Presentation of Diplomas, Chairman G. G. Parker
Chorus—Class Ode,† Written by Florence E. Hale

We know what we are, but we know not what
we may be.—Hamlet.

*Accompniments by Lydia A. Roberts.
†See first page.

Graduates' Association.

1882-1888.

MOTTO—Concordia.
COLORS—Green and White.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT.

Dr. W. P. Cooke, '78.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Mrs. C. A. Dewey, '65,
Miss Anna A. Woodbury, '82,
Miss Winona L. Hale, '85.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

John T. McLoughlin, '83.

STATISTICS.

Principals, 12.—Assistants, 28.

FOUR-YEAR COURSE GRADUATES.

Class of	Graduates	Class of	Graduates
'62....	5	'75....	19
'63....	8	'76....	28
'64....	6	'77....	9
'65....	14	'78....	14
'66....	21	'79....	19
'67....	10	'80....	18
'68....	16	'81....	10
'69....	13	'82....	28
'70....	10	'83....	28
'71....	18	'84....	30
'72....	18	'85....	27
'73....	16	'86....	33
'74....	25	'87....	17

TWO-YEAR COURSE GRADUATES.

'80....	6	'83....	12
'81....	5	'84....	11
'82....	7	'85....	13

Graduates..... 514
Class of '88..... 17

Total..... 531

ANNUAL REUNION

AT THE

HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING,

Friday, June 22.

Business Meeting at 4 o'clock.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

7.30 to 9..... Out-door Exercises
9 to 10..... In-door Exercises
10 to 11.30..... Refreshments
11.30 to 12..... Closing Songs, Etc.

The in-door exercises will include
a piano solo and duet, a violin duet,
and whistling and vocal solos by
members of the alumni and other
talent. Let every graduate show his
pride in the school by being present.
Five hundred is the number desired.

EXCHANGES.

The Young Idea for May is a lively one. We suppose that the new schoolhouse will be a Bachelor institution.

We sadly lament the irregularity and, in a few cases, the entire disappearance of some of our exchanges.—[Several Exchanges.

We agree. Where is the M.B. A-nean, Latin School Register, etc.?

The Wilmington Collegian for May devotes itself to the past and present history of the college, its advantages, influences, rank, and needs, written by its president and professors.

The Troy High School Record has a new cover—neat and symmetrical. Its motto is "Ilium finit, Troja est," which we suppose they translate now—"The old cover has passed away, the new one has come."

The Jabberwock, our latest new exchange, is a very commendable effort on the part of the fourth class of the Girls' Latin School, Boston. The Legend of the Lombardy Poplar is an extremely well written article.

Certainly, gentle Acamedian, we would change our "slugged columns" for you if they were "slugged." Consult your printer. Your sad pun on us is quite lost, for we are not Blood-y minded by name or by nature. Try again.

The Messachorean, Atchison, Kansas, is the only paper of its kind on our table. It is edited and published entirely by ministers, doctors and professors.—[Dayton (Ohio) High School Times.

See Wilmington Collegian for May, for another.

On Wednesday morning, May 23, Miss ——— held a musicale at her home. The programme, which was very interesting, was composed of thirty-one selections on the piano.—[Ex.

Thirty-one selections on the piano! Thank ky-ind heaven we were not there!

"The Oak, Lily, and Ivy," contains an excellent exchange column. But why has it left the Johnsonian out?—[Johnsonian.

We would say to "The Premier," that we did not intend to slight it, for we consider it too interesting to be so treated.—[Same number of Johnsonian.

Put your own name in place of the Premier, dear Johnsonian, and our "why" could not be better expressed.

Pine Grove Echoes forestalls criticism of its May number by its motto: "Despise not little things."

According to a writer in the Washington Review, manual training does not prove to be an altogether satisfactory experiment in the high school there. It seems to prevent some from getting a proper "fit" for college. "These things ought not so to be."

The Hamptonia for June interests us much. The smiling face of the Rev. Prof. A. B. Meservey reminds us of our pleasant lessons in his book-keeping text-book. "Why I Should not Become a Christian," is a rather original argument in an unusual direction. On the opposite page is an appreciative article on Keats and Shelley. Farther along, P. Silli-man—what's in a name, say you?—has completely floored Darwin, by substituting for his Natural Selection theory, a Natural Degredation one, proving beyond the possibility of a doubt that the human race has descended from ghosts. Perhaps this is what Shakespeare means when he speaks of "giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

As we take leave of our exchange friends in this, our last number for the year, we wish to express our thanks to all who have had kind things to say of us, and also to those whose criticisms have not been altogether favorable. The former have given us sincere pleasure by their commendation of our efforts, while the latter have caused us to look more closely to our ways than we might otherwise have done. We have endeavored to benefit by suggestions offered in everything but the place of our ads. For reasons financial and political we could not change those. Perhaps the next board of editors will be more successful. A pleasant vacation to you all. Good-bye.

George E. Patrick, '68, is now the state chemist at Ames, Iowa.

Rev. A. E. Winship, editor of The Journal of Education, gave us a call last Friday, and highly entertained us with instructive remarks upon "Standards."

We congratulate one of our assistants, Lucy S. Patrick, once of '62, on her pleasant prospect for the summer vacation. She, with her sister, Ellen M. Patrick, a former scholar, but now a teacher in the Cincinnati high school, will be present at the National Convention of Teachers in San Francisco, July 13.

PERSONALS.

EDITED BY

MARY L. TOOHEY AND PATRICK J. LAWLESS.

Charles Gillon, once of '85, has completed his course at Fordham College.

Charles Godfrey, '62, is a second time in England representing the Electric Signal Company.

Gertie A. Ball, English, '83, has been known as Mrs. Orren R. Fox of Natick since May 29, '88.

William W. Phipps, '87, of Boston, who has been very ill, has been recuperating in Milford.

John Eldridge, once of '83, takes his diploma at Harvard this month, and his brother Eugene, once of '84, at the Worcester Technical School.

S. Ernest Fletcher, '84, has successfully passed the examinations for admittance to the Boston University Medical School.

Samuel Edwards, once of '86, recently paid us a visit. He is now in the sugar refinery of Harrison & Frazier, at Philadelphia.

Charles H. Morrill, '82, once of Harvard '86, and later principal of the Wilton, N. H., high school, graduates this month in the class of '88, Dartmouth College.

John P. Holmes, '79, a graduate of both the academic and medical departments of Harvard, and who has been in the West during the past year, will settle in Milford.

Alton Parkhurst, once of '65, is manager of the Chicago branch of the Whitman & Barnes Manufacturing Company, which is said to be the greatest American manufactory of mower and reaper knives.

Frank L. Fales, '85, (H. U. '89), will be permitted by the faculty to receive a diploma this year as a reward for extra work. It is his intention to return next September for a course in the Scientific School.

Willard L. Fales, '86, (H. U. '90,) has been assisting a civil engineer in laying out a township in the Sierra Madre Hills of California. During the latter part of the work he had entire charge, on account of the illness of the contractor, in relocating a change in the boundaries.

Alice T. Hall, M. D., a former assistant, after graduating at the Philadelphia Medical College, has been perfecting herself in her profession by a course of study in Germany. She arrived in Berlin on the day that Emperor William died, and was a witness of the imposing services of his burial.

IVY.

Class of '88.

1. Why not a too rare class?
 2. What ought to be the class color?
 3. What should the class do in time of temptation?
 4. Why can it never succeed in its youth?
 5. In sea-faring language, why ought it to be stable?
 6. Why is it unruly?
 7. Why ought it to be well fed?
 8. Which one is a too joyous interjection?
 9. Why aristocratic?
 10. Why is one member a contradiction in gender?
 11. What one suggests a horse and cremation, or a cow and a brook?
 12. Where'll there be no more sorrow?
 13. Why a bad class for weeping?
 14. What does the class toll to end all contention?
 15. Why will its laurels never fade?
 16. What one's name makes her equal to two boys?
 17. Why is it a vigorous class?
- For answers see page five, column one.

5 CHAIRS! FRANK H. THOMAS, Hair-Dresser

And dealer in hair-oils, pomades, 'Thomas' hair tonic for removing dandruff, etc.,
127 Main street. Milford, Mass.
N. B. Ladies' and children's hair cut or shampooed at their residences if desired.

G. F. BIRCH, Dealer in FRESH MEATS! AND PROVISIONS, Fruits, Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Etc. Also, home-cured Hams and home-made Sausages. 33 Exchange Street.

Statistics of Seven Graduating Classes.

	'82.	'83.	'84.	'85.	'86.	'87.	'88.
Tallest,	6 ft.	5 ft. 10½ in.	6 ft.	6 ft.	5 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 9½ in.	
Shortest,	5 ft.	5 ft. 1½ in.	3 ft. 8 in.	5 ft. 1½ in.	4 ft. 9 in.	5 ft. 1 in.	
Average,	5 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 5½ in.	5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft. 3 in.	
Heaviest,	150 lbs.	158 lbs.	142 lbs.	190 lbs.	139 lbs.	145 lbs.	
Lightest,	90 lbs.	97 lbs.	47 lbs.	96 lbs.	86 lbs.	86 lbs.	
Average,	117½ lbs.	121 lbs.	110½ lbs.	125 lbs.	115 lbs.	116 lbs.	
Oldest,	20 y. 5 m.	20 y. 6 m.	19 y. 7 m.	19 y. 5 m.	20 y. 2 m.	20 y. 10 m.	21 y. 7 m.
Youngest,	16 y. 7 m.	15 y. 6 m.	15 y. 9 m.	15 y. 10 m.	16 y. 2 m.	15 y. 10 m.	15 y. 3 m.
Average,	18 y. 7 m.	17 y. 5 m.	18 y. 3 m.	17 y. 5 m.	17 y. 8 m.	17 y. 2 m.	17 y. 8 m.
Admitted,	71	57	55	71	78	62	59
Graduates, 2 yrs.,	6	5	7	12	11	13	0
Graduates, 4 yrs.,	28	28	30	27	33	17	17

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Choice Groceries.

Buy them at the

BOSTON GROCERY & TEA HOUSE

OF J. D. CROSBY.

✻ SCISSORS. ✻

"Active shears gather no rust."

"Do good in thought. Some future day
'Twill ripen into speech;
And words are seeds that grow to deeds,
None know how far they reach."

Strike for your manhood, for honor and
fame;
Strike right and left till you win a good
name;
Strike for your freedom from all that is
vile;
Strike off companions who often beguile.

Be not simply good, be good for
some thing.—[Thoreau.

Let us remember that interest on
borrowed trouble makes us grow old.

Professor in English—What are
the elements of style, Mr. Job Lot?
Job Lot—A pair of Plymouth Rock
pants and a plug hat.

The four leading female colleges
in the United States are: Wellesley
with 620 students, Vassar with 283,
Smith with 367, and Bryn-Mawr
with 79.

A popular toast at the annual
New England dinner is: "Woman,
the conundrum of the nineteenth
century; we cannot guess her, but
we will never give her up."

Prof. in Chemistry—There are
several steps to be taken in finding
the exact chemical composition of
bone. For example—when you boil
it, what is given off?

Student—Soup. —[Ex.

To use a homely simile, the
change going on in our bodies is like
the man's knife, which after having
had several new blades, and at least
one new handle, was yet the same
old knife as ever.

Twenty years ago women could
not vote anywhere. Today they
have full suffrage in Washington
and Wyoming territories; municipal
suffrage in Kansas; school suffrage
in fourteen of the United States.

Somebody has defined hash as "the
substance of things hoped for, the
evidence of things not seen."
Another calls it a mosaic, but you
do not know any more what is in it,
and it does not taste any better by
that name.

I can't abide to see men throw
away their tools i' that way the min-
ute the clock begins to strike, as if
they took no pleasure i' their work,
and was afraid o' doing a stroke too
much. . . . I hate to see a
man's arms drop down as if he was
shot, before the clock's fairly struck,
just as if he'd never a bit of pride
and delight in's work. The very
grind-stone 'ull go on turning a bit
after you loose it.—[Adam Bede.

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